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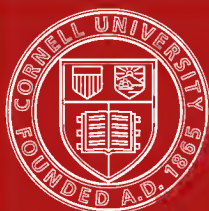
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A blank sheet of graph paper with a grid pattern. A large, stylized handwritten letter 'Z' is drawn across the top portion of the grid. The 'Z' is formed by three strokes: a horizontal line from left to right at the top, a diagonal line from top-left to bottom-right, and another horizontal line from left to right at the bottom. The drawing is done in black ink. Below the main grid area, there are some faint markings and what appears to be a small number '6' on the far left edge.





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LIFE AND WORKS  
OF  
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

*VOL. XIV.—PLAYS*

A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.  
GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.  
SELIMUS, EMPEROUR OF THE TURKES.

AND  
A MAIDENS DREAME.

1591—1599.



Look on them all  
As the rough metal for a mighty bell  
That shall one day have the full ring of heaven,  
Wherein each grain by the one tone divine  
Is thrilled, which each contributes of itself  
With the sweet silvery sound of the whole bell !

LEOPOLD SCHEFER.



The Huth Library.

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IN  
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OF  
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.  
CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD.

IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED AND EDITED,  
WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS, ETC.,

BY THE REV.  
ALEXANDER B. GROSART, D.D., LL.D. (EDIN.), F.S.A. (SCOT.),  
*St. George's, Blackburn, Lancashire.*

VOL. XIV.—PLAYS.

A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.  
GEORGE A GREENE, THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.  
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AND  
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1591—1599.

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A  
PLEASANT  
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medie of George a Greene, the Pinner  
of Wakefield. &

*Written by . . . . . a minister, who an  
y printed it in the Press. T. W. Shakspeare  
As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right  
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

*Ed. July last 1599. play was made by R. V. Greene*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
for Curthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop  
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

7

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 84



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\* \* Fac-simile to face title-page of 'George a Greene' at page 117,  
 In the Note (page 190) I promised the fac-simile only in large paper ;  
 but finding that by cutting to the edge, exactly as in the original, it  
 could be given in all the sizes, it is given.

Why, Rome was naked once, a bastard smudge,  
Tumbled on straw, the den-fellow of whelps,  
Fattened on roots, and, when a-thirst for milk,  
He crept beneath and drank the swagging udder  
Of Tyber's brave she-wolf ; and Heaven's Judea  
Was folded in a pannier.

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES.



v.

A LOOKING GLASSE FOR  
LONDON AND ENGLAND.

1594.



## NOTE.

For my text I am again indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, whose exemplar of the 1594 4to is only slightly defective in three leaves (Sig. B 2 and 3). (These broken bits Kemble had not observed, as he marks on title-page "Collated and Perfect.—J. P. K."). Besides this, I have had the advantage of the use of the 1598, 1602 and 1617 4tos. Another (apparently), without title-page, in the possession of F. Locker, Esq., kindly sent me by him. I note here a few contemporary MS. notings on it. At the opening there is written "fflorifh," and so several times onward; and after the first line-speech of K. of Paph. 'heere enter' (*i.e.* Rasni). 'Clownes' are changed to '1. Ruff,' '2. Ruff' (*i.e.* ruffian); and instead of '*Exeunt*' is repeatedly written 'Clear.' In Rasni's first great speech of penitence, in margin is written 'that all the subiects of o<sup>r</sup> founeraigntie' a variant for 'That man and beaft, the woman and her child.' At the close are written these unprinted lines—

"Thou famons Citty London cheif of all  
Theis blest vnited nations do containe,  
More finne in thee, then in nin'vay remaines."

Opposite is the title-page of 1594. This edition is much the more accurate, but shares with all a number of flagrant misprints—indicated in their places.

G.



A  
Looking Glasse for  
LONDON AND  
England.

Made by *Thomas Lodge* Gentleman, and  
*Robert Greene*,  
*In Artibus Magister.*



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, and are to be  
sold by *William Barley*, at his shop  
in *Gratious streete*.

1594





[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>



RASNI, *King of Nineveh.*

KING OF CILICIA.

KING OF CRETE.

KING OF PAPHLAGONIA.

THRASYBULUS, *a young gentleman, reduced to poverty.*

ALCON, *a poor man.*

RADAGON, } *his sons.*  
CLESIPHON, }

*Vfurer.*

*Judge.*

*Lawyer.*

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce, who annotates here, "Occasionally throughout the 4tos *Rasni*, *Cilicia*, *Remilia*, *Alvida*, are printed *Rasin*, *Cicilia*, *Remilias*, and *Alvia*"; and again, "'In like manner,' says Malone (in his note about anagrams,—*Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. ii., p. 221), 'in the "Looking Glasse for London and England," written by Thomas Lodge and Robert Greene, the cruel and brutal son who treats his parents, Alcon and Samia, with neglect and contempt, and refuses them any succour in their utmost need, is called *Radagon*, by metathesis, from a *dragon*.' It had perhaps escaped Malone's notice that a very unexceptionable personage, called *Radagon*, figures in the Host's Tale, in Greene's 'Never Too Late,' Part II." The misprints 'Rafin' for 'Rafni,' 'Cicilia' for 'Cilicia,' 'Remilias' for 'Remilia,' and 'Alvia' for 'Alvida,' are put right throughout.

*Smith.*

ADAM, *his man.*

*Clown.*

*First Ruffian.*

*Second Ruffian.*

*Gouvernor of Ioppa.*

*Master of a ship.*

*First Searcher.*

*Second Searcher.*

*A Man in deuil's attire.*

*Magi, Merchants, Sailors, Lords, Attendants, &c.*

REMILIA, *sister to Rafni.*

ALVIDA, *wife to the King of Paphlagonia.*

SAMIA, *wife to Alcon.*

*Smith's Wife.*

*Ladies.*

*An Angel.*

*An Evil Angel.*

OSEAS.

IONAS.]





## A LOOKING-GLASSE FOR LONDON AND ENGLAND.

*Enters Rafni King of Niniue with three Kings  
of Cilicia, Creete, and Paphlagonia, from the  
ouerthrow of Ieroboam, King of Ierusalem.*

[*Rafni.*]



O pace ye on, tryumphant war-  
riours;  
Make Venus' Lemmon, armd in  
al his pomp,  
Bash at the brightnesse of your  
hardy lookes,

For you the Viceroyes are,<sup>1</sup> the Cauallires,  
That wait on Rafnis royall mightinesse:  
Boast, pettie kings, and glory in your fates,  
That stars haue made your fortunes clime so high,  
To giue attend on Rafnis excellence.<sup>2</sup>

10

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 1594 and '98 'and.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'excellencie.'

Am I not he that rules great Niniue,  
 Rounded with Lycus'<sup>1</sup> filuer flowing streams?  
 Whose Citie large Diametri containes,  
 Euen three daies iournies length from wall to wall;  
 Two hundreth gates carued out of burnisht brasse,  
 As glorious as the portoyle of the Sunne; 20  
 And for to decke heauens battlements with pride,  
 Six hundreth Towers that topleffe touch the cloudes:  
 This Citie is the footeftoole of your King;  
 A hundreth Lords do honour at my feete;  
 My fcepter ftraineth both the paralels:<sup>2</sup>  
 And now t'enlarge the highneffe of my power,  
 I haue made Iudeas Monarch flee the field,  
 And beat proud Ieroboam from his holds,  
 Winning from Cades to Samaria.  
 Great / Iewries God, that foilde ftout Benhadad,<sup>3</sup> 30  
 Could not rebate the ftrengh that Rafni brought;  
 For be he God in heauen, yet, Viceroyes, know  
 Rafni is God on earth, and none but he.

*Cilicia.* If louely shape, feature by natures skill  
 Paffing in beautie fair Endymions,  
 That Luna wrapt within her fnowy brefts,  
 Or that sweet boy that wrought bright Venus bane,  
 Transformde vnto a purple Hiacynth;  
 If beautie Nunpareile in excellence,  
 May make a King match with the Gods in gree; 40  
 Rafni is God on earth, and none but hee.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Lycas.'<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'poralels.'<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'Benhadab.'

*Creet.* If martial lookes, wrapt in a cloud of wars,  
 More fierce than Mavors <sup>1</sup> lightneth frō his eyes,  
 Sparkling reuenge and dyre disparagement :  
 If doughtie deeds more haughtie <sup>2</sup> then any done,  
 Seald with the smile of Fortune and of Fate,  
 Matchlesse to manage Lance and Curtelex <sup>3</sup> ;  
 If such high actions, grac'd with victories,  
 May make a King match with the Gods in gree ;  
 Rafni is God on earth, and none but hee. 50

*Paphlag.* If Pallas wealth——

*Rafni.* Viceroyes inough ; peace, <sup>4</sup> Paphlagon, no  
 See wheres my sifter, fair Remilia, [more.  
 Fairer then was the virgin Dania, <sup>5</sup>  
 That waits on Venus with a golden show <sup>6</sup> ;  
 She that hath stolne the wealth of Rafni's lookes,  
 And tide his thoughts within her louely lockes,  
 She that is lou'd, and loue vnto your King,  
 See where she comes to gratulate my fame.

*Enters Radagon with Remilia sifter to Rafni, Alvida 60*  
*wife to Paphlagon ; and other Ladies, bring a*  
*Globe seated in a ship.*

*Remilia.* Victorious Monarch, second vnto Ioue,

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Mars.' See onward, and Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>2</sup> = haut, i.e. to be so pronounced, though printed as usual in full.  
 Thus frequenter.

<sup>3</sup> = curtle-axe.      <sup>4</sup> 'peace' dropped in '98 4to.      <sup>5</sup> = Danæe.

<sup>6</sup> Dyce annotates, "We should read, I think—

'That Venus wait [i.e. waited] on with a golden shower'  
 (Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 60)." Doubtful.

Mars vpon Earth, and Neptune on the Seas,  
 Whose / frowne, strows<sup>1</sup> all the ocean with a calme,  
 Whose smile, drawes Flora to display her pride,  
 Whose eye holds wanton Venus at a gaze,  
 Rafni, the Regent of great Niniuie;  
 For thou hast foyld proud Ieroboams force,  
 And, like the blustering<sup>2</sup> breath of Æolus 70  
 That ouerturnes the pines of Libanon,  
 Hast scattered Iury and her vpstart groomes,  
 Winning from Cades to Samaria ;—  
 Remilia greets thee with a kind salute,  
 And for a present to thy mightinesse,  
 Giues thee a Globe folded within a ship,  
 As King on Earth and Lord of all the Seas,  
 With such a welcome vnto Nyniuie  
 As may thy sifters humble loue afford.

*Rafni.* Sister? the title fits not thy degree ;  
 A higher state of honour shall be thine.  
 The louely Trull that Mercury intrapt  
 Within the curious pleasure of his tongue,  
 And she that basht the sun-god with her eyes,  
 Faire Semele, the choyce of Venus maides,  
 Were not so beautious as Remilia.  
 Then sweeting, sister shall not serue the turne,  
 But Rafni's wife, his Lemmon, and his loue :  
 Thou shalt, like *Iuno*, wed thy selfe to Ioue,

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'stroyes.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'muffering': Dyce's emendation accepted.

And fold me in the riches of thy faire ; 90  
Remilia shall be Rafni's Paramour.

For why, if I be Mars for warlike deeds,  
And thou, bright Venus for thy cleare aspect,  
Why should not from our loynes issue a sonne  
That might be Lord of royall foueraigntie,  
Of twentie worlds, if twentie worlds might be ?  
What saist Remilia, art thou Rafnis wife ?

*Remilia.* My heart doth swell with fauour of  
thy thoughts ;

The loue of Rafni maketh me as proud  
As Iuno when she wore heauen's Diademe.  
Thy / sister borne was for thy wife, my<sup>1</sup> loue : 100  
Had I the riches nature locketh vp  
To decke her darling beautie when she smiles,  
Rafni should prancke him in the pride of all.

*Rafni.* Remilias loue is farre more either<sup>2</sup> prisde,  
Than Ieroboams or the world's subdue.  
Lordings, Ile haue my weddinge<sup>3</sup> sumptuous,  
Made glorious with the treasures of the world :  
Ile fetch from Albia shelues of Margarites,  
And strip the Indies of their Diamonds, 110  
And Tyre shall yeeld me tribute of her gold,  
To make Remilias wedding glorious.  
Ile send for all the Damosell Queenes that liue

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of 1602 'my' accepted for '94 and '98 'by.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, " May be right : but qy. (according to the phraseology of the time) 'more *richer*' ; "

<sup>3</sup> 4tos 'weddings.'

Within the reach of Rafnis government,  
 To wait as handmaidens on <sup>1</sup> Remilia ;  
 That her attendant traine may passe the troupe  
 That gloried Venus at her wedding day.

*Creet.* Oh my Lord, not [thy] sifter to thy loue !  
 Tis incest, and too fowle a fact for Kings ;  
 Nature allowes no limits to such lust. [thy Lord, 120

*Rada.* Presumptuous Viceroy, darst thou check  
 Or twit him with the lawes that nature lowes ? <sup>2</sup>  
 Is not great Rafni aboue natures reach,  
 God vpon earth, and all his will is law ?

*Creet.* Oh flatter not, for hatefull is his choice,  
 And sifters loue will blemish all his worth.

*Radag.* Doth not the brightnesse of his maiestie  
 Shadow his deeds from being counted faults ?

*Rafni.* Well hast thou answer'd with him,<sup>3</sup>  
 Radon ;

I like thee for thy learned Sophistrie.— 130  
 But thou of Creet, that countercheckst thy King,  
 Packe hence in exile, [giue] Radagon thy crowne<sup>4</sup>—  
 Be thou <sup>5</sup> Vicegerent of his royaltie ;  
 And faile me not in what my thoughts may please,  
 For from a beggar haue I brought thee vp,  
 And gracst thee with the honour of a Crowne.—  
 Ye quondam <sup>6</sup> king, what, feed ye on delaies ?

<sup>1</sup> 4to '98 'to.'

<sup>2</sup> = 'allows.'

<sup>3</sup> 4tos 'within Radon.'

<sup>4</sup> The 4to of '94—

'Packe hence in exile, Radagon the crown.'

<sup>5</sup> The 4tos 'thee.'

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* 'quondam.'

*Creete.* Better no king then Viceroy vnder him,  
That hath no vertue to maintaine his Crowne.

[*Exit.* 140

*Rafni.* Remilia,<sup>1</sup> what faire dames be those that  
wait

Attendant on thy<sup>2</sup> matchlesse royaltie ?

*Remilia.* Tis Alvida,<sup>3</sup> the faire wife to the King  
Of Paphlagonia.

*Rafni.* Trust me, she is fair.<sup>4</sup>—T'haft Paphlagon,  
a Jewell,

To fold thee in so bright a sweetings armes.

*Rad.* Like you her, my Lord ?

*Rafni.* What if I do, Radagon ?

*Rada.* Why, the she is yours my Lord ; for  
marriage

Makes no exception, where Rafni doth command. 150

*Paphla.* Ill doest thou counfel him to fancy  
wiues.

*Rada.* Wife or not wife, whatso he likes is his.

*Rafni.* Well answered, Radagon ; thou art for me :  
Feed thou mine humour, and be still a king.—

Lords, go in tryumph of my happie loues,

And, for to feast vs after all our broyles,

Frolicke and reuell it in Niniue.

What foeuer<sup>5</sup> befitteth your conceited thoughts,

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'Remilias.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to of '98 'mv.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce suggests " ' This ' [*i.e.* This is]."

<sup>4</sup> 4to of '98 'a faire.'

<sup>5</sup> = Whate'er—*i.e.* so to be pronounced, though printed in full, as usual.

Or good or ill, loue or not loue, my boyes,  
 In loue, or what may satisfie your lust, 160  
 A&t it my Lords, for no man dare fay no.  
*Diuisum imperium cum Ioue nunc teneo.*<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

*Enters, brought in by an Angel, Ofeas the Prophet,  
 and let<sup>2</sup> down over the stage in a throne.*

*Angell.* Amaze not, man of God, if in the spirit  
 Th'art brought from Iewry vnto Niniue ;  
 So was Elias wrapt within a storme,  
 And fet vpon mount Carmell by the Lord :  
 For thou hast preacht long to the stubborne Iewes, 170  
 Whose flintie hearts haue felt no sweet remorse,  
 But lightly valuing all the threats of God,  
 Haue still perseuerd in their wickednesse.  
 Loe / I haue brought thee vnto Niniue,  
 The rich and royall Citie of the world,  
 Pampered in wealth, and ouergrowne with pride,  
 As Sodom and Gomorrha full of sin.  
 The Lord lookes downe and cannot see one good,  
 Not one that couets to obey his will ;  
 But wicked all, from Cradle to the Cruch. 180

<sup>1</sup> "To this line, in the 4tos, is prefixed '*Smith*'—that name having been written here on the margin of the prompter's copy as a memorandum that the performer of 'the Smith's man, *Adam*' (see note <sup>2</sup>, next page) and those who played his companions must be in readiness to appear on the stage immediately after the exit of the Angel."—*Dyce*. 4tos misprint '*Denefum*.'

<sup>2</sup> 4tos of '94, '98, 1602 and 1617 'fet': *Dyce*'s emendation accepted.



Note, then Ofeas, all their greeuous finnes,  
 And see the wrath of God that paies reuenge ;  
 And when the ripenessse of their sin is full,  
 And thou hast written all their wicked through,  
 Ile carry thee to Iewry backe againe,  
 And seate thee in the great Ierusalem :  
 There shalt thou publish in her open streetes,  
 That God sends downe his hatefull<sup>1</sup> wrath for sin  
 On such as neuer heard his Prophets speake :  
 Much more will he inflict a world of plagues 190  
 On such as heare the sweetnesse of his voice,  
 And yet obey not what his Prophets speake.  
 Sit thee Ofeas, pondring in the spirit  
 The mightinesse of these fond peoples finnes.  
*Ofeas.* The will of the Lord be done.

*Exit Angell.*

*Enter the Clowne and his crew of Ruffians, to go to drinke.*

[*First*] *Ruffian.* Come on, Smyth, thou shalt be 200  
 one of the Crew, because thou knowst where the  
 best Ale in the Town is.

*Adam.*<sup>2</sup> Come on, in faith, my colts : I haue

<sup>1</sup> = full of hate against sin.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "The 4to of 1602, throughout the scene, '*Smith*' ; so the other 4tos in part of the scene, but in part of it they do not appropriate his speeches to any one. It is plain that the speaker is 'the Smith's man, *Adam*,' by which name he is several times distinguished in the later portion of the play."

left my M[after] striking of a heat, and stole away, because I would keep you company.

*Clowne.* Why, what, shall we haue this paltrie Smith with vs?

*Adam.* / Paltry Smith? why, you Incarnatiue knaue, what are you that you speake pettie treason against the Smiths trade?

*Clowne.* Why slaue, I am a gentleman of Nini- 210  
uie.

*Adam.* A Gentleman? good fir, I remember you well, and all your progenitors: your father bare office in our towne; an honest man he was, and in great discredit in the parish, for they bestowed two squiers liuings on him; the one was on working-dayes, and then he kept the towne stage, and on holidays they made him the Sextens man, for he whipt dogs out of the church. Alas fir, your father,—why, fir, mee-thinks I see the Gentleman 220  
still: a proper youth he was, faith, aged some forty and ten<sup>1</sup>; his beard rats colour, halfe black, halfe white; his nose was in the highest degree of noses, it was nose *Autem glorificam*,<sup>2</sup> so set with rubies that after his death it should haue bin nailed vp in Copper Smiths Hall for a monument: well fir, I was beholding to your good father, for he was the first man that euer instructed me in the misterie of a pot of Ale.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos '*four*e and ten.'

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

*Second Ruffian.* Well faid Smith; that, croſſt him 230  
ouer the thumbs.

*Clowne.* Villaine, were it not that we go to be  
merry, my rapier ſhould preſently quit thy oppro-  
brious termes.

*Adam.* O Peter, Peter, put up thy ſword, I prithie  
heartily, into thy ſcabbard, hold in your rapier;  
for though I haue not a long reacher, I haue a  
ſhort hitter.—Nay then, gentlemen, ſtay me, for my  
choler begins to riſe againſt him; for marke the  
words, ‘a paltry ſmith.’<sup>1</sup> Oh horrible ſentence: 240  
thou haſt in theſe words, I will ſtand to it, libelled  
againſt all the found horſes, whole horſes, fore  
horſes, Courſers, Curtalls, Jades, Cuts, Hackneies,  
and Mares; whereupon, my friend, in their defence,  
I giue thee this curſe,—[thou] ſhalt not<sup>2</sup> be worth  
a horſe of thine owne this ſeuen yeare.

*Clowne.*<sup>3</sup> I, prithie Smith, is your occupation ſo  
excellent?

*Adam.* ‘A paltry Smith’? why, Ile ſtand to it,  
a Smith is Lord of the foure elements; for our 250  
yron is made of the earth, our bellows blow out  
aire, our flore holdes fire, and our forge water.  
Nay fir, we reade in the Chronicles, that there  
was a God of our occupation.

*Clowne.* I, / but he was a Cuckold.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 ‘of a.’ <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, ‘not’ dropped, as ‘thou’ before in '94.

<sup>3</sup> In '94 4to marked ‘I.’

*Adam.* That was the reasone fir,<sup>1</sup> he cald your father cousin. 'Paltry smith'? why, in this one word thou hast defaced their worshipfull occupation.

*Clowne.* As how?

*Adam.* Marrie fir, I will stand to it, that a Smith 260 in his kinde is a phisitian, a Surgeon, and a Barber. For let a Horse take a cold, or be troubled with the bots, and we straight giue him a potion or a purgation, in such phisical maner that he mends straight: if he haue outward diseases, as the spavin,<sup>2</sup> splent, ring-bone, wind-gall, or fashion,<sup>3</sup> or, fir, a galled backe, we let him blood & clap a plaister to him with a pestilence, that mends him with a very vengeance: now, if his mane grow out of order, and he haue any rebellious haire, we straight to 270 our sheeres and trim him with what cut it please vs, picke his eares, and make him neat. Marrie, indeed fir, we are flouings for one thing; we neuer vse any musk-balls to wash him with, and the reason is fir, because he can woe without kissing.

*Clowne.* Well firrha, leaue off these praises of a Smyth, and bring vs to the best Ale in the Town.

*Adam.* Now, fir, I haue a feate aboue all the Smythes in Niniue; for fir, I am a Philosopher that can dispute of the nature of Ale; for marke 280

<sup>1</sup> 'fir' not in '94 4to.

<sup>2</sup> The first three 4tos 'spuing.' Dyce's emendation accepted.

<sup>3</sup> "A corruption of the French *farcin*,—farcy."—Dyce.

you fir, a pot of Ale confists of foure parts,—Imprimis the Ale, the Toast, the Ginger, and the Nutmeg.

*Clowne.* Excellent.

*Adam.* The Ale is a restoratiue, bread is a binder; marke you, fir, two excellent points in phisicke: the Ginger, Oh ware of that: the philosophers haue written of the nature of ginger, tis expulsiue in two degrees; you shal he[a]re the sentence of Galen :

290

*It wil make a man belch, cough, and fart,  
And is a great comfort to the hart:*

a proper poesie, I promise you: but now to the noble vertue of the Nutmeg; it is, faith one Ballad, (I think an English Roman was the authour,) an vnderlayer to the braines, for when the Ale giues a buffet to the head, Oh the Nutmeg that keepes him for [a] while in temper. Thus you see the description of the vertue of a pot of Ale. Now fir, to / put my phisical precepts in practise, follow me: 300 but afore I step any further——

*Clowne.* Whats the matter now?

*Adam.* Why, seeing I haue prouided the Ale, who is the purueyor for the wenches? for, masters, take this of me, a cup of Ale without a wench, why, alasse tis like an egge without salt, or a red herring without mustard!

*Clown.* Lead vs to the Ale : weelee haue wenches  
inough, I warrant thee. [*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Iniquitie seekes out companions still, 310  
And mortall men are armed to do ill :  
London looke on, this matter nips thee neere :  
Leaue off thy ryot, pride, and sumptuous cheere ;  
Spend lesse at boord, and spare not at the doore,  
But aide the infant, and releue the poore ;  
Else seeking mercy, being mercilesse,  
Thou be adiudged to endlesse heauinesse.

*Enters the Vfurer, Thrasylbulus, and Alcon.*<sup>2</sup>

*Vfurer.* Come on, I am euery day troubled with  
these needie companions : what newes with you? 320  
what wind brings you hither ?

*Thras.* Sir, I hope, how far soeuer you make it  
off, you remember, too well for me, that this is the  
day wherein I should pay you mony that I took vp  
of you alate in a commoditie.<sup>3</sup>

*Alc.* And fir, fir-reuerence of your manhood  
and genterie, I haue brought home such mony as  
you lent me.

*Vfurer.* You, yoong Gentleman, is my mony  
readie ? 330

*Thras.* Truly fir, this time was so short, the  
commoditie so bad, and the promise of friends so

<sup>1</sup> Throughout the first two scenes where these personages appear, the 4tos designate them 'a yoong Gentleman and a poore Man.'

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

broken, that I could not prouide it against the day, wherefore I am come to intreat you to stand my friend, and to fauour me with a longer time, and I wil make you sufficient consideration.

*Vfurer.* Is the winde in that doore? If thou hast my mony, so it is : I will not defer a day, an houre, a minute, but take the forfeyt of / the bond. 340

*Thras.* I pray you fir, consider that my losse was great by the commoditie I tooke vp : you knowe fir, I borrowed of you fortie pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in lute-strings,<sup>1</sup> which when I came to sell againe, I could get but fise pounds for them, so had I, fir, but fiteene poundes for my fortie. In consideration of this ill bargaine, I pray you, fir, giue me a month longer.

*Vfurer.* I answered thee afore, not a minute : 350  
what haue I to do how thy bargain proued? I haue thy hand set to my booke that thou receiuedst fortie pounds of me in mony.

*Thras.* I, fir, it was your deuise that, to colour the Statute, but your conscience knowes what I had.

*Alc.* Friend, thou speakest Hebrew to him  
. . . . . when thou talkest to him of conscience ; for he  
hath as much conscience about the forfeyt of an

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v. ; also the same to Nashe, s.v.

Obligation as my blinde Mare, God bleſſe her, 360  
hath ouer a manger of Oates.

*Thras.* Then there is no fauour fir ?

*Vfurer.* Come to-morrow to mee, and ſee how  
I will vſe thee.

*Thras.* No, couetous Caterpillar, know that I  
haue made extreame ſhift rather then I would fall  
into the hands of ſuch a rauening panthar : and  
therefore here is thy mony, and deliuer me the  
recognifance of my lands.

*Vfurer.* [*aſide.*] What a ſpight is this,—hath 370  
ſped of his Crownes ? if he had miſt but one halfe  
houre, what a goodly Farme had I gotten for  
fortie pounds ! well, tis my curſed fortune. Oh  
haue I no ſhift to make him forfeit his recogni-  
fance.

*Thras.* Come fir, will you diſpatch and tell your  
mony ?

*Strikes 4 a clocke.*

*Vfurer* [*aſide.*] Stay, what is this a clocke ? foure :  
—let me ſee,—‘to be paid between the houres of  
three and foure in the afternoone’ : this goes right 380  
for me.—You fir, heare you not the clocke, and  
haue you not a counterpaine of your Obligation ?  
The houre is paſt, it was to be paid betweene  
three and foure ; and now the clock hath ſtrooken  
foure. / I will receiue none, Ile ſtand to the forfeyt  
of the recognifance.

*Thras.* Why fir, I hope you do but ieſt : why,



tis but foure, and will you for a minute take forfeit of my bond? If it were so fir, I was here before foure.

390

*Vfurer.* Why didst thou not tender thy mony, then? if I offer thee iniury, take the law of me, complaine to the Judge: I will receiue no mony.

*Alc.* Well fir, I hope you will stand my good maister for my Cow. I borrowed thirtie shillings on her, and for that I haue paid you 18 pence a weeke, and for her meate you haue had her milke, and I tell you fir, she giues a goodly soape<sup>1</sup>: now fir, here is your mony.

*Vfurer.* Hang beggarly knaue! comest to me 400 for a Cow? did I not bind her bought and sold for a peny, and was not thy day to haue paid yesterday? Thou getst no Cow at my hand.

*Alc.* No Cow fir? alasse that word 'no cow' goes as cold to my heart as a draught of small drinke in a frostie morning! 'No Cow,' fir? why, alasse, alasse, M[after] Vfurer, what shall become of me, my wife, and my poore childe?

*Vfurer.* Thou getst no Cow of me, knaue: I cannot stand prating with you, I must be gone. 410

*Alc.* Nay, but heare you M[after] Vfurer: 'no Cow'? why fir, heres your thirtie shillings: I haue paid you 18 pence a weeke, & therefore there is reason I should haue my Cow.

<sup>1</sup> = sup.

*Vfurer.* What pratest thou? haue I not answered thee, thy day is broken?

*Alc.* Why fir, alasse my Cow is a Commonwealth to me: for first fir, she allowes me, my wife and sonne, for to banket ourselues withal, Butter, Cheefe, Whay, Curds, Creame, sodmilk, raw-milke, 420 fower-milke, sweete-milk, and butter milke: besides, fir, she faued me euery year a peny in Almanackes, for she was as good to me as a Prognostication; if she had but set vp her tayle and haue gallopt about the meade, my litle boy was able to say, 'Oh father, there will be a storme'; her verie taile was a Kalender to me: & now to loose my cow, alas, M[after] Vfurer, take pittie vpō me.

*Vfurer.* / I haue other matters to talke on: far- 430 well, fellowes.

*Thras.* Why, but thou couetous churle, wilt thou not receiue thy mony, and deliuer me my recognifance?

*Vfurer.* Ile deliuer thee none: if I haue wronged thee, seeke thy mends at the law. [Exit.

*Thras.* And so I will, insatiable pefant.

*Alc.* And fir, rather then I will put vp this word 'no Cow,' I will laie my wiues best gowne to pawne. I tell you fir, when the slaue vttered 440 this word 'no Cow,' it strooke to my heart, for my wife shall neuer haue one so fit for her turne

again, for, indeed fir, she is a woman that hath her twidling strings broke.

*Thras.* What meanest thou by that fellow?

*Alc.* Marry fir, fir-reuerence of your manhood, she breakes winde behinde: and indeed fir, when she sat milking of her Cow[s] and let a fart, my other Cowes would start at the noyse, and kick downe the milke, and away; but this Cow fir, 450 the gentlest Cow: my wife might blow whilst she burst: and hauing such good conditions, shall the Vfuror come vpon me with 'no Cow'? Nay fir, before I pocket vp this word 'no Cow,' my wiues gowne goes to the Lawier: why, alasse fir, tis as ill a word to me as 'no Crowne' to a King.

*Thras.* Well fellow, go with me, and Ile helpe thee to a Lawyer.

*Alc.* Marry, and I will fir. No cow? well, the world goes hard. *Exeunt.* 460

*Oseas.* Where hateful vfurie  
Is counted husbandrie;  
Where mercileffe men rob the poore.  
And the needie are thrust out of doore;  
Where gaine is held for conscience,  
And mens pleasures is<sup>1</sup> all on pence;  
Where yong Gentlemen forfeit their lands,  
Through riot, into the Vfurers hands:

<sup>1</sup> Dyce finically corrects by 'are,' but this is modern, not Elizabethan grammar.

Where pouertie is despisde & pity banished,  
 And mercy indeed vtterly vanished : 470  
 Where / men esteeme more of mony then of God ;  
 Let that land looke to feele his wrathfull rod :  
 For there is no sin more odious in his sight  
 Then where vsurie defraudes the poore of his right.  
 London, take heed, these sinnes abound in thee ;  
 The poore complaine, the widowes wronged bee ;  
 The Gentlemen by subtiltie are spoilde ;  
 The plough-men loose the crop for which they  
     toild :  
 Sin raignes in thee, ô London, euery houre ;  
 Repent, and tempt not thus the heavenly power. 480

*Enters Remilia [with Alvida] with a traine of  
 Ladies, in all royaltie.*

*Remilia.* Faire Queenes,<sup>1</sup> yet handmaids vnto  
     Rafnis loue,  
 Tell me, is not my state as<sup>2</sup> glorious  
 As Iunoes pomp, when tyred with heauens despoile,  
 Clad in her vestments spotted all with starres,  
 She crost the siluer path vnto her Ioue ?  
 Is not Remilia far more beautious,  
 Richt<sup>3</sup> with the pride of natures excellence,<sup>4</sup>  
 Then Venus in the brightest of her shine ? 490  
 My haire, surpasse they not Apollos locks ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce mis-alteres into 'Queen' and 'handmaid.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to '98 'fo.'

<sup>3</sup> 'Rich' '98 4to.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'excellencie.'

Are not my Treffes curled with fuch art  
 As Loue delights to hide him in their faire ?  
 Doth not mine eyne shine like the morning lampe  
 That tels Aurora when her loue will come ?  
 Haue I not stolne the beautie of the heauens,  
 And plac't it on the feature of my face ?  
 Can any Goddesse make compare with me ?  
 Or match her with the faire Remilia ?

*Aluida.* The beauties that proud Paris saw 'fore<sup>1</sup>

Troy,

500

Mustring in Ida for the golden ball,  
 Were not so gorgious as Remilia.

*Remilia.* I haue trickt my tramels vp with  
 richest balme,

And made my perfumes of the purest myrrh<sup>2</sup> :  
 The pretious drugs that Ægypt's wealth affoords,  
 The / costlly paintings<sup>3</sup> fetcht fro curious Tyre,  
 Haue mended in my face what nature mist.  
 Am I not the earths wonder in my lookes ?

*Alui.* The wonder of the earth, & pride of  
 heauen.

*Remilia.* Looke Aluida, a haire stands not amisse ; 510  
 For womens locks are tramels of conceit,  
 Which do intangle Loue for all his wiles.

*Aluid.* Madam, vnlesse you coy it, trick and trim,  
 And play the ciuill<sup>4</sup> wanton ere you yeeld,

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'fro.' Dyce's emendation accepted.

<sup>2</sup> 4tos 'Myre.'

<sup>3</sup> '98 4to 'painting.'

<sup>4</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

Smiting disdaine of pleasures with your tongue,  
 Patting your princely Rafni on the cheek  
 When he presumes to kisse without consent ;  
 You marre the market : beautie nought auales :  
 You must be proud ; for pleasures hardly got  
 Are sweete if once attaine.

520

*Remilia.* Faire Aluida,  
 Thy counsell makes Remilia passing wise.  
 Suppose that thou weart Rafnis mightinesse,  
 And I Remilia, Prince of excellence.

*Aluida.* I would be maister then of Loue and  
 thee.

*Remil.* 'Of Loue and me' ? Proud & disdainful  
 Dar'st thou presume to touch a Deitie, [king,  
 Before she grace thee with a yeelding smile ?

*Aluida.* Tut, my Remilia, be not thou so coy ;  
 Say nay, and take it.

530

*Remil.* Carelesse and vnkinde :  
 Talkes Rafni to Remilia in such sort,  
 As if I<sup>1</sup> did enioy a humane forme ?  
 Look on thy Loue, behold mine eyes diuine,  
 And dar'st thou twit me with a womans fault ?  
 Ah Rafni, thou art rash to iudge of me :  
 I tell thee Flora oft hath woode my lips  
 To lend a Rose to beautifie her Spring ;  
 The sea-Nymphs fetch their lillies from my cheeks :  
 Then thou vnkind :—and hereon would I weep'e.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos '98 and 1602 and 1617 'he.'

*Aluida.* And here would Aluida resigne her charge : 540

For / were I but in thought th'Assirian King,  
I needs must quite thy teares with kisses sweete,  
And craue a pardon with a friendly touch :  
You know it Madam, though I teach it not,  
The touch I meane, you smile whenas you think it.<sup>1</sup>

*Remi.* How am I pleas'd to hear thy pritty prate,  
According to the humor of my minde ?  
Ah Nymphs, who fairer then Remilia ?  
The gentle winds haue woode me with their sighes,  
The frowning aire hath cleerde when I did smile ; 550  
And when I trac't vpon the tender<sup>2</sup> grafs,  
Loue, that makes warme the center of the earth,  
Lift vp his crest to kisse Remilia's foote ;  
Iuno still entertaines her amorous loue  
With newe delights, for feare he looke on me ;  
The Phœnix feathers are become my Fanne,  
For I am beauties Phœnix in this world.  
Shut close these Curtaines straight, and shadow me,  
For feare Apollo spie me in his walkes,  
And scorne all eyes, to see Remilias eyes. 560  
Nymphes, eunuchs,<sup>3</sup> sing, for Mauors draweth  
nigh ;

Hide me in Clofure, let him long to looke :  
For were a Goddesse fairer then am I,

<sup>1</sup> '94 'il.'

<sup>2</sup> dropped in '98 4to.

<sup>3</sup> The 4tos 'Knancks'—Dyce's emendation accepted. See Glossarial-index, s.v.

Ile scale<sup>1</sup> the heauens to pull her from the place.

*They draw the Curtaines, and Musicke plaies.*

*Aluida.* Beleeue me, tho she say that she is fairest,  
I thinke my peny filuer by her leaue.

*Enter Rafni, [with Radagon and] his Lords in  
pomp, who make a ward about him ; with him  
the Magi in great pompe.* 570

*Rafni.* Magi, for loue of Rafni, by your<sup>2</sup> Art,  
By Magicke frame an Arbour out of hand,  
For faire Remilia to desport her in.  
Meane-while on further pomp I will bethinke me.<sup>3</sup>

*Exit.*

*The Magi with their rods beate the ground, and  
from vnder the same riseth a braue Arbour:  
the King returneth in another sute, while the  
Trumpettes sounde.*

*Rafni.* Bleft be ye, men<sup>4</sup> of Art, that grace me 580  
And blessed be this day where Himen hies [thus,  
To ioyne in vnion, pride of heauen and earth.

*Lightning and thunder, wherewith Remilia  
is strooken.*

What wondrous threatning noyse is this I heare ?  
What flashing lightnings trouble our delights ?

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, under 'Will.'

<sup>2</sup> '98 4to 'our.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce's emendation of metre accepted : in the 4tos 'Meanwhile I  
will bethinke me on further pompe' : in '98 'furth, a.'

<sup>4</sup> 4tos '94, '98, and 1602 'man.'



When I draw neare Remilias royall Tent,  
I waking dreame of sorrow and<sup>1</sup> mishap.

*Rada.* Dread not O King, at ordinary chance;  
These are but common exalations, 590  
Drawne from the earth, in substance hote and drie,  
Or moist and thicke, or Meteors combust;  
Matters and causes incident to time,  
Inkindled<sup>2</sup> in the fierie region first.  
Tut, be not now a Romane augurer<sup>3</sup>:  
Approach the Tent, looke on Remilia.

*Rafni.* Thou hast confirmd my doubts, kinde  
Radagon.—

Now ope ye foldes, where Queene of fauour sits,  
Carrying a Net within her curled locks,  
Wherein the Graces are entangled oft: 600  
Ope like th'imperiall gates where Phœbus sits,  
When as he meanes to wooe his Clitia.  
Nocturnal<sup>4</sup> Cares, ye blemishers of blisse,  
Cloud not mine eyes, whilst I behold her face.—  
Remilia, my delight:—she answereth not.

*He drawes the Curtaines, and findes her stroken  
with thunder, blacke.*

How pale? as if bereau'd in fatall meedes,  
The balmy breath hath left her bosome quite:  
My / Hesperus by cloudie Death is blent.<sup>5</sup>— 610

<sup>1</sup> '98 4to 'or.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'In kindling.'

<sup>3</sup> '94 'Augurer.'

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Necternal.'

<sup>5</sup> "i.e. destroyed, polluted,—from the verb 'blend,' which in its original sense means to mingle, confound. The 4to of '98 'bent.'"—*Dyce.*

Villaines away, fetch Sirropes of the Inde,  
 Fetch Balsamo, the kind preferue of life,  
 Fetch wine of Greece, fetch oiles, fetch herbes, fetch  
 To fetch her life, or I will faint and die. [all,

*They bring in all these, and offer : nought  
 preuailes.*

Herbes, Oyles of Inde, alasse, there nought preuailes.  
 Shut are the day-bright eyes, that made me see,  
 Lockt are the Iems of ioy in dens of Death ;  
 Yet triumph I on fate, and he on her : 620  
 Malicious mistresse of inconstancie,  
 Damd be thy name, that hast<sup>1</sup> obscur'd my ioy.—  
 Kings, Viceroyes,<sup>2</sup> Princes, reare a royall tombe  
 For my Remilia ; beare her from my fight,  
 Whilst I in teares weepe for Remilia.

*They beare her out.*

*Rada.* What maketh Rafni moodie? Loffe of  
 As if no more were left so faire as she? [one,  
 Behold a daintie minion for the nonce,—  
 Faire Aluida, the Paphlagonian Queene : 630  
 Wooe her, and leaue this weeping for the dead.

*Ras.* What, wooe my subiects wife that honoreth  
 me ! [know :

*Rada.* Tut, Kings this *meum tuum*, should not  
 Is she not faire ? is not her husband hence ?  
 Hold, take her at the hands of Radagon ;  
 A prittie peate to driue your mourne away.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'hath.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'viceroy.'

*Rafni.* She smiles on me, I fee she is mine owne.—  
Wilt thou be Rafnis royall Paramour? [dispute :

*Rad.* She blushing yeelds concent: make no  
The King is fad, and muft be gladdened ftraight ;  
Let Paphlagonian King go mourne meane-while. 640

*He thrust[s] the King out, and fo they exeunt.*

*Ofeas.* Pride hath his iudgement: London, looke  
Tis not inough in fhow to be deuout. [about ;  
A Furie now from heauen to lands vnknowne,  
Hath made the prophet fpeake, not to his owne.  
Flie / wantons,<sup>1</sup> flie this pride and vaine attire,  
The feales to fet your tender hearts on fire :  
Be faithfull in the promife you haue pafst,  
Elfe God will plague and punifh at the laft.  
When luft is hid in fhroude of wretched life, 650  
When craft doth dwell in bed of married wife,  
Marke but the prophets, we that fhortly fhowes,  
After death expect for many woes.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Alcon and Thrafybulus, with the Lawier.<sup>3</sup>*

*Thras.* I need not fir, difcourfe vnto you the  
dutie of Lawiers in tendering the right caufe of  
their Clients, nor the confcience you are tied vnto  
by higher command. Therefore fuffice, the Vfurur  
hath done me wrong; you know the Cafe; and

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'wanton.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "Some corruption in this couplet."

<sup>3</sup> The 4tos 'Enters the poore man and the Gentleman, with their Lawier.'

good fir, I haue strained my selfe to giue you your 660 fees.

*Lawier.* Sir, if I should any way neglect to manifest a truth, I were to be accused of open periury, for the case is euident.

*Alc.* And truly fir, for my case, if you helpe me not for my matter, why fir, I and my wife are quite vndone ; I want my mease<sup>1</sup> of milk when I goe to my worke, and my boy his bread and butter, when he goes to schoole. M[after] Lawier, pitie me, for surely fir, I was faine to laie my wiues best gowne 670 to pawne for your fees : when I lookt vpon it fir, and saw how handsomly it was dawbed with statute lace, and what a faire mockado Cape it had, and then thought how handsomely it became my wife, —truly fir, my heart is made of butter, it melts at the least persecution,—I fell on weeping ; but when I thought on the words the Vsurer gaue me, ‘no Cow,’ then fir, I would haue stript her into her smocke, but I would make him deliuer my Cow, ere I had done : therefore, good M[after] Lawier, 680 stand my friend.

*Lawier.* Trust me father, I will do for thee as much as for my selfe.

*Alc.* Are you married fir ?

*Lawier.* I marry, am I, father.

*Alc.* Then goods Benifon light on you & your

<sup>1</sup> “An old form of ‘mess.’”—*Dyce*.

good wife, and / fend her that she be neuer troubled with my wiues diseafe.

*Lawier.* Why, what's thy wiues diseafe ?

*Alc.* Truly fir, she hath two open faults, and 690  
one priuie fault. Sir, the first is, she is too eloquēt for a poore man, and hath her words of Art ; for she will call me Rascall, Rogue, Runnagate, Varlet, Vagabond, Slaue, Knaue. Why, alasse fir, and these be but holi-day tearmes, but if you heard her working-day words, in faith fir, they be ratlers like thunder fir ; for after the dewe follows a storme, for then am I sure either to be well buffeted, my face scratcht, or my head broken : and therefore, good M[after] Lawier, on my knees 700  
I aske it, let me not go home again to my wife with this word 'No Cow' ; for then shee will exercise her two faults vpon me with all extremitie.

*Lawier.* Feare not, man. But what is thy wiues priuy fault ?

*Alc.* Truly fir, thats a thing of nothing ; alasse she indeed fir-reuerence of your mastership, doth vse to breake winde in her sleepe.—Oh fir, here comes the Iudge, and the old Caitife the Usurer.

*Enters the Iudge, the Usurer, and his attendants.* 710

*Usurer.* Sir, here is fortie angels for you, and if at any time you want a hundreth pound or two, tis readie at your command, or the feeding of three

or foure fat bullocks : whereas theſe needie ſlaues can reward with nothing but a cap and a knee; and therefore I pray you, ſir, fauour my caſe.

*Iudge.* Feare not ſir, Ile do what I can for you.

*Vſurer.* What, Maiſter Lawier, what make you here? mine aduerſary for theſe Clients? 720

*Lawier.* So it chanceth now ſir.

*Vſurer.* I know you know the old Prouerbe, ‘He is not wiſe that is not wiſe for himſelfe’: I would not be diſgrac’d in this action; therefore here is twentie angels; ſay nothing in the matter, or<sup>1</sup> what you ſay, ſay to no purpoſe, for the Iudge is my friend.

*Lawier.* Let me alone, Ile fit your purpoſe.

*Iudge.* Come, where are theſe fellowes that are the plaintifes? what can they ſay againſt this honeſt 730 Citizen our neighbour, a man of good report amongſt all men?

*Alc.* / Truly, M[after] Judge, he is a man much ſpoken off; marry, euery mans cries are againſt him, and eſpecially we; and therefore I thinke we haue brought our Lawier to touch him with as much law as will fetch his landes and my Cowe, with a peſtilence.

*Thras.* Sir, I am the other plaintife, and this is my Councellour: I beſeech your honour be fauour- 740 able to me in equitie.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos ‘and.’

*Iudge.* Oh Signor Mizaldo, what can you say in this Gentleman's behalfe ?

*Lawier.* Faith sir, as yet little good.—Sir, tell you your owne case to the Iudge, for I haue so many matters in my head, that I haue almost forgotten it.

*Thras.* Is the winde in that doore ? Why then, my Lord, thus. I tooke vp of this cursed Ufurer, for so I may well tearme him, a commoditie of 750 fortie poundes, whereof I receiued ten pounce in mony, & thirtie pound in Lute-strings, whereof I could by great friendship make but fve pounds : for the assurance of this badde commoditie I bound him my land in recognifance ; I came at my day, and tendred him his mony, and he would not take it : for the redresse of my open wrong, I craue but iustice.

*Iudge.* What say you to this sir ?

*Ufurer.* That first he had no Lute-strings of me ; 760 for looke you, sir, I haue his owne hand to my book for  $\text{f}$  receipt of fortie pound.

*Thras.* That was sir but a deuise of him to colour the Statute.

*Iudge.* Well, he hath thine owne hand, and we can craue no more in law.—But now sir, he saies his mony was tendered at the day and houre.

*Ufurer.* This is manifest contrary sir, and on that I will depose ; for here is the obligation, 'to

be paid between three & foure in the after-noone,' 770  
and the Clocke strooke foure before he offered it,  
and the words be 'between three and foure,'  
therefore to be tendred before foure.

*Thras.* Sir, I was there before foure, & he held  
me with brabbling till the Clock strooke, and then  
for the breach of a minute he refused my money,  
and kept<sup>1</sup> the recognisance of my land for so  
small / a trifle.—Good Signor Mizaldo, speak what  
is law; you haue your fee, you haue heard what  
the case is, and therefore do me iustice and right : 780  
I am a young Gentleman, and speake for my  
patrimony.

*Lawier.* Faith sir, the Case is altered; you told  
me it before in an other manner: the law goes  
quite against you, and therefore you must pleade  
to the Iudge for fauour.

*Thras.* O execrable bribery.

*Alc.* Faith Sir Judge, I pray you let me be the  
Gentlemans Counsellour, for I can say thus much  
in his defence, that the Ufurers Clocke is the 790  
swiftest Clock in all the Towne: 'tis sir, like a  
womans tongue, it goes euer halfe an houre before  
the time; for when we were gone from him, other  
Clocks in the Town strooke foure.

*Iudge.* Hold thy prating, fellow:—and you,  
young Gentleman, this is my ward: looke better

<sup>1</sup> The first three 4tos 'keepe.'



another time both to your bargains and to the paiments; for I must giue flat sentence against you, that for default of tendering the mony betweene the houres, you haue forfeited your 800 recognisance, and he to haue the land.

*Thras.* O inspeakeable iniustice!

*Alc.* O monstrous, miserable, moth-eaten Judge!

*Iudge.* Now you, fellow, what haue you to say for your matter?

*Alc.* Maister Lawier, I laid my wiues gowne to pawne for your fees: I pray you, to this geere.<sup>1</sup>

*Lawier.* Alasse poore man, thy matter is out of my head, and therefore, I pray thee, tell it thy selfe.

810

*Alc.* I hold my Cap to a noble<sup>2</sup> that the Ufurer hath giuen him some gold, and he, chawing it in his mouth, hath got y<sup>e</sup> toothache that he cannot speake.

*Iudge.* Well firrha, I must be short, and therefore say on.

*Alc.* Maister Judge, I borrowed of this man thirtie shillings, for which I left him in pawne my good Cow; the bargaine was, he should haue eighteene pence a weeke, and the Cows milk for 820 vsurie: Now fir, assoone as I had gotten the mony, I brought it him, and broke but a day, and for that he refused his mony, and keepes / my Cow fir.

<sup>1</sup> = business.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

*Judge.* Why, thou hast giuen sentence against thy selfe, for in breaking thy day thou hast lost thy Cow.

*Alc.* Master Lawier, now for my ten shillings.

*Lawier.* Faith poore man, thy Case is so bad, I shall but speak against thee.

*Alc.* Twere good, thē, I shuld haue my ten 830 shillings again.

*Lawier.* Tis my fee, fellow, for comming: wouldst thou haue me come for nothing?

*Alc.* Why then, am I like to goe home, not onely with no Cow, but no gowne: this geere goes hard.

*Judge.* Well, you haue heard what fauour I can shew you: I must do iustice.—Come M[after] Mizaldo,—and you, fir, go home with me to dinner. 840

*Alc.* Why but M[after] Iudge, no Cow?—&, M[after] Lawier, no gowne?

Then must I cleane run out of the Towne.

[*Exeunt Judge attended, Lawyer, and Vfuror.*]  
How cheere you, gentleman? you crie ‘no lands’ too; the Judge hath made you a knight for a gentleman; hath dubd you fir John Lack-land.

*Thras.* O miserable time, wherein gold is aboue God.

*Alc.* Feare not, man; I haue yet a fetch to get 850 thy landes and my Cow againe, for I haue a sonne

in the Court, that is either a king or a kings fellow, and to him will I go & complaine on the Judge and the Ufurer both.

*Thras.* And I will go with thee, and intreat him for my Cafe.

*Alc.* But how shall I go home to my wife, when I shall haue nothing to say vnto her but 'no Cow'? alasse fir, my wiues faults will fall vpon me.

*Thras.* Feare not; lets go; Ile quiet her, shalt 860  
fee. [*Exeunt.*

*Oleas.* Flie Iudges, flie corruption in your Court; The Iudge of truth, hath made your iudgement Looke so to iudge, that at the latter day [short. Ye be not iudg'd with those that wend astray. Who passeth iudgement for his priuate gain, He well may iudge he is adiudg'd to paine.

*Enters / the Clowne and all his crew drunke.*

*Adam.* Farewell, gentle Tapster.—Maisters, as good Ale as euer was tapt; looke to your feete, 870 for the Ale is strong.—Well, farwell, gentle Tapster.

*First Ruf.* [*to Second Ruf.*] Why firrha flaue, by heauens maker, thinkest thou the wench loues<sup>1</sup> thee best because she laught on thee? giue me but such an other word and I will throw the pot at thy head.

*Adam.* Spill no drinke, spill no drinke, the Ale

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos of '94 and '98 'loue.]

is good: Ile tell you what, Ale is Ale, & so Ile commend me to you with heartie commendations.—Farewell, gentle Tapster.

880

*Second Ruf.* Why, wherefore peasant, scornst thou that the wench should loue me? looke but on her & Ile thrust my daggar in thy bosome.

*First Ruf.* Well, firrha, well, th'art as th'art, and so Ile take thee.

*Second Ruf.* Why, what am I?

*First Ruf.* Why, what thou wilt: a flaue.

*Second Ruf.* Then take that villaine, and learne how thou<sup>1</sup> vse me another time. [*Stabs First Ruf.*

*First Ruf.* Oh I am flaine. [*Dies.* 890

*Second Ruf.* Thats all one to me, I care not: now will I in to my wench, and call for a fresh pot.

[*Exit: and then exeunt all except Adam.*

*Adam.* Nay, but heare ye, take me with ye, for the Ale is Ale.—Cut a fresh toast Tapster, fil me a pot; here is mony, I am no beggar, Ile follow thee as long as the Ale lasts.—A pestilence on the blocks for me, for I might haue had a fall: wel, if we shal haue no Ale, Ile sit me downe: and so farwell, gentle Tapster.

900

[*Here he fals ouer the dead man.*

*Enter the King, Aluida, the Kings of Cilicia, and of Paphlagonia, with Lords and other attendant[s].*

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'to.'

*Rafni.* What slaughtred wretch lies bleeding  
 here his laft,  
 So neare the royall palace of the King ?  
 Search out if any one be hiding<sup>1</sup> nie,  
 That can difcoursfe the maner of his death.—  
 Seate thee, faire Aluida, the faire of faires ;  
 Let not this obiet<sup>2</sup> once offend thine eyes.

*First Lord.* Heres one fits here asleepe my Lord. 910

*Rafni.* Wake him, and make enquiry of this  
 thing.

*First Lord.* / Sirrha you, hearest thou fellow ?

*Adam.* If you will fill a freshe pot, heres a peny,  
 or else farewell, gentle Tapster.

*First Lord.* He is drunke, my Lord. [laugh.

*Rafni.* Weele sport with him, that Aluida may

*First Lord.* Sirrha, thou fellow, thou must come  
 to the King.

*Adam.* I wil not do a stroke of work to day,  
 for the Ale is good Ale, and you can aske but a  
 peny for a pot, no more by the statute.

*First Lord.* Villaine, heres the King ; thou must 920  
 come to him.

*Adam.* The king come to an Ale-house ?—  
 Tapster, fil me three pots.—Wheres the King ?  
 is this he ?—Giue me your hand sir : as good Ale  
 as euer was tapt ; you shall drinke while your skin  
 cracke.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos misprint 'biding.'

<sup>2</sup> The first three 4tos 'the otricZ.'

*Rafni.* But hearest thou fellow, who kild this man?

*Adam.* Ile tell you fir,—if you did taste of the Ale,—all Niniue hath not such a cup of Ale, it 930  
floures in the cup fir; by my troth, I spent eleuen pence, besides three rafes of ginger—

*Rafni.* Answer me, knaue, to my question, how came this man flaine?

*Adam.* Slain? why, [the] Ale is strong Ale, tis hufcap; I warrant you, twill make a man well.—Tapster, ho, for the King a cup of ale and a fresh toast; heres two rafes more.

*Alvi.* Why, good fellow, the King talkes not of drinke; he would haue thee tell him how this man 940  
came dead.

*Adam.* Dead? nay, I thinke I am aliue yet, and wil drink a ful pot ere night: but hear<sup>1</sup> ye, if ye be the wench that fild vs drink, why so do your office, & giue vs a fresh pot; or if you be the Tapsters wife, why so wash the glasse cleane.

*Aluida.* He is so drunke my Lord, theres no talking with him.

*Adam.* Drunke? nay then wench, I am not drunke: th'art a shitten queane to call me drunke; 950  
I tell thee I am not drunke, I am a Smith, I.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter the Smith, the Clownes Maister.*

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'here.'

<sup>2</sup> Not in the 4to of '98.

*First Lord.* Sir, here comes one perhaps that can tell.

*Smith.* God saue you, mafter. [came dead ?

*Rafni.* / Smith, canst thou tell me how this man

*Smith.* May it please your highnesse, my man here and a crue of them went to the Ale-house, and came out so drunke that one of them kild another: and now sir, I am faine to leaue my 960 shop, and come to fetch him home.

*Rafni.* Some of you carry away the dead bodie; drunken men must haue their fits; and, firrha Smith, hence with thy man.

*Smith.* Sirrha you, rise, come go with me.

*Adam.* If we shall haue a pot of Ale, lets haue it, heres mony; hold Tapster, take my purse.

*Smith.* Come then with me, the pot stands full in the house.

*Adam.* I am for you, lets go, th'art an honest 970 Tapster: weelee drinke fixe pots ere we part. *Exeunt.*

*Rafni.* Beautious, more bright then beautie in mine eyes,  
Tell me faire sweeting, wants thou any thing  
Conteind within the threefold circle of the world,<sup>1</sup>  
That may make Aluida liue full content ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries—

“ ‘ Tell me, fair sweeting, want’st thou *ought* contain’d  
Within the threhold circle of the world,’ etc. ? ”

These alterations make more ‘smooth,’ but smoothness was no characteristic of the period.

*Aluida.* Nothing my Lord; for all my thoughts  
are please  
When as mine eye surfets with Rafnis fight.

*Enter the King of Paphlagonia malecontent.*

*Rafni.* Looke how thy husband haunts our  
royall Courte,  
How still his sight breeds melancholy stormes. 980  
Oh Aluida, I am passing<sup>1</sup> passionate,  
And vext with wrath and anger, to the death:  
Mars, when he held faire Venus on his knee,  
And saw the limping Smith come from his forge,  
Had not more deeper furrowes<sup>2</sup> in his brow  
Than Rafni hath to see this Paphlagon.

*Alui.* Content thee sweet, Ile value thy sorow  
straight;  
Rest but the ease of all thy thoughts on me,  
And if I make not Rafni blyth againe,  
Then say that womens fancies haue no shifts. 990  
*Paphla.* Shamest thou not Rafni, though thou  
beest a King.

To shroude adultry in thy royall feate?  
Art thou arch-ruler of great Niniuie,  
Who / shouldst excell in vertue as in state,  
And wrongst thy friend by keeping backe his wife?  
Haue I not battail'd in thy troupes full oft,  
Gainst Aegypt, Iury, and proud Babylon,

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '94 'passion.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'furrowes in.'



Spending my blood to purchase thy renowne,  
 And is the guerdon of my chivalrie  
 Ended in this abusing of my wife ?  
 Restore her me, or I will from thy Courts,  
 And make discourse of thy adulterous deeds.

1000

*Ras.* Why, take her, Paphlagon, exclaime not  
 man ;

For I do prise mine honour more then loue.—  
 Faire Aluida, go with thy husband home,

*Alui.* How dare I go, sham'd with so deep mis-  
 deed ?

Reuenge will broile within my husbands brest,  
 And when he hath me in the Court at home,  
 Then Aluida shall feele reuenge for all. [this ?

*Rafni.* What saist thou, king of Paphlagon to 1010  
 Thou hearest the doubt thy wife doth stand vpon.  
 If she hath<sup>1</sup> done amisse, it is my fault ;  
 I prithie pardon and forget [it] all.

*Paphla.* If that I meant not Rafni, to forgiue,  
 And quite forget the follies that are past,  
 I would not vouch<sup>2</sup> her presence in my Courts ;  
 But she shall be my Queene, my loue, my life,  
 And Aluida vnto her Paphlagon,  
 And lou'd, and more beloued then before.

*Rafni.* What saist thou, Aluida, to this?

1020

*Alui.* That, will he sweare it to my Lord the  
 And in a full carouse of Greekish wine [king,

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'haue.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'vouchsafe.'

Drinke down the malice of his deepe reuenge,  
I will go home, and loue him new againe.

*Rafni.* What answeres Paphlagon?

*Paphla.* That what she hath requested, I will do.

*Alui.* Go damosell [and] fetch me that sweete  
wine

That stands within my<sup>1</sup> Clofet on the shelve :

Powre it into a standing bowle of gold,

But, / on thy life, taste not before the king :

Make haft.

[*Exit* Female Attendant.

103c

Why is great Rafni melancholy thus?

If promise be not kept, hate all for me.

[*Wine brought in by* Female Attendant.

Here is the wine, my Lord : first make him sweare.

*Paphla.* By Niniues great gods, and Niniues  
great king,

My thoughts shall neuer be to wrong my wife :

And thereon heres a full carouse to her. [*Drinks.*

*Alui.* And thereon, Rafni, heres a kisse for thee ;  
Now maist thou freely fold thine Aluida.

1040

*Paphla.* Oh I am dead ! obstructions of my  
breath ;

The poison is of wondrous sharpe effect :

Curfed be all adultrous queenes,<sup>2</sup> say I :

And cursing so, poore Paphlagon doth die. [*Dies.*

*Alui.* Now, haue I not salued the sorrowes of  
my Lord ?

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'thy.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce misprints 'queans.'

Haue I not rid a riuall of thy loues?  
 What faist thou, Rafni, to thy Paramour?

*Rafni.* That for this deed Ile decke my Aluida  
 In Sendall, and in costly Suffapine,  
 Bordred with Pearle and India Diamond ; 1050  
 Ile cause great Æol perfume all his windes  
 With richest myrrh<sup>1</sup> and curious Ambergreece.  
 Come, louely minion, paragon for fair,  
 Come follow me, sweet goddesse of mine eye,  
 And taste the pleasures Rafni will prouide.

*Exeunt.*

*Ofeas.* Where whordom raines, there murther  
 followes fast,  
 As falling leaues before the winter blast.  
 A wicked life, trainde vp in endlesse crime,  
 Hath no regard<sup>2</sup> vnto the latter time, 1060  
 When Letchers shall be punisht for their lust  
 When Princes plagu'd because they are vniust.  
 Foresee in time, the warning bell doth towle;  
 Subdue the flesh, by praier to saue the soule:  
 London, behold the cause of others wracke,  
 And see<sup>3</sup> the sword of iustice at thy backe:  
 Deferre not off, to-morrow is too late;  
 By night he comes perhaps to iudge thy state.

*Enter / Ionas, solus.*

[soule

*Ionas.* From forth the depth of my imprisoned 1070

<sup>1</sup> As before, spelled 'myre.' <sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'reward.' <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'fet.'

Steale you, my fighes, [to] testifie my paine ;  
 Conuey on wings of mine immortall tone  
 My zealous praiers, vnto the starrie throne.  
 Ah mercifull and iust, thou dreadfull God,  
 Where is thine arme to lay reuengeful stroakes  
 Upon the heads of our rebellious race ?  
 Loe Israell, once that flourisht like the vine,  
 Is barraine laide ; the beautifull encrease  
 Is wholly blent, and irreligious zeale  
 Incampeth there where vertue was inthron'd : 1080  
 Ah-lasse the while, the widow wants reliefe,  
 The fatherlesse is wrongd by naked need,  
 Deuotion sleepest in finders of Contempt,  
 Hypocrisie infects the holie Priest ;  
 Aye me, for this, woe me, for these misdeeds :  
 Alone I walke to thinke vpon the world,  
 And sigh to see thy Prophets so contemn'd,  
 Ah-lasse contemn'd by curst Israell :  
 Yet Ionas, rest content, tis Israels sinne,  
 That causeth this ; then muse no more thereon, 1090  
 But pray amends, and mend thy owne amisse.

*An Angel appeareth to Ionas.*

*Angel.* Amittais<sup>1</sup> sonne, I charge thee muse no  
 more :  
 (I AM) hath power to pardon and correct ;  
 To thee pertains to do the Lords command.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Amithais.'

Go girt thy loines, and haſt thee quickly hence,  
 To Niniue, that mightie citie wend,  
 And ſay this meſſage from the Lord of hoaſts :  
 Preach vnto them theſe tidings from thy God ;—  
 ‘ Behold, thy wickedneſſe hath tempted me, 1100  
 And pierced through the ninefold orbes of heauen :  
 Repent, or elſe thy iudgement is at hand.’

*This / ſaid, the Angell vaniſbeth.*

*Ionas.* Proſtrate I lye before the Lord of hoſtes,  
 With humble eares intending his beheſt :  
 Ah honoured be Iehouahs great command :  
 Then Ionas muſt to Niniue repaire,  
 Commanded as the Prophet of the Lord.  
 Great dangers on this iourney do await,  
 But dangers none where heauens direct the courſe. 1110  
 What ſhould I deeme ? I ſee, yea, ſighing ſee,  
 How Iſraell finne[s], yet knowes<sup>1</sup> the way of truth,  
 And thereby growes the by-word of the world.  
 How then, ſhould God in iudgement be ſo ſtrict  
 Gainſt thoſe who neuer heard or knew his power,  
 To threaten vtter ruine of them all ?  
 Should I report this iudgement of my God,  
 I ſhould incite them more to follow finne,  
 And publiſh to the world my countries blame :  
 It may not be, my conſcience tels me no. 1120

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'to.'

<sup>2</sup> “ Had it not been for the words ‘ knows ’ and ‘ grows,’ the old reading ‘ ſin ’ might have ſtood ;—‘ they made peace with Iſrael, and ſerved them ’ (2 Samuel c. 19.)—*Dyce*.

Ah Ionas, wilt thou proue rebellious then ?  
 Confider ere thou fall,<sup>1</sup> what errour is.  
 My minde misgiues : to Ioppa will I flee,<sup>2</sup>  
 And for a while to Tharfus shape my course,  
 Vntill the Lord vnfret his angry browes.

*Enter certaine Merchants of Tharfus, a Maister,  
 and some Sailers.*

M[as]. Come on,<sup>3</sup> braue merchants ; now the  
 wind doth serue,  
 And sweetly blowes a gale at West Southwest,  
 Our yardes a crosse, our anchors on the pike ; 1130  
 What, shall we hence, and take this merry gale ?

[*First*] Mer. Sailers, conuey our budgets strait  
 aboard,

And we will recompense your paines at last :  
 If once in safetie we may Tharfus see,  
 M[after], wee le feast these merry mates, and thee.

M[as]. Mean-while content yourselues with silly  
 cates ;

Our beds are boordes, our feasts are full of mirth,  
 We / vse no pompe, we are the Lords of sea<sup>4</sup> ;  
 When Princes swet in care, we swinke of glee.  
 Orions<sup>5</sup> shoulders and the Pointers serue 1140

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '94 'fall.'

<sup>2</sup> *Sic* all the 4tos, and the usual spelling then.

<sup>3</sup> 4tos 'one,' which is rather misleading.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'fee,' which again, as misleading, I alter.

<sup>5</sup> 4tos 'Orious.'

To be our load-ftars in the lingering night ;  
 The beauties of Arcturus we behold ;  
 And though the Sailer is no booke-man held,  
 He knowes more Art then euer booke-men read.

*Sailer.* By heauens, well faid, in honour of our  
 trade ;

Let's fee the proudest scholler steer<sup>1</sup> his course,  
 Or shift his tides, as filly failers do ;  
 Then wil we yeeld them praise, else neuer none.

*Mer.* Well spoken fellow, in thine owne behalfe ;  
 But let vs hence, wind tarries none, you wot, 1150  
 And tide and time let slip is hardly got.

*M[as].* March to the hauen, merchants, I follow  
 you. *Exeunt Merchants.*

*Ionas.* [*aside.*] Now doth occasion further my  
 desires ;

I finde companions fit to aide my flight.—  
 Staie fir, I pray, and heare a word or two.

*M[as].* Say on good friend, but briefly, if you  
 please,

My passengers by this time are aboard. [*felues?*]

*Ionas.* Whether pretend you to imbarke your-

*M[as].* To Tharfus fir, and here in Ioppa hauen 1160  
 Our ship is prest, and readie to depart.

*Ionas.* May I haue passage for my mony then ?

*M[as].* What not for mony ? pay ten siluerlings :  
 You are a welcome guest, if so you please.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'fir.'

*Jonas* [*giuing money*]. Hold, take thine hire, I  
follow thee, my friend. [fir.

*M[as]*. Where is your budget? let me beare it

*Jonas*. To one in peace, who faile[s] as I do now,  
Put trust in him who succoureth euery want.

*Exeunt.*

*Ose*. When Prophets, new inspirde, perfume to 1170  
force

And tie the power of heauen to their conceits;  
When feare, promotion, pride, or simony,  
Ambition, subtill craft, their thoughts disguise,  
Woe to the flocke whereas the shepheards foule;<sup>1</sup>  
For, / lo, the Lord at vnawares shall plague  
The carelesse guide, because his flocks do stray.  
The axe alreadie to the tree is set;  
Beware to tempt the Lord, ye men of art.

*Enter Alcon, Thrafybulus, Samia, and Clefiphon*  
*a lad.*

1180

*Cles*. Mother, some meat, or else I die for want.

*Samia*. Ah litle boy, how glad thy mother would  
Supply thy wants, but naked need denies:  
Thy fathers slender portion in this world  
By vsury and false deceit is lost;  
No charitie within this Citie bides,  
All for themselues, and none to helpe the poore.

*Cles*. Father, shall Clefiphon haue no reliefe?

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'fold.'



*Alcon.* Faith, my boy, I must be flat with thee,  
we must feed vpon prouerbes now, as 'Necessitie 1190  
hath no law,' 'A churles feast is better then none  
at all': for other remedies haue we none, except  
thy brother Radagon helpe vs.

*Samia.* Is this thy slender care to helpe our  
childe?

Hath nature armde thee to no more remorse?

Ah cruell man, vnkind and pittilesse:

Come Clesiphon my boy, Ile beg for thee.

*Cles.* Oh how my mothers mourning moueth  
me!

*Alcon.* Nay, you shall paie mee interest for get-  
ting the boye (wife) before you carry him hence: 1200  
Ah-lasse, woman, what can Alcon do more? Ile  
plucke the belly out of my heart for thee: sweete  
Samia, be not so waspish.

*Samia.* Ah filly man, I know thy want is great,  
And foolish I to<sup>1</sup> craue where nothing is.

Haste Alcon, haste, make haste vnto our sonne;

Who, since he is in fauour of the King,

May helpe this haplesse Gentleman and vs,

For to regaine our goods from tyrants hands.

*Thra.* Haue patience Samia, waight your weale 1210  
from heauen:

The<sup>2</sup> Gods haue raifde your sonne, I hope, for this,  
To /succour innocents in their distresse.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 '*foolishly* I do.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* '94 'Tho.'

*Enter Radagon, solus.*<sup>1</sup>

Lo, where he comes from the imperiall Court;  
Go let vs prostrate vs before his feete.

*Alcon.* Nay, by my troth, Ile neuer aske my  
sonnes blessing; che trow, cha,<sup>2</sup> taught him his  
lesson to know his father. What, sonne Radagon?  
y'faith boy, how doest thee?

*Rada.* Villaine disturbe me not, I cannot stay. 1220

*Alcon.* Tut sonne, Ile help you of that diseafe  
quickly, for I can hold thee: aske thy mother,  
knaue, what cunning I haue to ease a woman  
when a qualme of kindnesse come[s] too neare her  
stomacke. Let me but claspe mine armes about  
her bodie, and saie my prayers in her bosome, and  
she shall be healed presently.

*Rada.* Traitor vnto my Princely Maiestie,  
How dar'st thou laie thy hands vpon a King?

*Samia.* No Traitor Radagon, but true is he: 1230  
What, hath promotion bleared thus thine eye,  
To scorne thy father when he visits thee?  
Ah-lasse, my sonne, behold with ruthfull eyes  
Thy parents robd of all their worldly weale,  
By subtil meanes of vfurie and guile:

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "But that Radagon does not enter here *solus* is shown by his presently saying, 'Marshal, why whip you not,' etc., and 'Slaues, fetch out tortures,' etc." Of course, but he first enters '*folus*.' Dyce misplaces six lines on.

<sup>2</sup> "*i.e.* I trow, I have. Why the author gives us here a sudden touch of rustic dialect, it would be difficult to say."—*Dyce*.

The Judges eares are deaffe and fhut vp clofe ;  
 All mercie fleepes : then be thou in thefe plundges  
 A patron to thy mother in<sup>1</sup> her paines :  
 Behold thy brother almoft dead for foode :  
 Oh fuccour vs, that firft did fuccour thee. [avant ; 1240

*Rada.* What, fuccour me? falfe callet, hence,  
 Old dotard, pack ; moue not my patience ;  
 I know you not ; kings neuer look fo low.

*Samia.* You know vs not? O Radagon, you know  
 That, knowing vs, you know your parents then ;  
 Thou knowft this wombe firft brought thee forth  
 to light :

I know thefe paps did fofter thee, my fonne.

*Alcon.* And I know he hath had many a piece of  
 bread & cheefe at my hands, as proud as he is ;  
 that know I.

1250

*Thras.* I waight no hope of fuccours in this place,  
 Where / children hold their fathers in difgrace.

*Rada.* Dare you enforce the furrowes of reuenge  
 Within the browes of royall Radagon ?  
 Villaine auant : hence beggers, with your brats.—  
 Marshall, why whip you<sup>2</sup> not thefe rogues away,  
 That thus difturbe our royall Maieftie ?

*Clefiphon.* Mother, I fee it is a wondrous thing,  
 From bafe eftate for to become a King ;  
 For why, meethinke my brother in thefe fits  
 Hath got a kingdome, and hath loft his wits.

1260

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'to.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'ye you.

*Rada.* Yet more contempt before my royaltie?  
Slaues, fetch out tortures worse then Titius plagues,  
And teare their toongs from their blasphemous  
heads.

*Thras.* Ile get me gone, tho woe begon with grieve:  
No hope remaines :—come Alcon, let vs wend.

*Ra.* Twere best you did, for feare you catch  
your bane. [Exit Thrasybulus.

*Samia.* Nay Traitor, I wil haunt thee to the  
Ungratious sonne, vntoward and peruerse, [death: 1270  
Ile fill the heauens with ecchoes of thy pride,  
And ring in euery eare thy small regard,  
That doest despise thy parents in their wants;  
And breathing forth my soule before thy feete,  
My curses still shall haunt thy hatefull head,  
And being dead, my ghost shall thee pursue.

*Enter Rafni, King of Affiria, attended on by his  
Sooth-sayers and Kings.*

*Rafni.* How now? what meane these outcries in  
our Court,  
Where nought should sound but harmonies of 1280  
heauen?

What maketh Radagon so passionate?

*Samia.* Justice O King, iustice against my sonne.

*Rafni.* Thy sonne? what sonne?

*Samia.* This cursed Radagon.

*Rada.* Dread Monarch, this is but a lunacie,

Which grieve and want hath brought the woman  
to.—

What, doth this passion hold you euerie Moone?

*Samia.* / Oh polliticke in sinne and wickednesse,  
Too impudent for to delude thy Prince—  
Oh Rafni, this same wombe first<sup>1</sup> brought him foorth: 1290  
This is his father, worne with care and age,  
This is his brother, poore vnhappie lad,  
And I his mother, though contemn'd by him.  
With tedious toyle we got our litle good,  
And brought him vp to schoole with mickle charge :  
Lord, how we ioy'd to see his towardnesse ;  
And to our felues we oft in silence said,  
This youth when we are old may succour vs.  
But now preferd and lifted vp by thee,  
We quite destroyd by cursed vsurie, 1300  
He scorneth me, his father, and this childe.

*Cles.* He plaies the Serpent right, describ'd in  
*Æsopes* tale. [life.

That fought the Fosters death, that lately gaue him

*Alc.* Nay, and please your Maiesti-ship, for prooffe  
he was my childe, searce the parish booke : the  
Clarke will sweare it, his godfathers and godmothers  
can witnesse it : it cost me fortie pence in ale and  
cakes on the wiues at his christning.—Hence,  
proud King, thou shalt neuer more haue my  
bleffing. 1310

<sup>1</sup> 'first' not in the 4to of '98.

*He takes him apart.*

*Rafni.* Say footh in fecret, Radagon,  
Is this thy father ?

*Rada.* Mightie King, he is ;  
I blufhing, tell it to your Maieftie.

*Rafni.* Why<sup>1</sup> doft thou then, contemne him &  
his friends ?

*Rada.* Becaufe he is a bafe and abieft fwaine,  
My mother and her brat both beggarly,  
Unmeete to be allied vnto a King :  
Should I, that looke on Rafnis countenance, 1320  
And march amidft his royall equipage,  
Embafe my felfe to fpeake to fuch as they ?  
Twere impious fo to impaire the loue  
That mightie Rafni beares to Radagon  
I would your grace would quit them from your fight,  
That / dare prefume to looke on Ioue's compare.

*Rafni.* I like thy pride, I praife thy pollicie ;  
Such fhould they be that wait vpon my Court :  
Let me alone to anfwere (Radagon).—  
Villaines,<sup>2</sup> feditious traitors, as you be, 1330  
That fcandalize the honour of a King,  
Depart my Court you ftalles of impudence,  
Unleffe you would be parted from your limmes !  
So bafe for to intitle father-hood  
To Rafnis friend, to Rafnis fauourite.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '94 'Thy.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'Villaine.'

*Rada.* Hence, begging scold, hence caitiue, clogd  
with yeares!

On paine of death, reuifit not the Court.

Was I conceiu'd by fuch a scuruie trull,

Or brought to light by fuch a lump of dirt?

Go, Loffell, trot it to the cart and fpade ;

1340

'Thou art vnmeete to looke vpon a King,

Much leffe to be the father of a King.

*Alcon.* You may fee wife, what a goodly peece of worke you haue made : haue I tought you *Arfmetry*, as *additioni multiplicarum*, the rule of three, and all for the begetting of a boy, and to be banished for my labour? O pittiful hearing. Come, Clefiphon, follow me.

*Cles.* Brother, beware : I oft haue heard it told,  
That fonnes who do their fathers fcorne, fhall beg 1350  
when they be old.

*Radagon.* Hence, baftard boy, for feare you tafte  
the whip.

[*Exeunt Alcon and Clefiphon.*]

*Samia.* Oh all you heauens, and you eternall  
powers

That fway the fword of iuftice in your hands,

(If mothers curfes for<sup>1</sup> her fon's contempt

May fill the balance of your furie full,)

Powre downe the tempeft of your direful plagues

Vpon the head of curfed Radagon.

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'of.'

*Vpon this prayer she departeth, and a flame of fire* 136  
*appeareth from beneath, and Radagon is swallowed.*

So you are iust: now triumph Samia. [*Exit Samia.*

*Rafni.* What exorcising charme, or hatefull hag,  
 Hath rauished the pride of my delight?  
 What tortuous planets, or maleuolent  
 Conspiring power, repining destenie,  
 Hath made the concaue of the earth vnclose,  
 And shut in ruptures louely Radagon?  
 If I be Lord-commander of the cloudes,  
 King of the earth, and Soueraigne of the seas, 1370  
 What daring Saturne, from his fierie denne,  
 Doth dart these furious flames amidst my Court?  
 I am not chiefe, there is more great then I:  
 What, greater than th'Affyrian Satrapos?  
 It may not be, and yet I feare there is,  
 That hath bereft me of my Radagon.

*Soothfayer.* Monarch and Potentate of all our  
 Prouinces,  
 Muse not so much vpon this accident,  
 Which is indeed nothing miraculous.  
 The hill of Sicely, dread Soueraigne, 1380  
 Sometime on fodaine doth euacuate  
 Whole flakes of fire, and spues out from below  
 The smoakie brands that Vulcans<sup>1</sup> bellowes driue:  
 Whether by windes inclosed in the earth,  
 Or fracture of the earth by riuers force,

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Vulneus.'



Such chances as was this, are often seene ;  
 Whole Cities funcke, whole Countries drowned quite :  
 Then muse not at the losse of Radagon,  
 But frolicke with the dalliance of your loue.  
 Let cloathes of purple, set with studdes of gold, 1390  
 Embellished with all the pride of earth;  
 Be spred for Aluida to sit vpon :  
 Then thou, like Mars courting the queene of loue,  
 Maist driue away this melancholy fit.

*Rafni.* The prooffe is good and philosophicall ;—  
 And more, thy counsaile plaufible and sweete.—  
 Come Lords, though Rafni wants his Radagon,  
 Earth will repaie him many Radagons,  
 And / Aluida with pleafant lookes reuiue  
 The heart that droupes for want of Radagon. 1400

*Exeunt.*

*Ofeas.* When difobedience raigneth in the childe,  
 And Princes eares by flattery be beguilde ;  
 When lawes do paffe by fauour, not by truth,  
 When falshood fwarmeth both in old and youth ;  
 When gold is made a god to wrong the poore,  
 And charitie exilde from rich mens doore ;  
 When men by wit do labour to disproue  
 The plagues for sinne sent downe by God aboue ;  
 When<sup>1</sup> great mens eares are ftopt<sup>2</sup> to good aduice, 1410  
 And apt to heare thofe tales that feed their vice ;  
 Woe to the land : for from the Eaft fhall rife

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'Where.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'stop.'

A Lambe of peace, the scourge of vanities,  
 The iudge of truth, the patron of the iust :  
 Who soone will laie presumption in the dust,  
 And giue the humble poore their hearts desire,  
 And doome the worldlings to eternall fire :  
 Repent all you that heare for feare of plagues.  
 O London, this and more doth swarme in thee ;  
 Repent, repent, for why the Lord doth see : 142C  
 With trembling pray, and mend what is amisse,  
 The swoord of iustice drawne alreadie is.

*Enter Adam and the Smiths Wife.*

*Adam.* Why, but heare you mistresse : you know a womans eies are like a pair of pattens, fit to saue shoo leather in sommer, and to keepe away the cold in winter ; so you may like your husband with the one eye because you are married, and me with the other, because I am your man. Alasse, alasse, think mistresse, what a thing loue is : why, 1430 it is like to an ostry faggot, that, once set on fire, is as hardly quenched as the bird Crocodill driuen out of her neast.

*Wife.* Why,<sup>1</sup> Adam, cannot a woman winke but she must sleep, and can she not loue but she must crie it out at the Crosse ? Know Adam, / I loue thee as my selfe, now that we are together in secret.

<sup>1</sup> Again the 4to of '94 'Thy.'

*Adam.* Mis[tresse] these words of yours are like a Fox taile placed in a gentlewomans Fanne, which, 1440  
as it is light, so it giueth life : Oh these words are  
as sweete as a lilly ; whereupon offering a borachio  
of kisses to your vnseemly personage, I entertaine  
you vpon further acquaintance.

*Wife.* Alasse, my husband comes !

*Adam.* Strike vp the drum,  
And say no words but mum.

[*Enter the Smith.*]

*Smith.* Sirrha you, and you, huswife, well taken  
together : I haue long suspected you, and now I 1450  
am glad I haue found you together.

*Adam.* Truly sir, and I am glad that I may do  
you any way pleasure, either in helping you or my  
mistresse.

*Smith.* Boy here, and knaue, you shall know it  
straight ; I will haue you both before the Magis-  
trate, and there haue you surely punished.

*Adam.* Why then, maister, you are iealous ?

*Smith.* Jelous, knaue ? how can I be but iealous,  
to see you euer so familiar together ? Thou art 1460  
not only content to drinke away my goods, but to  
abuse my wife.

*Adam.* Two good quallities, drunkenness and  
leachery : but maister, are you iealous ?

*Smith.* I, knaue, and thou shalt know it ere I

passé, for I will bewindge thee while this roape will hold.

*Wife.* My good husband, abuse him not, for he neuer proffered you any wrong.

*Smith.* Nay whore, thy part shall not be behinde. 1470

*Adam.* Why, suppose, maister, I haue offended you, is it<sup>1</sup> lawful for the maister to beate the seruant for all offences?

*Smith.* I, marry, is it, knaue.

*Adam.* Then maister, will I proue by logicke, that seeing all finnes are to receiue correction, the maister is to be corrected of the man. And fir, I pray you, what greater finne is then ieaiousie? tis like a mad dog that for anger bites himselfe. Therefore that I may doe my dutie to you, good 1480 maister, and to make a white sonne<sup>2</sup> / of you, I will so<sup>3</sup> bewinge ieaiousie out of you, as you shall loue me the better while you liue.

*Smith.* What, beate thy maister, knaue?

*Adam.* What, beat thy man, knaue? and I, maister, and double beate you, because you are a man of credite, and therefore haue at you the fairest for<sup>4</sup> fortie pence! [Beats the Smith.

*Smith.* Alasse wife, help, helpe, my man kills me.

*Wife.* Nay, euen as you haue baked, so brue: ieaiousie must be driuen out by extremities. 1490

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'it is.'

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>3</sup> 'so' not in '98 4to.

<sup>4</sup> '98 4to 'of.'

*Adam.* And that will I do, mistresse.

*Smith.* Hold thy hand, Adam ; and not only I forgiue and forget all, but I will giue thee a good Farme to liue on.

*Adam.* Be gone Peasant, out of the compasse of my further wrath, for I am a corrector of vice ; and at night I will bring home my mistresse.

*Smith.* Euen when you please, good Adam.

*Adam.* When I please,—marke the<sup>1</sup> words,—tis 1500  
a lease paroll to haue and to hold. Thou shalt  
be mine for euer : and so lets go to the Ale-house.

[*Exeunt.*

*Oseas.* Where seruants [a]gainst maisters do  
rebell,

The Common-weale may be accounted hell ;  
For if the feete the head shall hold in scorne,  
The Cities state will fall and be forlorne.

This error, London, waiteth on thy state :

Seruants amend, and maisters, leaue to hate ;

Let loue abound, and vertue raig in all ;

So God will hold his hand, that threatneth thrall. 1510

*Enter the Merchants of Tharsus, the M[after] of  
the ship, [and] some Sailers, wet from the sea ;  
with them the Gouvernour of Ioppa.*

*Gouer. Iop.* What strange encounters met you  
on the sea,

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'thy.'

That thus your Barke is batter'd by the floods,  
And you return thus sea-wreckt as I see ?

*Mer.* / Most mightie gouernor, the chance is  
strange,

The tidings full of wonder and amaze,  
Which, better then we, our M[after] can report. 1520

*Gouer.* M[after] discourse vs all the accident.

*M[as].* The faire Triones with their glimmering  
light

Smil'd at the foote of clear Bootes' waine,<sup>1</sup>  
And in the north,<sup>2</sup> distinguishing the houres,  
The Load-starre of our course dispearst his cleare ;  
When to the seas with blithfull westerne blasts  
We faild amaine, and let the bowling flie.  
Scarce had we gone ten leagues from sight of land,  
But lo an hoast of blacke and fable cloudes  
Gan to eclips Lucinas siluer face ; 1530

And, with a hurling noyse from foorth the South,  
A gust of winde did reare<sup>3</sup> the billowes vp.  
Then scantled we our failes with speedie hands,  
And tooke our drablers from our bonnets straight,  
And seuered our bonnets from our<sup>4</sup> courses :  
Our topfailes vp, we trusse our spritfailes in ;  
But vainly striue they that resist the heauens.  
For loe the waues incence them more and more,  
Mounting with hideous roarings from the depth ;

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'Rootes a raine.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* (except '94) 'wrath.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of '98 'raife.'

<sup>4</sup> The 4to of '94 'the.'

Our Barke is battered by incountering stormes, 1540  
 And wel ny stemd by breaking of the floods.  
 The steers-man pale, and carefull, holds his helme,  
 Wherein the trust of life and safetie laie ;  
 Till all at once (a mortall tale to tell)  
 Our failes were split by Bifa's<sup>1</sup> bitter blast,  
 Our rudder broke, and we bereft of hope.  
 There might you see, with pale and gastly lookes,  
 The dead in thought, and dolefull merchants lift<sup>2</sup>  
 Their eyes and hands vnto their Countries Gods.  
 The goods we cast in bowels of the sea, 1550  
 A sacrifice to swage proud Neptunes ire.  
 Onely alone a man of Israell,  
 A passenger, did vnder hatches lie,  
 And / slept secure, when we for succour praide :  
 Him I awooke, and said, ' Why slumbereft thou ?  
 Arise, and pray, and call vpon thy God ;  
 He will perhaps in pitie looke on vs.'  
 Then cast we lots to know by whose amisse  
 Our mischiefe came,<sup>3</sup> according to the guise ;  
 And loe the lot did vnto Ionas fall, 1560  
 The Israelite of whom I told you last.  
 Then question we his Country and his name ;  
 Who answered vs, ' I am a Hebrue borne,  
 Who feare the Lord of heauen, who made the sea,  
 And fled from him; for which we all are plagu'd :

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.<sup>2</sup> 4tos ' lifts.'<sup>3</sup> 4tos of '94, '98, 1602 and 1617, ' come.'

So, to assuage the furie of my God,  
 Take me and cast my carkasse in the sea ;  
 Then shall this stormy winde and billow cease.<sup>7</sup>  
 The heauens they know, the Hebrues God can tell,  
 How loath we were to execute his will : 1570  
 But when no Oares nor labour might suffice,  
 We heaued the haplesse Ionas ouer-boord.  
 So ceased the storme, and calmed all the sea,  
 And we by strength of oares recouered shoare.

*Gouer.* A wonderous chance of mighty consequence. [same;

*Mer.* Ah honored be the God that wrought the  
 For we haue vowd, that saw his wonderous workes,  
 To cast away profaned Paganisme,  
 And count the Hebrues God, the onely God :  
 To him this offering of the purest gold, 1580  
 This mirrhe and Cascia, freely I do yeeld.

*M[after.]* And on his altars fume<sup>1</sup> these Turkie  
 This gassampine<sup>2</sup> and gold, Ile sacrifice. [clothes,

*Sailer.* To him my heart and thoughts I will  
 Then suffer vs, most mightie Gouvernour, [addict.  
 Within your Temples to do sacrifice.

*Gouer.* You men of Tharfus, follow me,  
 Who sacrifice vnto the<sup>3</sup> God of heauen ;  
 And welcome friends, to Ioppais Gouvernour.

[*Exeunt. A sacrifice.* 1590

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'perfume.'

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

<sup>3</sup> "The 4to of '98 'your.' This speech seems to be somewhat imperfect."—*Dyce*.



*Ofeas.* / If warned once, the Ethniks thus repent,  
 And at the first their errour do lament,  
 What fenfelefs beafts, deuoured in their finne,  
 Are they whom long perfwations cannot winne.  
 Beware, ye wefterne Cities ;—where the word  
 Is daily preached, both at church and boord ;  
 Where maieftie the Goppell doth maintaine,  
 Where Preachers, for your good, themfelues do  
     paine,—

To dally long and ftill protract the time ;  
 The Lord is iuft, and you but duft and flime :      1600  
 Prefume not far, delaie not to amend ;  
 Who suffereth long, will punifh in the end.  
 Caft thy account ô London, in this cafe,  
 Then iudge what caufe thou haft to call for grace.

*Ionas the Prophet caft out of the Whales belly  
     vpon the Stage.*

*Ionas.* Lord of the light, thou maker of the world,  
 Behold, thy hands of mercy reares me vp ;      1610  
 Loe from the hidious bowels of this fifh  
 Thou haft returnd me to the wifhed aire ;  
 Loe here, apparant witneffe of thy power,  
 The proud Leuiathan that fcoures the feas,  
 And from his nofthrils showres out stormy flouds,  
 Whofe backe refifts the tempeft of the winde,  
 Whofe prefence makes the fealy troopes to shake

With fimple stretche<sup>1</sup> of his broad opened chappes,  
 Hath lent me harbour in the raging flouds.  
 Thus, though my fin hath drawne me down to death,  
 Thy mercy hath restored me to life. 1620  
 Bow ye, my knees, and you, my bashful eyes,  
 Weepe so for grieve, as you to water would.  
 In trouble Lord, I called vnto thee,  
 Out of the belly of the deepest hell ;  
 I cride, and thou didst heare my voice O God :  
 Tis / thou hadst cast me downe into the deepe,  
 The seas and flouds did compasse me about ;  
 I thought I had bene cast from out thy sight ;  
 The weeds were wrapt about my<sup>2</sup> wretched head ;  
 I went vnto the bottome of the hilles : 1630  
 But thou, O Lord my God, hast brought me vp ;  
 On thee I thought when as my soul did faint ;  
 My prayers did prease before thy mercy seate.  
 Then will I paie my vowes vnto the Lord,  
 For why saluation commeth from his throane.

*The Angell appeareth.*

*Angell.* Ionas arise, get thee to Niniuie,  
 And preach to them the preachings that I bad ;  
 Hasten thee to see the will of heauen perform'd.

*Depart Angell.* 1640

*Ionas.* Iehouah, I am prest<sup>3</sup> to do thy will.—

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'humble streffe': I emend by 'fimple,' and accept Dyce's of 'stretch.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'thy.'

<sup>3</sup> 4tos 'Priest.'

What coast is this, and where am I arriu'd ?  
 Behold sweete Lycus<sup>1</sup> streaming in his boundes,  
 Bearing the walles of haughtie Niniue,  
 Whereas three hundered towers<sup>2</sup> do tempt the  
 Faire are thy<sup>3</sup> walles, pride of<sup>4</sup> Affiria; [heauen.  
 But lo, thy finnes haue pierced through the cloudes.  
 Here will I enter boldly, since I know  
 My God commands, whose power no power resists.  
[Exit.

*Ofeas.* You Prophets, learne by Ionas how to liue; 1650  
 Repent your finnes, whilst he doth warning giue.  
 Who knowes his maisters will, and doth it not,  
 Shall suffer many stripes, full well I wot.

*Enter Aluida in rich attire, with the King of  
 Cilicia, [and] her Ladies.*

*Aluida.* Ladies, go sit you downe amidst this  
 And let the Euniches plaie you all a sleepe: [bowre,  
 Put garlands made of Roses on your heads,  
 And / plaie the wantons, whilst I talke a while.

*Lady.* Thou beautifull of all the world, we will. 1660  
[Ladies] enter the bowers.

*Aluid.* King of Cilicia, kind and curtiuous,  
 Like to thy selfe, because a louely King,  
 Come, laie thee downe vpon thy mistresse knee,  
 And I will sing and talke of loue to thee.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Lycas.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos of '94, '98, 1602, and 1617, 'towns.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4tos 'the.'

<sup>4</sup> The 4to of 1602 'of proud.'

*K. of Cili.*<sup>1</sup> Most gracious Paragon of excellence,  
It fits not such an abiect Prince as I,  
To talke with Ralnis Paramour and loue.

*Al.* To talke sweet friend? who would not talke  
with thee?

Oh be not coy, art thou not only faire? 1670  
Come, twine thine armes about this snow white neck,  
A loue-nest for the great Affirian King:  
Blushing I tell thee, faire Cilician Prince,  
None but thy selfe can merit such a grace.

*K. of Cil.* Madam, I hope you mean not for to  
mock me.

*Al.* No, king, faire king, my meaning is to  
yoke thee.

Heare me but sing of loue, then by my fighes,  
My teares, my glauncing lookes, my changed cheare,  
Thou shalt perceiue how I do hold thee deare.

*K. of Cil.* Sing Madam, if you please, but loue 1680  
in iest.

*Aluid.* Nay, I will loue, and figh at euery rest.

[Sings.

*Song.*

*Beautie alasse, where wast thou borne,  
Thus to hold thy selfe in scorne?  
When as Beautie kist to wooe thee,  
Thou by Beautie dost vndo mee:  
Heigho, despise me not*

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'King Cili' and 'K. Ci.'

*I and thou, in sooth are one,*  
*Fairest thou,<sup>1</sup> I fairer none ;* 1690  
*Wanton thou, and wilt thou wanton,*  
*Yeeld a cruell heart to pant<sup>2</sup> on ?*  
*Do me right, and do me reason,*  
*Crueltie is cursed treason :*  
*Heigho, I loue, heigho, I loue !*  
*Heigho ; and yet he eies me not.*

*K. / of Cil.* Madam, your song is passing passionate.

*Alv.* And wilt thou not then, pitie my estate ?

*K. of Cil.* Aske loue of them who pitie may impart.

*Alv.* I aske of thee, sweet ; thou hast stole my hart. 1700

*K. of Cil.* Your loue is fixed on a greater King.

*Alv.* Tut, womens loue, it is a fickle thing.

I loue my Rasni for my<sup>3</sup> dignitie,  
 I loue Cilician King for his sweete eye ;  
 I loue my Rasni since he rules the world,  
 But more I loue this kingly little world.

*Embrace him.*

How sweete he lookes ! Oh were I Cinthia's Pheere,  
 And thou Endimion, I should hold thee deere :

Thus should mine armes be spred about thy necke 1710

*Embrace his neck.*

<sup>1</sup> " Should it be '*Fairest* thou' ? (Walker's *Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., i. 59).—*Dyce*. Accepted for '*Fairer*.'

<sup>2</sup> 4to 'plant' : I venture to change to 'pant.'

<sup>3</sup> *Dyce* misreads 'his.'

Thus would I kisse my loue at euery becke ; *Kisse.*  
 Thus would I figh to see thee sweetly sleepe ;  
 And if thou wakest not soone, thus would I weepe ;  
 And thus, and thus, and thus, thus much I loue  
 thee. *Kisse him.*

*K. of Cil.* For all these vowes, beshrow me, if I  
 proue you :<sup>1</sup>

My faith vnto my King shall not be fals'd.

*Alui.* Good Lord, how men are coy when they  
 are crau'd !

*K. of Cil.* Madam, behold our King approacheth 1720  
 nie.

*Alui.* Thou art Endimion, then, no more :  
 heigho, for him I die.

[*Faints : point at the king of Cilicia.*

*Enter Rafni, with his Kings and Lords*  
*[and Magi].*

[*Rafni.*] What ailes the Center of my happinesse,  
 Whereon depends the heauen of my delight ?  
 Thine eyes, the motors to command my world,  
 Thy hands, the axier to maintaine my world,  
 Thy smiles, the prime and spring-tide of my world,  
 Thy frownes, the winter to afflict my<sup>2</sup> world ; 1730  
 Thou Queene of me, I King of all the world.

<sup>1</sup> "The 4tos 'you' : but here a rhyme was intended."—*Dyce.* And so he prints 'ye.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'the.'

*Alui.* Ah feeble eyes, lift vp, and looke on him !

[*She riseth as out of a traunce.*

Is Rafni here ? then droupe no more, poore hart.—

Oh / how I fainted when I wanted thee !

[*Embrace him.*

How faine am I, now I may looke on thee !

How glorious is my Rafni, how diuine !—

Eunukes, play himmes to praise his deitie :

He is my Ioue, and I his Iuno am. 1740

*Rafni.* Sun-bright as is the eye of sommers day

When as he futes his pennons<sup>1</sup> all in gold

To wooe his Leda in a swanlike shape ;

Seemely as Galatea<sup>2</sup> for thy white ;

Rose-coloured lilly, louely, wanton, kinde,

Be thou the laborinth to tangle loue,

Whilst I command the crowne from Venus crest,

And pull Orion's<sup>3</sup> girdle from his loines,

Enchast with Carbunckles and diamonds,

To beautifie faire Aluida, my loue.— 1750

Play, Eunukes, sing in honour of her name :

Yet look not, flauies, upon her woing eyne,

For she is faire Lucina to your king,

But fierce Medusa to your baser eie.

*Alui.* What if I slept, where should my pillow be?

<sup>1</sup> "The correction of the Rev. J. Mitford, *Gent. Mag.* for March, 1833, p. 216. The 4tos 'Spenori.'"—*Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'Galbocia.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'Onoris.'

*Rafni.* Within my bosome, nimph, not on my  
 Sleepe like the smiling puritie of heauen, [knee:  
 When mildest wind is loath to blend the peace ;  
 Meane-while thy<sup>1</sup> balme<sup>2</sup> shall from thy breath  
 arise ;

And while these closures of thy lampes be shut, 1760  
 My foule may haue his peace from fancies warre—  
 This is my Morn,<sup>3</sup> and I her Cephalus :—  
 Wake not too soon, sweete Nimph, my loue is  
 wonne— [me?

Caitiffs<sup>4</sup> why staie your straines? why tempt you

*Enter the Priest[s] of the funne, with the miters on  
 their heads, carrying fire in their hands.*

*Priest.* All haile vnto th'Assyrian deitie.

*Rafni.* Priests, why presume you to disturbe my  
 peace ?

*Priest.* Rafni, the destinies disturbe thy peace.  
 Behold, / amidst the adyts<sup>5</sup> of our Gods, 1770  
 Our mightie Gods, the patrons of our warre,  
 The ghost[s] of dead men howling walke about,  
 Crying 'Væ, væ, wo to this Citie, woe !' <sup>6</sup>  
 The statutes of our gods are throwne downe,  
 And streames of blood our altars do distaine.

<sup>1</sup> The whole of the 4tos 'thy,' and Dyce's 'my' doubtful. Cf. 'thy lampes.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'blame.' <sup>3</sup> The 4tos 'Morane.' <sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* 'Catnies.

<sup>5</sup> The 4tos 'addittes' and 'addites : from the Latin *adytum*, the innermost part of a temple.

<sup>6</sup> The 4tos 'Ve, Ve.'



*Aluida.* [*she starteth.*] Ah-lasse, my Lord, what tidings do I hear?

Shall I be flaine ?

*Rafni.* Who tempteth Aluida ?

Go, breake me vp the brazen doores<sup>1</sup> of dreames,  
And binde me curfed Morpheus in a chaine, 1780  
And fetter all the fancies of the night,  
Because they do disturbe my Aluida.

*A hand from out a cloud threatneth with a  
burning sword.*

*K. of Cil.* Behold, dread Prince, a burning sword  
from heauen,

Which by a threatning arme is brandished !

*Rafni.* What, am I threatned then, amidst my  
throane ?

Sages, you Magi, speake ; what meaneth this ?

*Sages.* These are but clammy exhalations,  
Or retrograde coniunctions of the starres, 1790  
Or oppositions of the greater lights,  
Or radiations<sup>2</sup> finding matter fit,  
That in the starrie Spheare kindled be ;  
Matters betokening dangers to thy foes,  
But peace and honour to my Lord the King.

*Rafni.* Then frolicke Vicerioies, Kings, & poten-  
tates ;

Drive all vaine fancies from your feeble mindes.  
Priests, go and pray, whilst I prepare my feast,

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'walles.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'radiatrous.'

Where Aluida and I, in pearle and gold,  
 Will quaffe vnto our Nobles, richest wine 1800  
 In spight of fortune, fate, or destinie. *Exeunt.*

*Ofeas.* Woe to the traines of womens foolish lust,  
 In wedlocke rites that yeeld but litle trust,  
 That / vow to one, yet common be to all :  
 Take warning, wantons, pride will haue a fall.  
 Woe to the land, where warnings profit nought,  
 Who say that Nature Gods decrees hath wrought ;  
 Who build on<sup>1</sup> fate, and leaue the corner-stone,  
 The God of Gods, sweete Christ, the onely one.  
 If such escapes, ô London, raigne in thee, 1810  
 Repent, for why each sin shall punish't bee :  
 Repent, amend, repent, the houre is nie ;  
 Defer not time ; who knowes when he shall die ?

*Enters one clad in diuels attire alone.*

Longer liues a merry man then a sad ; and be-  
 cause I meane to make myselfe pleasant this night,  
 I haue put myselfe into this attire, to make a Clowne  
 afraid that passeth this way : for of late there haue  
 appeared many strange apparitions, to the great  
 fear and terror of the Citizens.—Oh here my yoong 1820  
 maister comes.

*Enters Adam and his mistresse.*

*Adam.* Feare not, mistresse, Ile bring you safe  
 home : if my maister frowne, then will I stampe

<sup>1</sup> Again 4tos 'one.'

and stare; and if all be not well then, why then to-morrow morne put out mine eyes cleane with fortie pound.

*Wife.* Oh but Adam, I am afraid to walke so late, because of the spirits that appeare in the Citie. 1830

*Adam.* What, are you afraid of spirits? Armde as I am, with Ale and Nutmegs, turne me loose to all the diuels in hell.

*Wife.* Alasse Adam, Adam, the diuell, the diuell.

*Adam.* The diuell, mistresse : flie you for your safeguard; [*Exit S. Wife.*] let me alone; the diuell and I will deale well inough, if he haue any honestie at all in him : Ile either win him with a smooth tale, or else with a toste and a cup of Ale.

*The Diuell sings here.* 1840

*Diuell.* Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, faine would I bee,  
If that my kingdome fulfilled I might see :  
Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh !

*Adam.* Surely, this is a merry diuell, and I beleeue he is one / of Lucifers Minstrels; hath a sweete voice ; now surely, surely, he may sing to a paire of Tongs and a Bag-pipe.

*Diuell.* Oh thou art he that I seeke for.

*Adam.* *Spiritus sanctus !*—Away from me, Satan !  
I haue nothing to do with thee. 1850

*Diuell.* Oh villaine, thou art mine !

*Adam.* *Nominus patrus!*—I bleffe me from thee, and I coniure thee to tell me who thou art.

*Diuell.* I am the fpirit of the dead man that was flaine in thy company when we were drunke together at the Ale.<sup>1</sup>

*Adam.* By my troth fir, I cry you mercy ; your face is so changed that I had quite forgotten you : well, maister diuell, we haue toft ouer many a pot of Ale together.

1860

*Diuell.* And therefore must thou go with me to hell.

*Adam.* [*aside.*] I haue a pollicie to shift him, for I know he comes out of a hote place, and I know my selfe the Smith, and the diuel, hath a drie tooth in his head ; therefore will I leaue him a sleepe, and runne my way.

*Diuell.* Come, art thou readie ?

*Adam.* Faith fir, my old friend, and now good-man diuell, you know you and I haue been toffing many a good cup of Ale : your nose is growne verie rich : what say you, will you take a pot of Ale now at my hands ? Hell is like a Smiths forge, full of water, and yet euer athrust.

1870

*Diuell.* No Ale, villaine, spirits cannot drinke : come, get vpon my backe, that I may carrie thee.

*Adam.* You know I am a Smith, fir : let me looke whether you be well shod or no ; for if you

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

want a shoe, a remoue, or the clinching of a naile,  
I am at your command.

1880

*Diuell.* Thou hast neuer a shoe fit for me.

*Adam.* Why fir, we shooe horned beafts, as well  
as you.—[*Aside.*] Oh good Lord, let me sit downe  
and laugh; hath neuer a clouen foote: a diuell,  
quoth he, Ile vse *Spiritus sanctus* nor *Nominus patrus*  
no more to him, I warrant you; Ile dq more good  
vpon him with my cudgell: now will I sit me  
downe and become Iustice of peace to the diuell.

*Diuell.* / Come, art thou readie?

*Adam.* I am readie; and with this cudgell I will  
coniure thee.

[*Beats him.*]

*Diuell.* Oh hold thy hand, thou kilst me, thou  
kilst me.

[*Exit.*]

*Adam.* Then may I count my selfe, I thinke, a  
tall man, that am able to kill a diuell: now who  
dare deale with me in the parish? or what wench  
in Niniuie will not loue me, when they say, ‘There  
goes he that beate the diuell’?

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Thrafibulus.*

*Thrafi.* Loathd is the life that now inforc’d I  
But since necessitie will haue it so,  
(Necessity that<sup>1</sup> doth command the Gods,)  
Through euerie coast and corner now I prie,  
To pilfer what I can to buy me meate.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos ‘it’: Dyce queries ‘that’ (the MS. having had ‘y<sup>t</sup>’)?—  
accepted.

Here haue I got a cloake, not ouer old,  
Which will affoord some litle sustenance ;  
Now will I to the broaking Ufurer,  
To make exchange of ware for readie coine.

[*Enter Alcon, Samia, and Clefiphon.*]

*Alcon.* Wife, bid the trumpets sound, a prize, a 1910  
prize : mark the posie : I cut this from a new-  
married wife, by the helpe of a horne thombe and  
a knife,—fixe shillings, foure pence.

*Samia.* The better lucke ours ; but what haue we  
here, cast apparell ? Come away, man, the Ufurer  
is neare : this is dead ware, let it not bide on our  
hands.

*Thrafi.* [*aside.*] Here are my partners in my  
Inforc'd to seeke their fortunes as I do : [pouertie,  
Alasse that fewe men should possesse the wealth, 1920  
And many foules be forc'd to beg or steale.—  
*Alcon,* well met.

*Alcon.* Fellow begger, whither now ?

*Thrafi.* To the Ufurer, to get gold on com-  
moditie.

*Alcon.* And I to the same place, to get a vent  
for my villany. See where the olde cruft comes :  
let vs salute him.

[*Enter Vfurer.*]

God speede fir : may a man abuse your patience 1930  
vpon a pawne ?

*Vfurer.*<sup>1</sup> Friend, let me see it.

*Alcon.* *Ecce signum!* a faire doublet and hofe, new bought out of the pilferers fhop, [and] a hanfome cloake.

*Vfurer.* How were they gotten?

*Thrafi.* How catch the fifher-men fifh? M[after,] take them as you thinke them worth: we leaue all to your confcience.

*Vfurer.* Honeft men, toward men, good men, 1940 my friends, like to proue good members, vfe me, command me; I will maintaine your credits. There's mony: now fpend not your time in idleneffe; bring me commoditie, I haue crownes for you: there is two fhillings for thee, and fix fhillings for thee. [Gives money.]

*Alcon.* A bargaine—Now, Samia, haue at it for a new fmocke.—Come, let vs to the fpring of the beft liquor, whileft this laftes, tril-lill.

*Vfurer.* Good fellowes, propper fellowes, my 1950 companions, farwell: I haue a pot for you.

*Samia.* [*afide.*] If he could fpare it.

*Enters to them, Ionas.*

[*Ionas.*] Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent!  
The day of horror and of torment<sup>2</sup> comes:  
When greedie hearts fhall gluttred be with fire,  
When as corruptions vailde, fhall be vnmaskt,

<sup>1</sup> 4tos catch-word 'Diuell.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'iudgment.'

When briberies shall be repaide with bane,  
 When whoredoms shall be recompenc'd in hell,  
 When riot shall with rigor be rewarded, 1960  
 When as neglect of truth, contempt of God,  
 Disdaine of poore men, fatherlesse, and sicke,  
 Shall be rewarded with a bitter plague.

Repent, ye men of Niniuie, repent,  
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out;  
 There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,  
 And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne.

Repent, ye men of Niniuie, repent:  
 There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,  
 And then shall Niniuie be ouerthrowne. [*Exit.*<sup>1</sup> 1970]

*Vfur.* Confus'd in thought, Oh whither shall I  
 wend? [*Exit.*

*Thrafi.* My conscience cries, that I haue done  
 amisse. [*Exit.*

*Alcon.* Oh God of heauen, gainst thee haue I  
 offended. [*Exit.*

*Samia.* Asham'd of my misdeeds, where shal I  
 hide me? [*Exit.*

*Clesi.* Father, methinks this word 'repent' is  
 good :

He that [doth] punish disobedience  
 Doth hold a scourge for euery priuie fault. [*Exit.*

*Oseas.* Looke London, look, with inward eies  
 What lessons the euent do here vnfold. [behold

<sup>1</sup> Here and often spelled 'Exet.'



Sinne growne to pride, to misery is thrall, 1980  
 The warning bell is rung, beware to fall.  
 Ye worldly men, whom wealth doth lift on hie,  
 Beware and feare, for worldly men must die.  
 The time shall come, where least suspect remaines,  
 The sword shall light vpon the wisest braines ;  
 The head that deemes to ouer-top the skie,  
 Shall perish in his humaine pollicie.  
 Lo, I haue said, when I haue said the truth,  
 When will is law, when folly guideth youth,  
 When shew of zeale is pranked in robes of zeale, 1990  
 When Ministers powle the pride of common-weale,  
 When law is made a laborinth of strife,  
 When honour yeelds him friend to wicked life,  
 When Princes heare by others ears their follie,  
 When v fury is most accounted holie ;  
 If these shall<sup>1</sup> hap, as would to God they might not,  
 The plague is neare : I speake, although I write not.

*Enters the Angell.*

*Angell.* Ofeas.

*Ofeas.* Lord.

[fins, 2000

*An.* Now hath thine eies perus'd these hainous  
 Hatefull vnto the mightie Lord of hostes.  
 The time is come, their finnes are waxen ripe,  
 And though the Lord forewarnes, yet they repent  
 not ;

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 ' should.'

Custome / of sinne hath hardned all their hearts.  
 Now comes reuenge, armed with mightie plagues,  
 To punish all that liue in Niniue ;  
 For God is iust as he is mercifull,  
 And doubtlesse plagues all such as scorne repent.  
 Thou shalt not see the desolation 2010  
 That falles vnto these cursed Niniuites,  
 But shalt returne to great Ierusalem,  
 And preach vnto the people of thy God,  
 What mightie plagues are incident to sinne,  
 Unlesse repentance mittigate his ire :  
 Wrapt in the spirit, as thou wert hither brought,  
 Ile seate thee in Iudeas prouinces.  
 Feare not Oseas then, to preach the word.  
*Oseas.* The will of the Lord be done !  
*Oseas taken away.* 2020

*Enters Rafni with his Viceroyes; Aluida and her  
 Ladies ; to a banquet.*

*Rafni.* So Viceroyes, you haue pleasde me passing  
 well ;  
 These curious cates are gracious in mine eye,  
 But these Borachious of the richest wine,  
 Make me to thinke how blythfome we will be.—  
 Seate thee, faire Iuno, in the royall throne,  
 And I will serue thee [but] to see thy face ;  
 That, feeding on the beautie of thy looks,  
 My stomacke and mine eyes may both be fild.— 2030

Come, Lordings, feate you, fellow-mates at feaft,  
 And frolicke wags, this is a day of glee ;  
 This banquet is for brightsome Aluida.  
 Ile haue them skinck my standing bowles with wine,  
 And no man drinke but quaffe<sup>1</sup> a whole<sup>1</sup> carouse  
 Vnto the health of beautious Aluida :  
 For who so riseth from this feaft not drunke,  
 As I am Rasni, Niniuies great King,  
 Shall die the death as traitor to my selfe,  
 For / that he scornes the health of Aluida. 2040

*K. of Cil.* That will I neuer do, my L[ord]  
 Therefore with fauour, fortune to your grace,  
 Carowfe vnto the health of Aluida.

*Rasni.* Gramercy Lording, here I take thy  
 pledge :—

And, Creete, to thee a bowle of Greekish wine,  
 Here to the health of [heauenly] Aluida.<sup>2</sup>

*K. of Crete.* Let come, my Lord.—Jack skincker,  
 fill it full ;

A<sup>3</sup> pledge vnto the health of Aluida.

*Rasni.* Vassals attendant on our royall feasts,  
 Drinke you, I say, vnto my louers health ; 2050  
 Let none that is in Rasnis royall court  
 Go this night safe and sober to his bed.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'full.'

<sup>2</sup> "Qy. 'heauenly Aluida' ? and omit that epithet in the next speech ? [accepted]. Did the author forget here that the King of Crete had been banished by Rasni ?"—*Dyce*. But Rasni recalled the sentence.

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of '98 'I.'

<sup>4</sup> See Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

*Enters Adam [the Clowne].*

*Adam.* This way he is, and here will I speake with him.

*Lord.* Fellow, whither preffest thou ?

*Adam.* I prefs no bodie fir ; I am going to speake with a friend of mine.

*Lord.* Why flaue, here is none but the King and his Viceroyes. 2060

*Adam.* The King ? marry fir, he is the man I would speake withall.

*Lord.* Why, calst him a friend of thine ?

*Adam.* I marry do I fir ; for if he be not my friend, Ile make him my friend, ere he and I passe.

*Lord.* Away, vassaile, be gone, thou speake vnto the King !

*Adam.* I, marry, will I fir ; and if he were a king of veluet, I will talke to him.

*Rafni.* Whats the matter there ? what noyce is that ? 2070

*Adam.* A boone, my Liege, a boone, my Liege !

*Rafni.* What is it that great Rafni will not graunt,

This day, vnto the meanest of his land,

In honour of his beautious Aluida ?

Come hither, fwaine ; what is it that thou crauest ?

*Adam.* Faith fir, nothing, but to speake a fewe sentences to your worship.

*Rafni.* / Say, what is it ?

*Adam.* I am fure, fir, you haue heard of the spirits that walke in the Citie here. 2080

*Rafni.* I, what of that?

*Adam.* Truly fir, I haue an oration to tel you of one of them ; and this it is.

*Alui.* Why goest not forward with thy tale ?

*Adam.* Faith mistresse, I feele an imperfection in my voyce, a diseafe that often troubles me ; but, alasfe, easily mended ; a cup of Ale or a cup of wine, will ferue the turne.

*Alui.* Fill him a bowle, and let him want no drinke. 2090

*Adam.* Oh what a pretious word was that, ‘And let him want no drinke.’ [*Drink given to Adam.*] Well fir, now Ile tell you forth my tale : Sir, as I was comming alongft the port-royal<sup>1</sup> of Niniuie, there appeared to me a great diuell, and as hard fauoured a diuell as euer I faw ; nay fir, he was a cuckoldly diuell, for he had hornes on his head. This diuell, marke you now, preffeth vpon me, and fir, indeed I charged him with my pike staffe ; but when y would not ferue, I came 2100 vpon him with *Spiritus fantus*,—why, it had beene able to haue put Lucifer out of his wits : when I faw my charme would not ferue, I was in fuch a perplexitie, that fixe peny-worth of Juniper would not haue made the place sweete againe.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos ‘port *ryuale*,’ and ‘port *ryuall*.’

*Alui.* Why, fellow, weart thou so afraid?

*Adam.* Oh mistresse, had you bene there and seene, his verie sight had made you shift a cleane smocke, I promise you; though I were a man, and counted a tall fellow, yet my Landresse calde me 2110 flouenly knaue the next day.

*Rafni.* A pleasaunt slaue.—Forward, firrha, on with thy tale.

*Adam.* Faith fir, but I remember a word that my mistresse your bed-fellow spoake.

*Rafni.* What was that, fellow?

*Adam.* Oh fir, a word of comfort, a pretious word—‘And let him want no drinke.’

*Rafni.* Her word is lawe; and thou shalt want no drinke. [Drink giuen to Adam. 2120

*Adam.* / Then fir, this diuell came vpon me, and would not be perswaded, but he would needs carry me to hell. I proffered him a cup of Ale, thinking, because he came out of<sup>1</sup> so hotte a place, that he was thirstie; but the diuell was not drie, and therfore the more sorrie was I. Well, there was no remedie, but I must with him to hell: and at last I cast mine eye aside; if you knew what I spied, you would laugh, fir; I lookt from top to toe, and he had no clouen feete. Then I 2130 ruffled vp my haire, and set my cap on the one side, & fir, grew to be a Justice of peace to the

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'from'

diuel. At laſt in a great fume, as I am very choloricke, and ſometime ſo hotte in my fuſtian<sup>1</sup> fumes, that no man can abide within twentie yards of me, I ſtart vp, and ſo bombaſted the diuell, that fir, he cried out and ranne away.

*Alui.* This pleaſant knaue hath made me laugh my fill.

Rafni, now Aluida begins her quaffe,

And drincke a full carouſe vnto her King. 2140

*Rafni.* A<sup>2</sup> pledge, my loue, as heartie<sup>3</sup> as great loue

Drunke when his Iuno heau'd a bowle to him.—

Frolicke my Lords ;<sup>4</sup> let all the ſtanderds walke ;<sup>5</sup>

Ply it, till euery man hath tane his load.—

How now firrha, what cheere ?<sup>6</sup> we haue no words of you.

*Adam.* Truly fir, I was in a broune ſtudy about my miſtreſſe.

*Alui.* About me ? for what ?

*Adam.* Truly miſtreſſe, to thinke what a golden 2150 ſentence you did ſpeake : all the philoſophers in the world could not haue ſaid more ;—‘ What, come, let him want no drinke.’ Oh wiſe ſpeech.

*Alui.* Villaines, why ſkinck you not vnto this fellow ?

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '94 ‘faſtin’ ; the other 4tos ‘fuſtin.’

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 ‘I.’

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of '94 ‘hardie.’

<sup>4</sup> The 4tos ‘lord.’

<sup>5</sup> “i.e. the ſtanding-bowls go round.”—*Dyce.*

<sup>6</sup> The 4to of '94 ‘how.’

He makes me blyth and merry in my thoughts:  
 Heard you not that the King hath giuen command,  
 That all be drunke this day within his Court,  
 In quaffing to the health of Aluida ?

[*Drink given to Adam.*

*Enter Ionas.*

2160

*Ionas.* Repent,<sup>1</sup> ye men of Niniue, repent ;  
 The Lord hath spoke,<sup>2</sup> and I do crie it out,  
 There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,  
 And then shall Niniue be ouerthrowne :  
 Repent, / ye men of Niniue, repent.

*Rafni.* What fellow is this, that thus disturbes  
 our feasts

With outcries and alarams to repent ?

*Adam.* Oh fir, tis one goodman Ionas, that is  
 come from Iericho ; and surely I thinke he hath  
 feene some spirit by the way, and is fallen out of 2170  
 his wits, for he neuer leaues crying night nor day.  
 My maister heard him, and he shut vp his shop,  
 gaue me my Indenture, and he and his wife do  
 nothing but fast and pray.

*Ionas.* Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent.

*Rafni.* Come hither, fellow ; what art, & from  
 whence comest thou ?

*Ionas.* Rafni, I am a Prophet of the Lord,

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'Repent, *repent*.'

<sup>2</sup> "The 4tos 'spoken' : but see the repetition of the line in Jonas's second speech after this."—*Dyce*. Accepted.



Sent hither by the mightie God of hostes  
 To cry destruction to the Niniuites. 2180  
 O Niniue, thou harlot of the world,  
 I raise thy neighbours round about thy boundes,  
 To come and see thy filthinesse and finne.  
 Thus faith the Lord, the mightie God of hostes :<sup>1</sup>  
 Your King loues chambering and wantonnesse,  
 Whoredom and murther do distaine his Court,  
 He fauoureth couetous and drunken men.  
 Behold, therefore, all like a strumpet foule,  
 Thou shalt be iudg'd, and punish't for thy crime ;  
 The foe shall pierce the gates with iron rampes, 2190  
 The fire shall quite consume thee from aboue,  
 The houses shall be burnt, the Infants slaine,  
 And women shall behold their husbands die.  
 Thine eldest sifter is Gomorrah,<sup>2</sup>  
 And Sodome on thy right hand seated is.  
 Repent, ye men of Niniue, repent,  
 The Lord hath spoke, and I do crie it out,  
 There are as yet but fortie daies remaining,  
 And then shall Niniue be ouerthrowne.

*Exit offered.* 2200

*Rafni.* Staie, Prophet, staie.

*Jonas.* Disturbe not him that sent me ;

Let me performe the message of the Lord. *Exit.*

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'hoste.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "Some corruption here," in respect of 'Lamana,' but has made no suggestion. I have unhesitatingly printed 'Gomorrah,' which was probably written (nearer the Greek) 'Gomorrah.'

*Rafni.* / My foule is buried in the hell of thoughts.—

Ah Aluida, I looke on thee with shame.—

My Lords on fodeine fixe their eyes on ground,

As if difmayd to looke vpon the heauens.—

Hence Magi, who haue flattered me in finne,

*Exeunt his Sages.*

Horror of minde, disturbance of my foule, 2210

Make me agast for Niniuies mishap.

Lords, see proclaim'd, yea, see it straight proclaim'd,

That man and beast, the woman and her childe,

For fortie days in sacke and ashes fast ;

Perhaps the Lord will yeeld, and pittie vs.—

Beare hence these wretched blandishments of finne.

*[Taking off his crown and robe.*

And bring me sackcloth to attire your King :

Away with pompe, my foule is full of woe.—

In pittie looke on Niniue, O God. 2220

*[Exeunt all except Aluida and Ladies.<sup>1</sup>*

*Alui.* Affaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,

To forrowe fold, all guiltie of our finne,

Come Ladies come, let vs prepare to pray.

Ah-lasse, how dare we looke on heauenly light,

That haue dispisde the maker of the same ?

How may we hope for mercie from aboue,

That still despis[d]e the warnings from aboue ?

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'Exet. A man,'

Woes me, my conscience is a heauie foe. 2230  
 O patron of the poore, opprest with sinne,  
 Looke, looke on me, that now for pittie craue :  
 Affaild with shame, with horror ouerborne,  
 To sorrow fold, all guiltie of our sinne :  
 Come Ladies, come, let vs prepare to pray.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the Vsurer solus with a halter in one hand,  
 a dagger in the other.*

*Vsurer.* Groning in conscience, burdened with my  
 crimes,  
 The hell of sorrow hauntes me vp and downe.  
 Tread / where I list, mee-thinkes the bleeding ghostes 2240  
 Of those whom my corruption brought to noughts,  
 Do serue for stumbling blocks before my steppes ;  
 The fatherlesse and widow wrongd by me,  
 The poore, oppressed by my vsurie ;  
 Mee-thinkes I see their hands reard vp to heauen,  
 To crie for vengeance of my couetousnesse.  
 Where so I walke, all<sup>1</sup> sigh and shunne my way ;  
 Thus am I made a monster of the world ;  
 Hell gapes for me, heauen will not hold my foule. 2250  
 You mountaines, shroud me from the God of truth :  
 Mee-thinkes I see him fit to iudge the earth ;  
 See how he blots me out o' the booke of life :  
 Oh burthen, more then Ætna,<sup>2</sup> that I beare.

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos ' Ile.'

<sup>2</sup> 4tos ' Atna.'

Couer me hilles, and shroude me from the Lord ;  
 Swallow me, Lycus,<sup>1</sup> shield me from the Lord.  
 In life no peace ; each murmuring that I heare,  
 Mee-thinkes, the sentence of damnation foundes,  
 ‘ Die reprobate, and hie thee hence to hell.’ 2260

*The Euill Angel tempteth him, offering the knife  
 and rope.*

What fiend is this that temptes me to the death ?  
 What, is my death the harbour of my rest ?  
 Then let me die :—what second charge is this ?  
 Methinks<sup>2</sup> I hear a voice amidst mine eares,  
 That bids me staie, and tels me that the Lord  
 Is mercifull to those that do repent.  
 May I repent ? Oh thou, my doubtfull foule,  
 Thou maist repent, the Judge is mercifull.  
 Hence, tooles of wrath, staies of temptation, 2270  
 For I will pray and sigh vnto the Lord ;  
 In sackcloth will I sigh, and fasting pray :  
 O Lord, in rigor looke not on my finnes.

*He sits downe in sack-cloathes, his hands and eyes  
 reared to heauen.*

*Enter / Aluida with her Ladies, with disperfed  
 locks,<sup>3</sup> [and in sackcloth.]*

*Alui.* Come, mournfull dames, laie off your  
 brodred locks,

<sup>1</sup> 4tos ‘Licas,’ as before.

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of ’94 ‘Mee-things,’ and of ’98 ‘Methinke.’

<sup>3</sup> 4tos ‘dispiearfed lookes.’

And on your shoulders spread disperfed<sup>1</sup> haire :  
 Let voice of musicke cease, where sorrow dwells :  
 Cloathed in sackcloaths, sigh<sup>2</sup> your finnes with me ; 2280  
 Bewone your pride, bewaile your lawlesse lusts ;  
 With fasting mortifie your pampered loines ;  
 Oh thinke vpon the horreur of your finnes,  
 Think, think with me, the burthen of your blames.  
 Woe to thy pompe, false<sup>2</sup> beautie, fading floure,  
 Blasted by age, by sicknesse, and by death.  
 Woe to our painted cheekes, our curious oyles,  
 Our rich array, that fostered vs in sinne :  
 Woe to our idle thoughts, that wound our soules.  
 Oh would to God all nations might receiue 2290  
 A good example by our greuous fall.

*Ladies.* You that are planted there where pleasure dwells,

And thinkes<sup>3</sup> your pompe as great as Niniues,  
 May fall for sinne as Niniue doth now.

*Alui.* Mourne, mourne, let moane be all your  
 melodie,

And pray with me, and I will pray for all :—

O<sup>4</sup> Lord of heauen, forgiue vs our misdeeds !

*Ladies.* O Lord of heauen, forgiue vs our mis-  
 [deeds.

<sup>1</sup> So 4tos here 'disperfed.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'fal, e' ; the other 4tos 'fall,' and 'falls.'

<sup>3</sup> 4to 'thinkes,' and so by the nearer nominative 'pleasure.' Hence retained, not altered, as by Dyce, to 'think.'

<sup>4</sup> In 4tos 'Lord' is put before this line, not as spoken by 'a Lord,' as Dyce states, but by inadvertently repeating the divine name.

*Vfurer.* O Lord of light, forgiue me my misdeeds.

*Enters Rafni, the King<sup>1</sup> of Affiria, with his nobles* 2300  
*in sackcloath.*

*K. of Cil.* Be not so ouercome with griefe, O  
King,

Leaft you endanger life by forrowing so.

*Rafni.* King of Cilicia, should I cease my griefe,  
Where as my swarming finnes afflict my soule?  
Vaine man, know this, my burthen greater is  
Then euery priuate subiect[']s] in my land :  
My life hath been a loadstarre vnto them,  
To guide them in the laborinth of blame :  
Thus I haue taught them for to do amisse ; 2310  
Then / must I weepe, my friend, for their amisse.  
The fall of Niniuie is wrought by me,  
I haue maintaind this Citie in her shame,  
I haue contemnd the warnings from aboue,  
I haue vpholden incest, rape, and spoyle :  
Tis I that wrought the<sup>2</sup> sinne must weepe the sinne.  
Oh had I teares, like to the siluer streames,  
That from the Alpine Mountains sweetly streame,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 4tos misprint 'Kings' ; for although other kings also enter with him, they do so as his 'nobles' (being subject to him).

<sup>2</sup> '98 4to 'thy' (*bis*).

<sup>3</sup> "Qy. 'flow' ('fream' having been repeated by mistake from the preceding line)?"—*Dyce*. Not at all.

Or had I fighes, the treasures of remorse, 2320  
 As plentiful as Æolus hath blasts,  
 I then would tempt the heavens with my laments,  
 And pierce the throne of mercy by my sighs.

*K. of Cil.* Heavens are propitious<sup>1</sup> unto faithful  
 prayers.

*Rafni.* But after our repent, we must lament,  
 Least that a worse mischief doth befall.  
 Oh pray ; perhaps the Lord will pity vs.—  
 Oh God of truth, both merciful and just,  
 Behold repentant men, with piteous eyes !  
 We wail the life that we have led before :  
 O pardon Lord, O pity Niniue. 2330

*Omnes.* O pardon Lord, O pity Niniue.

*Rafni.* Let not the Infants, dallying on the  
 teat,<sup>2</sup>

For fathers sinners in judgement be oppressed.

*K. of Cil.* Let not the painful mothers big with  
 child,

The innocents, be punished for our sin.

*Rafni.* O pardon Lord, O pity Niniue.

*Omnes.* O pardon Lord, O pity Niniue.

*Rafni.* O Lord of heaven, the virgins weep to  
 The covetous man forrie<sup>3</sup> for his sin, [thee !  
 The Prince and poore, all pray before thy throne ; 2340  
 And wilt thou, then, be wroth with Niniue ?

<sup>1</sup> 4tos spell 'prepitious.'    <sup>2</sup> The 4tos of '94, '98, 1602 and 1617 'tent.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of '94 'forie forie.'

*K. of Cil.* Giue truce to praiers, O king, and  
rest a space.

*Rafni.* Giue truce to praiers, when times require  
no truce !

No, Princes, no. Let all our subiects hie  
Unto our temples,<sup>1</sup> where, on humbled knees,  
I will expect some mercy from aboue.

*Enter the temple omnes.*

*Enters Ionas, solus.*

*Ionas.* This is the day wherein the Lord hath  
said

That / Niniue shall quite be ouerthrowne ; 2350

This is the day of horror and mishap,  
Fatall vnto the curfed Niniuites.

These stately Towers shall in thy watery bounds,

Swift flowing Lycus,<sup>2</sup> find their burials ;

These pallaces, the pride of Assurs kings,

Shall be the bowers of desolation ;

Whereas the solitary bird shall sing,

And Tygers traine their young ones to their nest.

O all ye nations bounded by the West,

Ye happy Iles, where Prophets do abound, 2360

Ye Cities famous in the westerne world,

Make Niniue a president for you.

<sup>1</sup> "Qy. 'temple' (as in the stage-direction which follows)? But compare onward."—*Dyce* (altered).

<sup>2</sup> 4tos 'Licas,' as before.



Leauē leaud defires, leauē couetous delights,  
 Flie vsurie, let whoredom be exile,  
 Least you with Niniuie be ouerthrowne.  
 Loe, how the sunnes inflamed torch preuailes,  
 Scorching the parched furrowes of the earth.  
 Here will I sit me downe, and fixe mine eye  
 Vpon the ruines of yon wretched towne :  
 And lo, a pleasant shade, a spreading vine, 2370  
 To shelter Ionas in this sunny heate.  
 What meanes my God? the day is done and spent :  
 Lord, shall my Prophecie be brought to nought?  
 When falles the fire? when will the iudge be wroth?  
 I pray thee Lord, remember what I said,  
 When I was yet within my country land :  
 Iehouah is too mercifull, I feare,  
 O let me flie, before a Prophet fault ;  
 For thou art merciful, the Lord my God,  
 Full of compassion, and of<sup>1</sup> sufferance, 2380  
 And doest repent in taking punishment.  
 Why staies thy hand? O Lord, first take my life,  
 Before my Prophecie be brought to noughts<sup>2</sup>  
 Ah, he is wroth, behold, the gladsome vine,  
 That did defend me from the sunny heate,  
 Is witherd quite, and swallowed by a Serpent :  
*A serpent deuoureth the vine.*

<sup>1</sup> 'of' not in the 4to of '98.

<sup>2</sup> "The 4tos here (as before, p. 97, l. 2241) 'to noughts': but in the present speech we have just had 'to nought.'—Dyce. No reason why the text should be made finically uniform.

Now / furious Phlegon triumphs on my browes,  
And heate preuailes, and I am faint in heart.

*Enters the Angell.*

2390

*Angell.* Art thou so angry Ionas? tell me why.

*Ionas.* Iehouah, I with burning heate am plunge,  
And shadowed only by a filly vine ;  
Behold, a Serpent hath deuoured it!  
And lo, the funne incenst by Easterne winde,  
Afflicts me with canicular<sup>3</sup> aspect.  
Would God that I might die, for, well I wot,  
Twere better I were dead then rest aliue.

*Angell.* Ionas, art thou so angry for the vine ?

*Ionas.* Yea, I am angry to the death, my God. 2400

*Angell.* Thou hast compassion Ionas, on a vine,  
On which thou neuer labour didst bestow ;  
Thou neuer gauest it life or power to grow,  
But sodeinly it sprung, and sodeinly dide :  
And should not I haue great compassion  
On Niniue, the Citie of the world,<sup>2</sup>  
Wherein there are a hundred thousand foules,  
And twentie thousand infants that ne wot  
The right hand from the left, beside<sup>3</sup> much cattle?  
O Ionas, looke into their Temples now,  
And see the true contrition of their King,  
The subiects teares, the sinners true remorie ;

2410

<sup>1</sup> The 4tos 'cariculer.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'Lord.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4to of '98 'befides.'

Then from the Lord proclaime a mercie day,  
For he is pitifull as he is iust.

*Ionas.* I go, my God, to finifh thy command,  
[*Exit Angelus.*<sup>1</sup>

Oh who can tell the wonders of my God,  
Or talke his praifes with a feruent tong ?  
He bringeth downe to hell, and lifts to heauen ;  
He drawes the yoake of bondage from the iust, 2420  
And lookes vpon the Heathen with pitious eyes ;  
To him all praife and honour be afcribed.  
Oh who can tell the wonders of my God ?  
He makes the infant to proclaime his truth,  
The / Affe to speake, to faue the Prophets life,  
The earth and sea to yeeld increafe for man.  
Who can describe the compaffe of his power ?  
Or testifie in termes his endleffe might ?  
My rauifht fpright, oh whither doeft thou wend ?  
Go and proclaime the mercy of my God ; 2430  
Relieue the carefull hearted Niniuites ;  
And, as thou weart the meffenger of death,  
Go bring glad tydings of recouered grace. [*Exit.*

*Enters Adam folus, with a bottle of beere in one  
flop, and a great peece of beefe in an other.*<sup>2</sup>

[*Adam.*] Well, goodman Ionas, I would you had  
neuer come from Iury to this Country ; you haue

<sup>1</sup> 4tos place this a line above.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce reduces all this to 'Enter Adam.'

made me looke like a leane rib of roast beefe, or like the picture of Lent painted vpon a red-herrings cob. Alasse, maisters, we are commanded by the 2440 proclamation to fast and pray : by my troth, I could prettely so, so, away with praying ; but for fasting, why, tis so contrary to my nature, that I had rather suffer a short hanging then a long fasting. Marke me, the words be these, ‘ Thou shalt take no maner of foode for so many daies.’ I had as leeu he should haue said, ‘ Thou shalt hang thy selfe for so many daies.’ And yet, in faith, I need not find fault with the proclamation, for I haue a buttry and a pantry, and a kitchen about me ; for 2450 prooffe *Ecce signum*. This right sloop is my pantry, behold a manchet [*Draws it out*] ; this place is my kitchin, for, loe a peece of beefe [*Draws it out*],—Oh let me repeat that sweet word againe : For loe a peece of beefe. This is my buttry, for, see, see, my friends, to my great ioy, a bottle of beere [*Draws it out*]. Thus, alasse I make shift to weare out this fasting ; I driue away the time. But there go Searchers about to seeke if any man breakes the Kings command. Oh here they be ; 2460 in with your victuals, Adam.

[*Puts them back into his slops.*]

*Enters two Searchers.*

1 *Searcher.* How duly the men of Niniue keep

the proclamation ; how are they armde to repentance ! We haue searcht through the whole Citie, & haue not as yet found one that breaks the fast.

2 *Sear.* The signe of the more grace :—but staie, here fits one, mee-thinkes, at his praiers, let vs see who it is. 2470

1 *Sear.* Tis Adam, the Smithes man.—How now, Adam !

*Adam.* Trouble me not ; ‘ Thou shalt take no maner of foode, but fast / and pray.’

1 *Sear.* How devoutly he fits at his orysons ; but staie, mee-thinks I feele a smell of some meate or bread about him.

2 *Sear.* So thinkes me too.—You, firrha, what victuals haue you about you ?

*Adam.* Victuals ? O horrible blasphemie ? Hinder me not of my praier, nor driue me not into a chollor. Victuals ! why hardst thou not the sentence, ‘ Thou shalt take no foode, but fast and pray ’ ? 2480

2 *Sear.* Truth, so it should be ; but, methinkes, I smell meate about thee.

*Adam.* About me, my friends ? these words are actions in the Cafe. About me ? No, no : hang those gluttons that cannot fast and pray.

1 *Sear.* Well, for all your words, we must search you. 2490

*Adam.* Search me ? take heed what you do ;

my hofe are my caftles, tis burglary if you breake  
ope a flop : no officer muft lift vp an iron hatch ;  
take heede my flops are iron.

[*They fearch Adam.*

2 *Sear.* Oh villaine, fee how he hath gotten  
victuailles, bread, beefe, and beere, where the King  
commanded vpon paine of death none fhould eate  
for fo many daies, no, not the fucking infant. 2500

*Adam.* Alaffe, fir, this is nothing but a *modicum*  
*non nocet*<sup>1</sup> *vt medicus daret* ; why, fir, a bit to com-  
fort my ftomacke.

1 *Sear.* Villaine, thou fhalt be hangd for it.

*Adam.* Thefe are your words, ‘I fhall be hangd  
for it ;’ but firft anfwer me to this question, how  
many daies haue we to faft ftill ?

2 *Sear.* Fiue daies.

*Adam.* Fiue daies : a long time : then I muft be  
hangd ? 2510

1 *Sear.* I, marry, muft thou.

*Adam.* I am your man, I am for you fir ; for  
I had rather be hangd thē abide fo long a faft.  
What, fiue days ? Come, Ile vntruffe. Is your  
halter, and the gallowes, the ladder, and all fuch  
furniture in readineffe ?

1 *Sear.* I warrant, thee fhalt want none of thefe.

*Adam.* But heare you, muft I be hangd ?

1 *Sear.* I, marry.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos misprint ‘necet.’

*Adam.* And for eating of meate. Then, friends, 2520  
know ye by these presents, I will eate vp all my  
meate, and drink vp all my drink, for it shall  
neuer be said, I was hangd with an emptie  
stomacke.

1 *Sear.* / Come away knaue : wilt thou stand  
feeding now ?

*Adam.* If you be so<sup>1</sup> hastie, hang your selfe an  
houre, while I come to you, for surely I will eate  
vp my meate.

2. *Sear.* Come, lets draw him away perforce.

*Adam.* You say there is fīue daies yet to fast, 2530  
these are your words.

2 *Sear.* I, sir.

*Adam.* I am for you : come, lets away, and yet  
let me be put in the Chronicles. *Exeunt.*

*Enters* Ionas, Rafni, Aluida, King<sup>2</sup> of Cilicia [*and*]  
*others royally attended.*

*Ionas.* Come, carefull King, cast off thy mourn-  
full weedes,  
Exchange thy cloudie lookes to smoothed smiles ;  
Thy teares haue pierc'd the pitious throane of grace,  
Thy sighes, like incense<sup>3</sup> pleasing to the Lord, 2540  
Haue been peace-offerings for thy former pride :  
Reioyce, and praise his name that gaue thee peace.  
And you, faire Nymphs, ye louely Niniuites,

<sup>1</sup> fo ' not in '98 4to.

<sup>2</sup> 4tos ' kings.'

<sup>3</sup> The 4tos ' imence.'

Since you haue wept and fasted fore<sup>1</sup> the Lord  
 He gratiouſly hath<sup>2</sup> temperd his reuenge.  
 Beware hencefoorth to tempt him any more ;  
 Let not the niceneſſe of your beautilous lookes  
 Ingraft in you a high-prefuming minde ;  
 For thoſe that clime, he caſteth to the ground,  
 And they that humble be, he liſts aloft. 2550

*Rafni.* Lowly I bend, with awfull bent of eye,  
 Before the dread Iehouah, God of hoſts,<sup>3</sup>  
 Deſpiſing all profane deuiſe of man.  
 Thoſe luſtfull lures, that whilome led awry  
 My wanton eyes, ſhall wound my heart no more ;  
 And ſhe, whoſe youth in dalliance I abuſ'd,  
 Shall now at laſt become my wedlocke mate.—  
 Faire Aluida, looke not ſo woe begone ;  
 If for thy finne thy forrow do exceed,  
 Bleſſed be thou : come, with a<sup>4</sup> holy band 2560  
 Lets knit a knot to ſalue our former ſhame.

*Alui.* With bluſhing lookes, betokening my  
 I lowly yeeld, my King, to thy beheſt, [remorſe,  
 So as this man of God ſhall thinke it good.

*Ionas.* Woman, amends may neuer come too late ;  
 A<sup>5</sup> / will to practiſe good is vertuous :<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 4tos misprint 'for the.'

<sup>2</sup> The 4tos 'haue.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'hoſte,' as before.

<sup>4</sup> The 4to of '98 'thy.'

<sup>5</sup> The catch-word in 4tos is 'The.'

<sup>6</sup> The 4to of '94—

'A will to practiſe *goodueſſe* vertuous.'

The other 4tos—

'I will *thou* practiſe *goodneſſe* and *vertuousneſſe*.'



The God of heauen, when finners do repent,  
Doth more reioyce then in ten thousand iust.

*Rafni.* Then witnesse holy Prophet, our accord.

*Alui.* Plight in the prefence of the Lord thy 2570  
God. [sheaues

*Ionas.* Blest may you be, like to the flouring  
That plaie with gentle windes in sommer tide;  
Like Oliue branches let your children spred,  
And as the Pines in loftie Libanon,  
Or as the Kids that feede on Lopher<sup>1</sup> plains,  
So be the feede and offspring<sup>2</sup> of your loines !

*Enters the Vfuror, Thrafiybulus, and Alcon.*

*Vfuror.* Come foorth, my friends, whom wittingly I wrongd:  
Before this man of God receiue your due;  
Before our King I meane to make my peace.— 2580  
*Ionas,* behold, in signe of my remorse,  
I here restore into these poore mens hands,  
Their goods which I vniustly haue detaind<sup>3</sup>;  
And may the heauens so pardon my misdeeds  
As I am penitent for my offence.

*Thrafi.* And what through want from others I  
purloynd,

<sup>1</sup> "Qy. 'Sepher' ? which the Vulgate gives in Numbers, xxxiii. 23-4, while our version has 'Shapher' : but 'Sepher,' or 'Shapher,' is described as a mountain.)"—*Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> The 4to of '98 'offsprings.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'retain'd.'

Behold O King, I proffer fore<sup>1</sup> thy throane,  
To be reftord to fuch as owe<sup>2</sup> the fame.

*Jonas.* A vertuous deed, pleasing to God and  
man.

Would God, all Cities drowned in like flame 2590  
Would take example of thefe Niniuites.

*Rafni.* Such be the fruites of Niniuiet repent ;  
And fuch for euer may our dealings be,  
That he that cald vs home in height of finne  
May fmile to fee our hartie penitence.—  
Viceroyes, proclaime a faft vnto the Lord ;  
Let Ifraels God be honoured in our land ;  
Let all occafion of corruption die,  
For, who fhall fault therein, fhall fuffer death :—  
Beare witneffe God, of my vnfaigned zeale— 2600  
Come, holie man, as thou fhalt counfaile me,  
My Court and Citie fhall reformed be.

*Jonas.* / Wend on in peace, and profecute this  
courfe. *Exeunt* [*all except* *Jonas*].

You Ilanders, on whom the milder aire  
Doth fweetly breathe the balme of kinde increafe ;  
Whofe lands are fatned with the dew of heauen,  
And made more fruitfull then Actean plaines ;  
You, whom delitious pleasures dandle foft,  
Whofe eyes are blinded with securitie, 2610  
Unmaske your felues, caft error cleane afide.  
O London, mayden of the miftrefle Ile,

<sup>1</sup> The 4to of '98 'forth.'

<sup>2</sup> = own.

Wrapt in the foldes and swathing cloutes of shame,  
 In thee more finnes than Niniuie contains:  
 Contempt of God, dispight of reuerend age,  
 Neglect of law, desire to wrong the poore,  
 Corruption, whordom, drunkennesse, and pride.  
 Swolne are thy browes with impudence and shame;  
 O proud adulterous glorie of the West,  
 Thy neighbors burne,<sup>1</sup> yet doest thou feare no fire, 2620  
 Thy Preachers crie, yet doest thou stop thine eares,  
 The larum rings, yet sleepest thou secure.  
 London, awake, for feare the Lord do frowne.  
 I set a looking Glasse before thine eyes,  
 O turne, O turne, with weeping to the Lord,  
 And thinke the praiers and vertues of thy Queene,  
 Defers the plague which otherwise would fall.  
 Repent O London, least, for thine offence,  
 Thy shepheard faile, whom mightie God preferue;  
 That she may bide the pillar of his Church 2630  
 Against the stormes of Romish AntiChrist;  
 The hand of mercy ouershead her head,  
 And let all faithfull subiects, say Amen.

<sup>1</sup> 4tos 'burnes.'

FINIS.





VI.

GEORGE A GREENE,  
THE PINNER OF WAKEFIELD.

1599.



# NOTE.

As stated in the Introductory Note to these Plays, I am indebted to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire for his *unique* exemplar of 1599. As shown in the fac-simile of its title-page, the following contemporary MS. notes are written on it, somewhat shorn by the binder :—

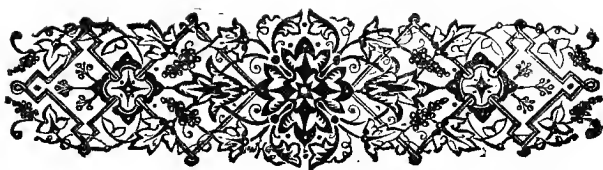
“Written by . . . . . a minifter, who ac[t]ed]  
th piñers p<sup>t</sup> in it himfelf. Teſte W. Shakeſpea[re].

“Ed. Iuby faith that y<sup>a</sup> play was made by Ro. Gree[ne].”

See our annotated Biography of Greene by Storojenko in its place on these MS. notes (vol. i.).

The title-page (exclusive of fac-simile in post quarto) is given opposite. Earlier in the Play, specimens of the arbitrary printing of prose as verse and verse as prose are given ; but it has not been thought necessary to pursue the record. Dyce took great pains in reducing all to (a kind of) verse and in returning pseudo-verse to prose, and I have entered into his labours—gratefully. In this Play more than in most, Dyce has re-written throughout (silently) the stage-directions. The Author's own are restored, and are much pithier and more idiomatic and in harmony with the style of the Play.

G.



A  
P L E A S A N T  
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of *George a Greene*, the Pinner  
of *Wakefield*.

*As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right  
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

*Aut nunc aut nunquam.*

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
for Cuthbert Burby : And are to be sold at his shop  
neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.







[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>



EDWARD, *King of England.*

JAMES, *King of Scotland.*

EARL OF KENDAL.

EARL OF WARWICK.

LORD BONFIELD.

LORD HUMES.

SIR GILBERT ARMSTRONG.

SIR NICHOLAS MANNERING.

GEORGE-A-GREENE.

MUSGROVE.

CUDDY, *his son.*

NED-A-BARLEY.

GRIME.

ROBIN HOOD.

MUCH, *the Millers son.*

SCARLET.

<sup>1</sup> Accepted from Dyce.

IENKIN, *George-a-Greene's man.*

WILY, *George-a-Greene's boy.*

IOHN.

*Iustice.*

*Townsmen, Shoemakers, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.*

IANE-A-BARLEY.

BETTRIS, *daughter to Grime.*

MAID MARIAN.]



A pleafant conceyted Comedie of  
*George a Greene*, the Pinner of  
 Wakefield.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the Lord  
 Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armeftrong, [Sir Nicholas  
 Mannering] and Iohn.*

*Earle of Kendall.*



Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentle-  
 men,  
 L[ord] *Bonfild*, & Sir *Gilbert  
 Armeftrong*, both,  
 And all my troups, euē to my 10  
 bafeft groome,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates here, "Or *Pinder*; the keeper of the Pinfolds belonging to the common fields about Wakefield. Junius, in his *Etymologicon*, voce *Pende*, says, '*Pende* Includere. Ch. ab A.-S. pennan pynðan idem significante. Hinc *pinder*, *pinner*. Qui pecora ultra fines vagantia septo includit.' Mr. [George] Steevens observes, that the figure of this rustic hero is still preserved on a sign at the bottom of Gray's-Inn-Lane.—*Reed*."

Courage and welcome ; for the day is ours :  
 Our cause is good, it is for the lands auayle :  
 Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

*Omnes.* We will, my Lord.

*Kendall.* As I am *Henrie Momford*, Kendals  
 Earle,

You honour me with this assent of yours,  
 And here vpon my sword I make protest  
 For<sup>1</sup> / to relieue the poore, or dye my selfe :  
 And know, my Lords, that *Iames*, the King of  
 Scots,

Warres hard vpon the borders of this land : 20  
 Here is his Post : Say, Iohn Taylour,  
 What newes with King Iames ?

*Iohn.* Warre, my Lord, [I] tell, and good newes,  
 I trow : For king Iame[s] vowes to meete you the  
 26. of this month, God willing : marie, doth he fir.

*Kendall.* My friends, you see what we haue to  
 winne.

Well, Iohn, commend me to king Iames, and tell  
 him,<sup>2</sup>

I will meete him the 26. of this month,  
 And all the rest : and so, farewell. [*Exit Iohn.*  
*Bonfild*, why standst thou as a man in dumps ? 30  
 Courage : for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke :  
 I Henry Momford will be King my selfe,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'Or'—mere finicalism.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'And tell,' etc., a new line.

And I will make thee Duke of Lancafter, .  
 And Gilbert Armestrong Lord of Doncafter.

*Bonfild.* Nothing, my Lord, makes me amazde  
 at all,

But that our souldiers<sup>1</sup> findes our victuals scant :  
 We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes :  
 For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,  
 And humbly send prouision to your campe.

*Gilb. [Armstrong].* My Lord Bonfild giues good  
 aduice,

They make a scorne and stand vpon the King :      40  
 So what is brought, is sent from them perforce ;  
 Aske Mannering else.

*Kend.*                      What sayest thou, Mannering ?

*Man.* Whenas I shew'd your high commission,  
 They / made this answere,  
 Onely to send prouision for your horses.

*Kend.* Well, hye thee to Wakefield, bid the  
 To send me all prouision that I want ;      [Towne  
 Least I, like martiall Tamberlaine, lay waste  
 Their bordering countries, leauing none aliue  
 That contradicts my Commision.<sup>2</sup>                      50

*Man.* Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them  
 Their plumes :                      [vayle<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> = plural-singular, and hence 'findes.'

<sup>2</sup> Original divides 'Their . . . Countries / And leauing . . . Commiffion.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'Let . . . them / Vayle . . . he be, / The . . . gainfayeth / Your . . . feare.'

For whatsoere he be, the proudest Knight,  
Iustice, or other, that gainfayeth your word,  
Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

*Kend.* Doe so Nick : hye thee thither presently  
And let vs heare of thee againe to-morrowe.

*Man.* Will you not remooue, my Lord ?

*Kend.* No : I will lye at Bradford all this night,  
And all the next : come, Bonfield, let vs goe, 60  
And listen out some bonny lasses here.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the Iustice, a Townesman,<sup>1</sup> George-a-Greene,  
and Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Com-  
mission.*

*Iustice.* M[after] Mannering, stand aside, whilest  
we conferre

What is best to doe. Townsmen of Wakefield,<sup>2</sup>  
The Earle of Kendal here hath sent for victuals ;  
And in ayding him, we shewe our felues no lesse  
Than traytours to the King : therefore 70  
Let me heare, Townsmen, what is your consents.

[*First*] *Townes.* / Euen as you please we are all  
content.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes here, "*i.e.*, the spokesman of the body of townsmen who are on the stage during this scene."

<sup>2</sup> Original divides 'What . . . doe. / Townsmen . . . Kendall / Here . . . victuals ; / And . . . ourfelues / No lesse . . . King : / Therefore . . . Townsmen, / What . . . consents.' It must be noted that whilst accepting nearly all Dyce's line-arrangements in the present Play, Greene and his contemporaries affected 5 and 6-foot lines.

*Iustice.* Then M[after] Mannering, we are re-  
*Man.* As howe? [solu'd.

*Iustice.* Marrie fir, thus.

We will fend the Earle of Kendall no victuals,  
 Because he is a traytour to the King ;  
 And in ayding him we shewe our felues no lesse.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen  
 madde ;

That present danger cannot whet your wits, 80  
 Wisely to make prouision of your felues ?  
 The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,  
 And what towne so euer him resist,  
 He layes it flat and leuell with the ground :  
 Ye filly men, you seeke your owne decay :  
 Therefore fend my Lord such prouision as he  
 So he will spare your towne [wants,<sup>1</sup>  
 And come no neerer Wakefield then he is.<sup>2</sup>

*Iustice.* M[after] Mannering, you haue your  
 You may be gone. [answere, 90

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy  
 Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall ; [name,  
 And all that sit vpon the bench this day,  
 Shall rue the houre they haue withstood my Lords  
 Commission.

*Iustice.* Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

<sup>1</sup> Two 6-foot lines as one line in original. Dyce gives a line to  
 'Therefore.'

<sup>2</sup> Original divides 'So . . . neerer / Wakefield . . . is.'

*Man.* See you these seales ? before you passe the  
I will haue all things my Lord doth want, [towne,  
In spite of you.

*George / a Greene.* Proud dapper lacke, vayle  
bonnet to the bench<sup>1</sup>

That represents the person of the King ; 100  
Or firra, Ile lay thy head before thy feete.

*Man.* Why, who art thou ?

*George.* Why, I am George a Greene,  
True liegeman to my king,  
Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,  
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire:  
You<sup>2</sup> of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,  
Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King ;  
We are English borne, and therefore Edwards  
friends,  
Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe ; 110  
Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,  
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcafes,  
Be all King Edwards : then, firra, we haue  
Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,  
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and dye<sup>3</sup>  
Gainst you, before we send you any victuals.

<sup>1</sup> 'The bench' a line to itself in original.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce notes, "'You' seems to be a misprint for 'Yon': but the whole passage is corrupted." 'Yon' would be nonsense, and there seems no corruption.

<sup>3</sup> Original divides 'Whetted . . . bloods, / And . . . victuals': also misreads 'dye againft.'



*Iustice.* Well spoken, George a Greene.

[*First*] *Townes.* Pray let George a Greene speake  
for vs.

*George.* Sirra you get no victuals here,  
Not if a hoofe of beefe would saue your liues. 120

*Man.* Fellowe, I stand amazde at thy presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gaynsay my Lord,  
Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke ?  
Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe :  
For fee, I haue a large Commission.

*George.* / Let me see it, sirra. [*Takes the Commission.*] Whose seales be these ?

*Man.* This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes,  
This Lord Charnel Bonfields,  
And this sir Gilbert Armestrongs.

*George.* I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards  
sonne 130  
Seale a commission 'gainst the King his father,  
Thus would I teare it in despite of him.

*He teares the Commission.*

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

*Man.* What ? hast thou torne my Lords Commission ?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

*George.* What, are you in choler ? I will giue  
you pilles

To coole your stomacke. Seest thou these feales ?

Now by my fathers soule,

Which was a yeoman when he was aliue, 140

Eate them, or eate my daggers poynt, proud squire.<sup>1</sup>

*Man.* But thou doest but iest, I hope. [part.

*George.* Sure that shall you see, before we two

*Man.* Well, and<sup>2</sup> there be no remedie, fo, George :

[*Swallows one of the seals.*

One is gone : I pray thee, no more nowe.

*George.* O, fir,<sup>3</sup>

If one be good, the others cannot hurt.

So, fir ; [Mannering *swallows the other two seals.*

Nowe you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall, 150

Although I haue rent his large Commiffion,

Yet of curtesie I haue sent all his feales

Backe againe by you.

*Man.* Well, fir, I will doe your arrant. [*Exit.*

*George.* / Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he  
hath spoke<sup>4</sup>

With George a Greene,

Hight<sup>5</sup> pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,

That hath phisicke for a foole,

<sup>1</sup> The original divides 'To coole . . . stomacke./ Seest . . . feale ?/  
Now . . . yeoman/ When . . . them,/ Or . . . squire.' See  
annotated Biography on this incident.

<sup>2</sup> 'And' = An' = if.

<sup>3</sup> Original divides 'O fir . . . hurt./ So, fir . . . Kendall,/ Al-  
though . . . Commiffion,/ Yet . . . feales.'

<sup>4</sup> Original divides 'Nowe . . . hath / Spoke . . . Greene.'

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* misprints 'Right'—Dyce's correction.

Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Souer-  
aigne.

Are you content with this that I haue done? 160

*Iustice.* I, content, George :

For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield towne,  
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.

Come, thou shalt be my welcome gheft to day ;  
For well thou hast deferu'd reward and fauour.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter olde Musgroue and yong Cuddie his sonne.*

*Cuddie.* Nowe gentle father list vnto thy sonne,  
And for my mothers loue,  
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye, 170  
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

*Olde Musgroue.* What is that, my Cuddie ?

*Cuddie.* Father, you knowe<sup>1</sup>  
The ancient enmitie of late<sup>2</sup>  
Between the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,  
Whereof they haue othe,  
Not to leaue one aliue<sup>3</sup> that strides a launce.  
O Father,<sup>4</sup>  
You are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue :

<sup>1</sup> Original divides ' Father . . . late. '

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries ' enmity of late *reviv'd*. '

<sup>3</sup> Dyce annotates, " *i.e.* not to leave even a child of them alive, one who *equitat in arundine longa*. [ ' Equitare in arundine longa. '—Horace, *Sat.* ii. 3. 248 ]—*Steevens*."

<sup>4</sup> Original divides ' O Father . . . graue : '

Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was  
thought, 180

The brauest horsman in all Westmerland,  
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,<sup>1</sup>  
That earst could wield a lance :

Then, / gentle Father, resigne the hold to me ;  
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

*Mus.* Auaunt, false hearted boy, my ioynts doe  
quake

Euen with anguish of thy verie words.  
Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres?  
Haue I beene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,  
That when they heard my name in any roade<sup>2</sup> 190  
They fled away, and posted thence amaine ?  
And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age ?  
No, Cuddie, no, thus resolute I,  
Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, M.  
Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

*Bon.* Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy for our  
good chere,  
Our fare was royall, and our welcome great ;  
And fith so kindly thou hast entertained vs, 200

<sup>1</sup> One line of two 6-foot lines.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates, "*i.e.* inroad" : but not so ; — on any of the high-ways. See next line.

If we returne with happie victorie,  
We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

*Grime.* Your welcome was but dutie, gentle

Lord :

For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,  
But to make our betters welcome when they come ?  
[*Aside.*] O, this goes hard when traytours must be  
flattered :

But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it :  
God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.

*Gilb.* [*Arm.*] What said you, Grime ?

*Grime.* I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter, 210  
I curse the houre that ere I got the girle :

For / sir, she may haue many wealthy futers,  
And yet she disdaines them all,

To haue<sup>1</sup> poore George a Greene vnto her husband,

*Bonfild.* On that, good Grime, I am talking  
with thy Daughter ;

But she, in quirkes and quiddities of loue,  
Sets me to schoole, she is so ouer-wife.

But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forsake the pinner<sup>2</sup>

And be my loue, I will aduance thee high :

To dignifie those haire of amber hiew, 220

Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,  
Set with choice rubies, sparkes,<sup>3</sup> and diamonds

<sup>1</sup> Original divides ' And yet . . . to haue.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* divides ' But . . . forsake.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries ' ruby-sparks,'—but surely not?

Planted vpon a veluet hood, to hide that head  
 Wherein two sapphires burne like sparkling fire :  
 This will I doe, fair Bettris, and farre more,  
 If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

*Bettris.* Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,  
 Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he :<sup>1</sup>  
 See where he comes, or angrie, or in loue ;  
 For why, his colour looketh discontent.

230

*Enter the Earle of Kendall and [Sir] Nicholas  
 Mannering.*<sup>2</sup>

*Kendall.* Come, Nick, followe me.

*Bonfld.* Howe nowe, my Lord ? what newes ?

*Kendall.* Such newes, Bonfld, as will make thee  
 laugh,

And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vſde :  
 Why, the Iuftices ſtand on their termes ;  
 Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words ;  
 He / layd the lawe vnto the Iuftices  
 With threatning braues, that one lookt on another, 240  
 Ready to ſtoope : but that a churle came in,  
 One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,  
 And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,  
 And by no beggers ſwore that we were traytours,  
 Rent our Commiſſion, and vpon a braue

<sup>1</sup> Dyce asks, "Ought this line (which is imperfect) and the two following lines to be given to Bonfield ?" Certainly not.

<sup>2</sup> Original misplaces this after Kendall's speech, 'Come,' etc.

Made Nick to eate the seales, or brooke the  
stabbe: [straight.

Poore Mannering afraid, came posting hither

*Bettris.* O louely George, fortune be still thy  
friend,

And as thy thoughts be high, so be thy minde,

In all accords, euen to thy hearts desire. 250

*Bonfild.* What sayes faire Bettris?

*Grimes.* My Lord, she is praying for George a  
Greene :

He is the man, and she will none but him.

*Bonfild.* But him? why looke on me, my girle :

Thou knowest, that yesternight I courted thee,

And swore at my returne to wedde with thee :

Then tell me, loue, shall I haue all thy faire? <sup>1</sup>

*Bettris.* I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,  
Nor Baron that is so bold :

For George a Greene, the merrie pinner, 260  
He hath my heart in hold.

*Bonfild.* Bootlesse, my Lord, are many vaine  
replies.

Let vs hie vs to Wakefield, and send her the  
pinners head.

*Kend.* It shall be so. Grime, gramercie,

Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,

Let me not misse her when I make returne :

Therefore / looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.

<sup>1</sup> = beauty.

*Grime.* I warrant you, my Lord.

[*Ex. Grime & Bettris.*<sup>1</sup>

*Ken.* And Bettris,

270

Leaue a bafe pinner, for to loue an Earle.

Faine would I fee this pinner George a Greene.

It fhall be thus :

Nick Mannering fhall leade on the battell,

And we three will goe to Wakefield in fome di-  
guife :

But howfoeuer, Ile haue his head to day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes, with souldiers  
and Iohnie.*

*King.* Why, Iohnie : then the Earle of Kendall 280  
is blithe,

And hath braue men that troupe along with him.

*Iohnie.* I, marrie, my liege,

And hath good men that come along with him,<sup>2</sup>

And vowes to meete you at Scrafblefea,<sup>3</sup> God willing.

*King.* If good S[aint] Andrewe lend King Iam[i]e  
leaue,

I will be with him at the pointed day.

But, foft : whose pretie boy art thou ?

<sup>1</sup> *Ex* = going. Dyce places after Kendall's speech 'And Bettris.'  
Original divides 'And . . . Earle' in one line.

<sup>2</sup> Original divides 'I . . . him' as one line.

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries, 'Scrielfby' or 'Scamblefby'?



*Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.*

*Ned.* Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,  
Eldest, and all that ere my mother had, 290  
Edward my name.

*Iame[s].* And whither art thou going, pretie  
Ned?

*Ned.* To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I  
can :

And now my scholemaster is also gone :  
So haue I libertie to ply my bowe ;  
For / when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

*Iames.* Lord Humes, but marke the visage of  
this child ;

By him I gesse the beautie of his mother :  
None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with my mother ? 300

*Ned.* None<sup>1</sup> but her selfe and household seruants,  
fir :

If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.

*Iames.* Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

*John knocks at the gate.*

*Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.*

*Iane.* O, I am betraide : what multitudes be  
these ?

*Iames.* Feare not, faire Iane : for all these men  
are mine,

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Not.'

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me :  
 I am thy loue, Iames the King of Scottes,  
 That oft haue fued and wooed with many letters, 310  
 Painting my outward passions with my pen,  
 When as my inward soule did bleede for woe :  
 Little regard was giuen to my sute,  
 But haply thy husbands prefence wrought it :  
 Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time ;  
 And, hearing that thy husband was from home,  
 Am come to craue what long I haue desired.

*Ned.* Nay, soft you, fir, you get no entrance here,  
 That seeke to wrong Sir Iohn a Barley fo,  
 And offer such dishonour to my mother. 320

*Iames.* Why, what dishonour, Ned ?

*Ned.* Though young,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet often haue I heard my father say,  
 No greater wrong than to be made cuckold.  
 Were / I of age, or were my bodie strong,  
 Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart,  
 That should attempt to giue fir Iohn the horne.—  
 Mother, let him not come in :  
 I will go lie at Iockie Millers house.

*Iames.* Stay him. 330

*Iane.* I, well said Ned, thou hast giuen the king  
 his answere ;  
 For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,  
 Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,

<sup>1</sup> Original divides ' Though . . . heard / My . . . say,'.

He should not make me wrong my husband so :  
 But good King Iames is pleasant, as I gesse,  
 And meanes to trie what humour I am in ;  
 Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men,  
 To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

*Iames.* Iane, in faith, Iane,—

*Iane.* Neuer reply :<sup>1</sup>

340

For I protest by the highest holy God,  
 That doometh iust reuenge for things amisse,  
 King Iames, of all men, shall not haue my loue.

*Iames.* Then list to me, Saint Andrewe be my  
 boote,

But Ile rase thy castle to the verie ground,  
 Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Iane.* I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worst :  
 This castle is too strong for thee to scale ;  
 Besides, to morrowe will sir Iohn come home.

*Iames.* Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King  
 Iames loue,

350

Ile draw thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes ;  
 For, / by my father's foule, this brat of thine  
 Shall perish here before thine eyes,  
 Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Iane.* O deepe extremes : my heart begins to  
 My little Ned lookes pale for feare.— [breake ;  
 Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

*Ned.* But not so much, as to dishonour me.

<sup>1</sup> Original divides 'Neuer . . . highest / Holy God.'

*Iane.* And<sup>1</sup> if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete  
Ned.

*Ned.* Then dye with honour, mother, dying 360

*Iane.* I am armed: [chaste.

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,  
Ioynes<sup>2</sup> victorie by vertue. Nowe, King Iames,  
If mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,  
Then butcher him; for I will neuer yeeld:  
The sonne shall dye before I wrong the father.

*Iames.* Why, then, he dyes.

*Allarum within: Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.

*Iames.* Who, Musgroue? The deuill he is. 370

Come, my horse! [Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.*

*Mus.* Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.

*Iames.* Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

*Enter Cuddie.*

*Cuddie.* Father, the field is ours:<sup>3</sup>

Their colours we haue seyzed, and Humes is flayne;  
I flewe him hand to hand.

<sup>1</sup> 'And' = an', i.e. if.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce reads 'Ioin,' and queries 'Gain' or 'Win'? but text yields a good sense, and the singular verb to successive nouns was common. Original divides 'Ioynes . . . vertue / Nowe . . . ire.'

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'Father . . . we / Haue seyzed: / And . . . hand.'

*Mus.* / God and Saint George.

*Cuddie.* O father, I am fore athirft. 380

*Iane.* Come in, young Cuddie, come and drink  
thy fill :

Bring in King Iam[i]e with you as a gheft;  
For all this broile was causè he could not enter.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greene alone.*

*George.* The sweete content of men that liue in  
loue,

Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde ;  
And fanfie, being checkt by fortunes spite,  
Grows too impatient in her sweete desires :  
Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse, 390  
But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

*Enter the Clowne [Jenkin].*

*Jenkin.* Marie, amen sir.

*George.* Sir, what doe you crye Amen at ?

*Jenkin.* Why, did not you talke of loue ?

*George.* Howe doe you knowe that ?

*Jenkin.* Well, though I say it that should not say  
it, there are few fellows in our parish so netled  
with loue as I haue bene of late.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Original divides ' Well . . . it, / There . . . parish / So . . . late ' ;  
and so onward in the most absurd way, though nearly all prose.  
Enough of such divisions have been recorded. The ' copy ' must have  
been bad and illiterate throughout.

*Geor.* Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other 400 morning, you rose so earely to goe to your wenches. Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

*Ienkin.* Trow, you haue hit it ; for master, be it knowne to you, there is some good-will betwixt Madge the Soufewife and I : marie / she hath another louer.

*George.* Canst thou brooke any riuals in thy loue ?

*Ien.* A rider ? no, he is a fow-gelder and goes 410 afoote. But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate-clofe.

*George.* Well, did she meete you there ?

*Ien.* Neuer make question of that. And first I saluted her with a greene gowne, and after fell as hard a-wooing as if the Priest had bin at our backs, to haue married vs.

*Georg.* What, did she grant ?

*Ien.* Did she graunt ? Neuer make question of that. And she gaue me a shirt coler, wrought 420 ouer with no counterfeit stuffe.

*Georg.* What, was it gold ?

*Ien.* Nay, twas better than gold.

*Georg.* What was it ?

*Ien.* Right Couentrie blew. We<sup>1</sup> had no sooner come there, but wot you who came by ?

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Who'—'We' Dyce's correction.

*Georg.* No, who?

*Ien.* Clim the fow-gelder.

*Georg.* Came he by?

*Ien.* He spide Madge and I fit together : he 430  
leapt from his horſe, laid his hand on his dagger,  
and began to ſweare. Now I ſeeing he had a  
dagger, and I nothing but this twig in my hand,  
I gaue him faire words and ſaid nothing. He/  
comes to me, and takes me by the boſome : You  
hooreſen<sup>1</sup> ſlaue, ſaid he, hold my horſe, and looke  
he take no colde in his feet. No, marie, ſhall  
he, fir, quoth I ; Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him.  
I tooke my cloake, ſpread it all along, and [ſet]  
his horſe on the miſt of it.

*Georg.* Thou clowne, didſt thou ſet his horſe 440  
vpon thy cloake ?

*Ien.* I, but marke how I ſerued him. Madge  
and he were no ſooner gone downe into the ditch,  
but I plucked out my knife, cut foure holes in  
my cloake, and made his horſe ſtand on the bare  
ground.

*Geor.* Twas well done. Now fir, go and ſuruey  
my fields : if you finde any cattell in the corne,  
to pound with them. 450

*Ien.* And if I finde any in the pound, I ſhall  
turne them out. *Exit Ienkin.*

<sup>1</sup> = whore-son.

*Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, sir Gilbert [Armstrong], all disguised, with a traine of men.*

*Kend.* Now we haue put the horses in the corne,  
Let vs stand in some corner for to heare  
What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe  
When he spies our horses in the corne.

*[Retires with the others.]*

*[Re]enter Ienkin<sup>1</sup> blowing of his horn.* 460

*Ien.* O master, where are you? we haue a prise.

*Georg.* A prise, what is it?

*Ienkin.* / Three goodly horses in our wheate-clofe.

*George.* Three horses in our wheat-clofe? whose  
be they?

*Ienkin.* Marie thats a riddle to me; but they  
are there: veluet horses, and I neuer sawe such  
horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my  
cappe, and said as followeth: My masters, what  
doe you make in our clofe? One of them,  
hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his 470  
head and neighed, and after his maner laught as  
heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle.  
My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter; for,  
if my master take you here, you goe as round  
as a top to the pound. Another vntoward iade,  
hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Iacke.



tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I, hearing this, 480 put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

*Georg.* Nowe fir, goe and driue me those three horses to the pound. Doe you heare? <sup>1</sup>

*Ienkin.* I were best take a conftable with me.

*George.* Why fo?

*Ienkin.* Why, they, being gentlemens horses, may stand on their reputation, and will not obey me.

*George.* Goe, doe as I bid you, fir.

490

*Ienkin.* Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and fir  
Gilbert Armestrong, meete them.*

*Kend.* / Whither away, fir?

*Ienkin.* Whither away? I am going to put the horses in the pound.

*Kend.* Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

*Ienkin.* Stay, I will goe tell my master.—Heare 500 you master? we haue another prise: those three

<sup>1</sup> Original misassigns the question to 'Ienkin,' and so Dyce. So the next speech, 'Why they,' etc., is misassigned to George.

horses be in your wheate-clofe still, and here be three geldings more.

*George.* What be these?

*Ienkin.* These are the masters of the horses.

*George.* Nowe gentlemen,—I knowe not your degrees,

But more you cannot be, 'lesse<sup>1</sup> you be Kings,—

Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses?

I am the pinner, and before you passe,

You shall make good the trespasse they haue done. 510

*Kend.* Peace, faucie mate, prate not to vs :

I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

*George.* Why fir,

So may I fir, although I giue no armes.

*Kend.* Thou? how art thou a gentleman?

*Ienkin.* And<sup>2</sup> such is my master, and he may giue as good Armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.

*Kend.* Pray thee let me heare howe.

*Ienkin.* Marie, my master may giue for his armes the picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin, 520 with a rooke on one fist, and an horne on the other: but my master giues his armes the wrong way; for he giues the horne on his fist; and / your grandfather, because he would not lose his armes, weares the horne on his owne head.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce's correction of 'vnlesse' of original.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries 'Ay'? But 'And' dexterously assumes that he (George) was a gentleman.

*Kend.* Well pinner, fith our hofes be in,  
In fpite of thee they now fhall feede their fill,  
And eate vntil our leifures ferue to goe.

*George.* Now, by my fathers foule,  
Were good King Edwards hofes in the corne, 530  
They fhall<sup>1</sup> amend the fcatch, or kiffe the pound;  
Much more yours fir, whatfoere you be.

*Kend.* Why man, thou knoweft not vs :  
We do belong to Henry Momford, Earle of Kendal;  
Men that, before a month be full expirde,  
Will be king Edwards betters in the land. [lieft.

*Georg.* King Edwards better[s] : rebell, thou

*George strikes him.*

*Bonfld.* Villaine, what haft thou done ? thou  
haft ftroke an Earle.

*Geor.* Why, what care I ? A poore man that is 540  
Is better then an Earle, if he he falfe : [true,  
Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

*Kend.* I, fo me thinks ; but thou fhalt deare aby  
this blow.—

Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

*Enter all the ambush.*

*George.* Stay, my Lord, let vs parlie on thefe  
broiles :

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, “ In passages like this our old writers often prefer  
‘ fhall ’ to ‘ fhould.’ ”

Not Hercules againſt two, the prouerbe is,  
 Nor I againſt ſo great a multitude.— [they did,  
 [*Aſide.*] Had not your troupes come marching as  
 I would / haue ſtopt your paſſage vnto London : 550  
 But now Ile flie to ſecret policie.

*Kend.* What doeſt thou murmure, George?

*George.* Marie this, my Lord, I muſe,  
 If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,  
 That thou wilt doe poor G[eorge] a Greene this  
 Euer to match me with a troupe of men. [wrong,

*Kend.* Why didſt<sup>1</sup> thou ſtrike me then?

*Geor.* Why my Lord, meaſure me but by your-  
 Had you a man had ſeru'd you long, [ſelfe :  
 And heard your foe miſuſe you behinde your backe, 560  
 And would not draw his ſword in your defence,  
 You would caſhere him.<sup>2</sup>

Much more, king Edward is my king ;  
 And before Ile heare him ſo wrong'd,  
 Ile die within this place,  
 And maintaine good whatſoeuer I haue ſaid.  
 And, if I ſpeake not reaſon in this caſe,  
 What I haue ſaid Ile maintaine in this place.

<sup>1</sup> Original 'doeſt'—Dyce's correction.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce annotates here, "In Dodsley's *Old Plays* a vain attempt is made to reſtore the metre of this corrupted paſſage by arranging it as follows :—

'You would caſhier him. Much more,  
 King Edward is my king : and before I'll hear him  
 So wrong'd, I'll die within this place,  
 And maintain,' etc."

*Bon.* A pardon my Lord, for this pinner ;  
For, trust me he speaketh like a man of worth. 570

*Kend.* Well, George,  
Wilt thou leaue Wakefelde and wend with me,  
Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

*Georg.* I, my Lord, confidering<sup>1</sup> me one thing,  
You will leaue these armes and follow your good  
king.

*Ken.* Why George, I rise not against king Edward,  
But for the poore that is opprest by wrong ;  
And / if king Edward will redresse the same,  
I will not offer him disparagement,  
But otherwise ; and so let this suffice : 580  
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in armes, [me ;  
Nowe, wilt thou leaue Wakefield, and wend with  
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,  
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

*Georg.* Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to  
winne ?

*Kend.* Why, there is a prophecie doeth say,  
That King Iames and I shall meete at London,  
And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.

*Geo.* If this were true, my Lord,  
This were a mightie reason. 590

*Ken.* Why, it is  
A miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries ' conceding ' ? but see Glossarial-Index, *s.v.*

*George.* Well, my Lord, you haue almost turned  
Ienkin, come hither. [me.—

*Ienkin.* Sir ?

*George.* Goe your waies home, fir.  
And driue me those three horses home vnto my  
house,

And powre them downe a bushell of good oates.

*Ienkin.* Well, I will.—[*Afide.*] Muft I giue these  
scuruie horses Oates? [*Exit Ienkin.* 600

*Geor.* Will it please you to commaund your  
traine aside?

*Kend.* Stand aside. [*Exit the trayne.*

*Georg.* Nowe lift to me :

Here in a wood, not farre from hence,  
There dwels an old man in a caue alone,  
That can foretell what fortunes shall befall you,  
For he is greatly skilfull in magicke arte :  
Goe / you three to him early in the morning,  
And question him : if he saies good,  
Why, then, my Lord, I am the formost man 610  
Who<sup>1</sup> will march vp with your campe to London.

*Kend.* George, thou honourest me in this :  
But where shall we finde him out ?

*George.* My man shall conduct you to the place;  
But good my Lord,<sup>2</sup> tell me true what the wise  
man faith.

*Kend.* That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

<sup>1</sup> The original ' We.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* ' Lords.'

George. Why then, to honour G[eorge] a Greene  
the more,

Vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore houle ;  
You shall haue wafer-cakes your fill,  
A peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas : 620  
If that like you not, take what you bring, for me.

Kend. Gramercies, George. [Exeunt omnes.

*Enter George a Greenes boy Wily, disguised like a  
woman, to M. Grime.*

Wily. O, what is loue ? it is some mightie power,  
Else could it neuer conquer G[eorge] a Greene :  
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue :  
I know the worst, and if I be espied,  
Tis but a beating ; and if I by this meanes  
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore, 630  
It is inough. . . . .  
Venus, for me, and all goes alone,<sup>1</sup>  
Be aiding to my wily enterprize.

*He knocks at the doore.*

*Enter Grime.*

Gri. How now, who knocks there ? what would  
you haue ?  
From / whence came you ? where doe you dwell ?

<sup>1</sup> Dyce changes to 'Venus, for me, of all the gods alone' : Reed, *apud* Dodsley's *Old Plays*, printed 'Venus be for me and she alone.' No need of tinkering of the text—'and' = 'an' (*i.e.* if) yields sufficient sense.

*Wily.* I am, forfooth, a femsters maide hard-by,  
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.<sup>1</sup>

*Grime.* Nay, are you not [Greene, 640  
Some craftie queane that comes from George a  
That rascall, with some letters to my daughter?  
I will haue you searcht.

*Wily.* Alas, fir, it is Hebrue vnto me,  
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other.  
Search me, good fir, and if you finde a letter  
About me, let me haue the punishment that is due.

*Grime.* Why are you muffed? I like you the  
worfe for that.

*Wily.* I am not, fir, asham'd to shew my face,  
Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire : 650  
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,  
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach fore.

[*Unmuffles.*

*Grime.* [*aside.*] A pretie wench, of smiling  
countenance :

Olde men can like, although they cannot loue ;

I,

And loue, though not so brieve as yong men can.—

Well,—

Goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

*Exit* [*Wily into the house.*] 660

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce annotates, "Here 'daughter' is a trisyllable : see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 208."



Being a mightie man, as still he is,  
 Yet for to be a traitor to his king,  
 Is more then God or man will well allow :  
 But what a foole am I to talk of him?  
 My / minde is more heere of the pretie lasse :  
 Had she brought some fortie pounds to towne<sup>1</sup>  
 I could be content to make her my wife :  
 Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe said,  
 He that is olde, and marries with a lasse, 670  
 Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse.

*Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell, to Grime.*

How now, my wench, how ist ? what, not a word?—  
 Alas, poore soule, the tooth-ach plagues her fore.—  
 Well, my wench, . . . . . [*Gives money.*  
 Here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,  
 And I pray thee vse mine house ;  
 The oftner, the more welcome : farewell. [*Exit.*

*Bettris.* O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both:  
 But Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue, 680  
 But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene :  
 Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes  
 Then I will trip it till I see my George. [*Exit.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, L[ord] Bonfield, sir  
 Gilbert [Armstrong], and Ienkin the clowne.*

*Kend.* Come away, Ienkin.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries 'dower' ?

*Ien.* Come, here is his house [*Knocks at the door*].

—Where be you, ho?

*Georg.* [*within*.] Who knocks there?

*Kend.* Heere are two or three poore men, father, 690  
Would speake with you.

*Georg.* [*within*.] Pray, giue your man leaue to  
leade me forth.

*Kend.* Goe Ienkin, fetch him forth.

*Enter George a Greene disguised.*

*Ien.* Come, olde man.

*Kend.* / Father,

Heere is three poore men come to question thee  
A word in secrete that concernes their liues.

*George.* Say on, my sonne.<sup>1</sup>

*Kend.* Father, I am fure you heare the newes, 700  
how that

The Earle of Kendal wars against the king.  
Now father, we three are Gentlemen by birth,  
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,  
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,  
If that we knew that we shall winne,  
We will march with him : if not,  
We will not march a foote to London more.  
Therefore, good father, tell vs what shall happen,  
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win.

*George.* The king, my sonne.

710

<sup>1</sup> Original 'fonnes.'

*Kend.* Art thou fure of that?

*George.* I, as fure as thou art Henry Momford,  
The one L[ord] Bonfild, the other fir Gilbert  
[Armstrong].

*Kend.* Why, this is wondrous, being blinde of  
fight,

His deepe perfeuerance<sup>1</sup> should be fuch to know vs.

*Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great  
matters.—

Indeede Father, here is the Earle come to fee thee,  
And therefore, good father, fable not with him.

*George.* Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,  
and fo

Are you, my Lords : but let me counfell you 720  
To leaue thefe warres againft your king, and liue  
In quiet.

*Kend.* Father, we come not for aduice in warre,  
But to know whether we fhall win or leefe.

*George.* / Lofe gentle Lords, but not by good king  
A bafier man fhall giue you all the foile. [Edward:

*Kend.* I marie, father, what man is that?

• *George.* Poor George a Greene, the pinner.

*Kend.* What fhall he?

*George.* Pull all your plumes, and fore difhonour 730

*Kend.* He? as how? [you.

*George.* Nay, the end tries all; but fo it will fall  
out.

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

*Kend.* But so it shall not, by my honor,<sup>1</sup> Christ.  
 Ile raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,  
 And take that seruile pinner George a Greene,  
 And butcher him before king Edwards face.

*George.* Good my Lord, be not offended,  
 For I speake no more then arte reueales to me:  
 And for greater prooffe,

Giue your man leaue to fetch me my staffe. 740

*Kend.* Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

*Ien.* [*giving it.*] Here is your walking staffe.

*George.* Ile proue it good vpon your carcases,  
 A wiser wifard neuer met you yet,  
 Nor one that better could foredoome your fall :  
 Now I haue singled you here alone,  
 I care not though you be three to one.

*Kend.* Villaine, hast thou betraid vs?<sup>2</sup>

*Georg.* Momford, thou liest, neuer was I traitor  
 Onely deuif'd this guile to draw you on; [yet; 750  
 For to be combatants.

Now conquere me, and then march on to London:  
 But / shall goe hard but I will hold you taske.

*Gilb.* Come, my Lord, cheerely, Ile kill him  
 hand to hand.

*Kend.* A thousand pound to him that strikes that  
 stroke.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce queries, 'honour'd'; but inadmissible.

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries properly, 'Thou hast'? but the forms were interchanged as meaning the same thing.

*Georg.* Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

*Here they fight: George kills Sir Gilbert [Armstrong], and takes the other two prisoners.*

*Bonfield.* Stay, George, we doe appeale.

*George.* To whom?

760

*Bon.* Why, to the king :

For rather had we bide what he appoynts,

Then here be murthered by a seruile groome.

*Kend.* What wilt thou doe with vs?

*Georg.* Euen as Lord Bonfild wist ;

You shall vnto the king ; and, for that purpose,

See where the Iustice is placed.

*Enter Iustice.*

*Iust.* Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al  
your threats?

Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,

770

Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.

*Kend.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, do not twit me ;  
If I haue faulted, I must make amends.

*Geor.* Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for  
many words ;

I beseech ye, sir, discharge all his fouldiers,

That euery man may goe home vnto his owne  
house.

*Iustice.* It shall be so. What wilt thou doe,  
George?

*Geor.* Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge ;  
Leaue me to my selfe.

*Iust.* / Come, my Lords.

[*Exeunt all but George.*<sup>1</sup> 780

*Geor.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow  
wreath,  
As one despairing of thy beautilous loue.  
Fie, George, no more ;  
Pine not away for that which cannot be.  
I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,  
So long as I doe want my Bettris.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Ienkin.*

*Ien.* Who see a master of mine ?

*George.* How now firrha, whither away ? 790

*Ien.* Whither away ? why, who doe you take me  
to bee ?

*Georg.* Why, Ienkin, my man.

*Ien.* I was so once in deede, but now the case is  
altered.

*Georg.* I pray thee, as how ?

*Ien.* Were not you a fortune teller to-day ?

*Georg.* Well, what of that ?

*Ien.* So fure am I become a iugler. What will  
you say if I iuggle your sweete heart ? 800

<sup>1</sup> Original 'Exit.' Dyce annotates, "Here a change of scene is supposed."

<sup>2</sup> Dyce notes, "A trisyllable here—*Bettris* = *Beatrice*."

*George.* Peace, prating lofell, her ielous father  
Doth wait ouer her with such fuspitious eyes,  
That, if a man but dally by her feete,  
He thinks it straight a witch<sup>1</sup> to charme his daughter.

*Ien.* Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her  
hither?

*George.* A fute of greene, and twentie crownes  
besides.

*Ien.* Well, by your leaue, giue me roome. You  
must giue me something that you haue lately worne.

*George.* Here is a gowne, will that serue you? 810  
[Gives gown.]

*Ienkin.* I, this will serue me: keep out of my  
circle,

Leaft / you be torne in peeces with thee deuils.—  
Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

*He throwes the gown<sup>2</sup> in, and she comes out.*

Oh is this no cunning<sup>3</sup>?

*George.* Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

*Ienkin.* I, this is the shadow, but heere is the  
substance.

<sup>1</sup> “i.e. a sorcerer, as is remarked by Walker (*Crit. Exam. of the Text of Shakespeare*, etc., ii. 89), who arranges the passage thus—

‘Her ielous father doth wait over her  
With such fuspicious eyes, that, if a man  
But dally by her feet, he thinks it straight  
A witch to charm his daughter.’—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> Original misprinted ‘ground.’

<sup>3</sup> Dyce queries ‘this is no cunning!’?

George. Tell mee sweete loue, what good fortune  
brought thee hither : 820  
For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.<sup>1</sup>

Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my  
George,  
In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.

Geor. Tell mee sweete loue, how camst thou from  
thy fathers ?

Bettris. A willing minde hath many flips in loue.  
It was not I, but Wily, thy sweete boy.

Geor. And where is Wily now ?

Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber still.

Geor. Ienkin, come hither : goe to Bradford,  
And listen out your fellow Wily.— 830  
Come, Bettris, let vs in,  
And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Edward, the King of Scots, Lord  
Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,  
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde  
Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered  
You should make such inuasion in my land.  
The / vowes of kings should be as oracles, 840

<sup>1</sup> Dyce very needlessly notes, "It is plain from Bettris's answer that something has dropped out here."



Not blemisht with the staine of any breach ;  
Chiefly where fealtie and homage willeth<sup>1</sup> it.

*James.* Brother of England, rub not the fore  
afresh ;

My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede :  
I haue the worst ; of thirtie thousand men,  
There scapt not full fise thousand from the field.

*Edward.* Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone  
hard :

Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

*James.* But had not his olde Father William  
Musgroue,

Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here. 850

A stronger man I seldome felt before ;

But one<sup>2</sup> of more resolute valiance

Treads not, I thinke vpon the English ground.

*Edward.* I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his  
hier.

*Cuddie.* And it please your grace, my father was  
Fiue score and three at Midsommer last past ;  
Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a  
Greene,

Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.

*Edward.* As George a Greene ?

I pray thee, Cuddie, let me question thee. 860

<sup>1</sup> Dyce finically changes to 'will.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce queries, 'And one of valiance more resolute  
Treads not,' etc.

Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,  
 Many in manner of a prouerbe fay,  
 Were he as good as G[eorge] a Green, I would  
       strike him fure.

I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,  
 What is that George a Greene ?

*Cuddie.* Know, my Lord, I neuer saw the man,  
 But mickle talke is of him in the Country ;  
 They / fay he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,  
 But for his other qualities, I let alone.

*War.* May it please your grace, I know the mā  
       too wel. 870

*Edward.* Too well ? Why so, Warwicke ?

*War.* For once he swingde me till my bones did  
       ake.

*Edward.* Why, dares he strike an Earle ?

*Warw.* An Earle, my Lord ? nay he wil strike  
       a king,

Be it not king Edward. For stature he is framde  
 Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,  
 And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.  
 The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,  
 That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,  
 George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound ; 880  
 And whoso resisteth beares away the blowes,  
 For he himselfe is good inough for three.

*Edward.* Why, this is wondrous. My L[ord]  
       of Warwicke,

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.  
 But leauing him, what shall we do, my Lord,  
 For to subdue the rebels in the North?  
 They<sup>1</sup> are now marching vp to Doncaster.—  
 Soft, who haue we there?

*Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.*<sup>2</sup>

*Cuddie.* Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal. 890

*Edward.* Aspiring traitour, how darst thou  
 Once cast thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne  
 That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?  
 But I will make thee buy<sup>3</sup> this treason deare.

*Kend.* / Good my Lord,—

*Edward.* Reply not, traitour.—  
 Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour  
 Wonne the victorie against this rebell? [field.

*Cuddy.* George a Greene, the Pinner of Wake-

*Edward.* George a Greene: now shall I heare 900  
 Certaine what this Pinner is: [newes  
 Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

*Cud.* Kendall and Bonfild, with Sir Gilbert  
 Armstrong,  
 Came to Wakefield Towne disguis'd,  
 And there spoke ill of your grace;  
 Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,

<sup>1</sup> Dyce again finically queries 'That'?

<sup>2</sup> Original places this stage-direction before 'Soft, etc.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce alters silently to 'by,' and explains "i.e. aby." But it is 'buy,' not 'by.'

And, had not rescue come into<sup>1</sup> the place,  
George had slain them<sup>3</sup> in his close of wheate.

*Edward.* But, Cuddy,  
Canst thou not tell where I might giue and grant 910  
Some thing that might please  
And highly gratifie the pinner's thoughts?

*Cuddie.* This at their parting George did say to  
If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice, [me<sup>3</sup>;  
Then, gentle Cuddie, kneele vpon thy knee,  
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.

*Edward.* Cuddie, what is it? [them,

*Cuddie.* It is his will your grace would pardon  
And let them liue, although they haue offended.

*Edward.* I thinke the man strueth to be glorious. 920  
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,  
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.—

Liue, Kendall, but as prisoner,  
So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

*Kend.* / Gracious is Edward to offending subiects.

*James.* My Lord of Kend[al], you are welcome  
to the court.

*Edward.* Nay, but ill-come as it fals out now ;  
I, . . .  
Ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene.

<sup>1</sup> = unto.

<sup>2</sup> Original 'him.'

<sup>3</sup> Dyce notes here, "Yet Cuddy a little before has told the king he never saw George-a-Greene." Such slips frequent.

But gentle king, for so you would auerre, 930  
 And Edwards betters, I salute you both,  
 And here I vowe by good Saint George,  
 You wil gaine but litle when your summes are  
 counted.

I fore doe long to see this George a Greene :  
 And for because I neuer saw the North,  
 I will forthwith goe see it :  
 And for that to none I will be knowen, we will  
 Disguise ourselues and steale downe secretly,  
 Thou and I, king Iames, Cuddie, and two or three,  
 And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.— 940  
 Away then, conduct him to the tower.—  
 Come on king Iames, my heart must needes be  
 merrie,  
 If fortune make such hauocke of our foes.

[*Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet, and  
 Much, the Millers sonne.*

*Robin.* Why is not louely Marian blithe of  
 cheere ?

What ayles my Lemman, that she gins to lowre ?  
 Say, good Marian, why art thou so sad ?

*Marian.* Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the 950  
 heart,

But whenfoeuer I doe walke abroad,

I heare no songs but all of George a Greene ;  
 Bettris, his faire Lemman, paffeeth me ;  
 And this, my Robin, gaules my very soule.

*Robin.* / Content [thee] : [foute,

What wreakes it vs, though George a Greene be  
 So long as he doth proffer vs no scath ?  
 Enue doth feldome hurt but to it selfe ;  
 And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.

*Mar.* Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin, 960  
 Nor lie with him vnder the greenwood shade,  
 Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,  
 And beate the Pinner for the loue of me.

*Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy  
 My merrie men and I will thither stray ; [griefe,  
 And heere I vow that, for the loue of thee,  
 I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.

*Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,  
 One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,  
 So will I wend with Robin all along, 970  
 And try this Pinner what he dares<sup>1</sup> do.

*Much.* As I am Much, the Millers sonne,  
 That left my Mill to goe with thee,  
 And nill repent that I haue done,  
 This pleafant life contenteth me ;  
 In ought I may, to doe thee good,  
 Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce notes, "Here 'dares' is a dissyllable : see Walker's *Shakespeare's Versification*, etc., p. 146."

*Marian.* And Robin, Marian she will goe with  
To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.<sup>1</sup> [thee,

*Robin.* Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.— 980  
Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,  
The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready,  
And / each of you a good bat on his necke,  
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

*Scarlet.* I will haue Frier Tuckes.

*Much.* I will haue little Iohns.

*Robin.* I will haue one made of an ashen plunke<sup>2</sup>  
Able to beare a bout or two.—

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe ;  
For before the Sunne doth shew the morning, day,<sup>3</sup> 990  
I will be at Wakefield to see this Pinner, George  
a Greene. [Exeunt omnes.

*Enters a Shoemaker, sitting vpon the stage at worke ;  
Ienkin to him.*

*Ienkin.* My maisters, he that hath neither meate  
nor money, and hath lost his credite with the Ale-  
wife, for anything I know, may go supperlesse to  
bed.—But, soft, who is heere? here is a Shoo-  
maker : he knowes where is the best Ale.—  
Shoomaker, I pray thee tell me, where is the best 1000  
Ale in the towne ?

<sup>1</sup> “ ‘Bright of blee’ is an expression frequent in old ballads : ‘blee’  
is colour, complexion (Sax. *bleo*). ” —Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> Dialectal spelling of ‘plank.’

<sup>3</sup> Dyce ineptly queries ‘his morning ray.’

*Shoomaker.* Afore, afore, follow thy nose ; at the signe of the Egge shell.

*Ienkin.* Come, Shoomaker, if thou wilt, and take thy part of a pot.

*Shoomaker.* [*coming forward.*] Sirra, downe with your staffe, downe with your staffe. 1010

*Ienkin.* Why, how now, is the fellow mad ? I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe ?

*Shooma[ker.]* You wil downe with him, will you not, fir ?

*Ienkin.* / Why, tell me wherefore ?

*Shoo.* My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield, and here is a custome held, that none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders, but he must haue a bout with me ; and so shall you, fir.

*Ienkin.* And so will not I, fir.<sup>1</sup>

*Shoo.* That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest. 1020

*Ienkin.* [*aside.*] I would to God I were once well rid of him.

*Shoomaker.* Now, what, will you downe with your staffe ?

*Ienkin.* Why, you are not in earnest, are you ?

*Shoomaker.* If I am not, take that. [*Strikes him.*

*Ienkin.* You whoorsen cowardly scabbe, it is but the part of a clapperdudgeon to strike a man in the

<sup>1</sup> "i.e. will not I down with my staff."—*Dyce.*



streete. But dareſt thou walke to the townes end  
with me? 1030

*Shoomaker.* I, that I dare do : but ſtay till I  
lay in my tooles, and I will goe with thee to the  
townes end preſently.

*Ienkin.* [*aſide.*] I would I knew how to be rid  
of this fellow.

*Shoom.* Come, fir, wil you go to the townes end  
now fir?

*Ienkin.* I fir, come.—Now we are at the townes  
end, what ſay you now?

*Shoomaker.* Marry, come, let vs euen haue a 1040  
bout.

*Ienkin.* Ha, ſtay a little ; hold thy hands, I pray  
thee.

*Shoomaker.* Why, whats the matter?

*Ienkin.* Faith, I am vnder-pinner of a<sup>1</sup> towne, and  
there is an order, which if I doe not keepe, I ſhall/  
be turned out of mine office.

*Shoomaker.* What is that, fir.

*Ienkin.* Whenſoeuer I goe to fight with any-  
bodie, I vſe to flouriſh my ſtaffe thrife about my 1050  
head before I ſtrike, and then ſhew no fauour.

*Shoomaker.* Well, fir, and till then I will not  
ſtrike thee.

*Ienkin.* Well, fir, here is once, twice :—here is  
my hand, I will neuer doe it the third time.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce alters to 'the,' but Ienkin disguises by 'a' who he really is.

*Shoomaker.* Why, then, I see we shall not fight.

*Ienkin.* Faith, no : come, I will giue thee two pots of the best Ale, and be friends.

*Shoomaker.* [*aside.*] Faith, I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint as to get him to haue 1060 a bout with me : therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere.—My friend, I see thou art a faint hearted fellow, thou hast no stomacke to fight, therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke.

*Ienkin.* Well, content : goe thy wayes, and say thy prayers, thou scapst my hands to-day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

*George.* Tell me sweet loue, how is thy minde 1070 content ?

What, canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene ?

*Bettris.* Oh George, how little pleasing are these words ?

Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee,  
And left my father for so sweet a friend ?  
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

*George.* Happy am I to haue so sweet a loue.—  
But / what are these come trafing here along ?

*Bettris.* Three men come striking through the corne, my loue.

*Enter Robin Hood, [Scarlet, Much,] and [Maid]  
Marian, and his traine.* 1080

*George.* Backe againe, you foolish trauellers,  
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

*Robin Hood.* That were great shame. Now by  
my foule, proud fir,

We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.—  
Come, we will forward in despite of him.

*George.* Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.  
What, cannot the hieway serue your turne  
But you must make a path ouer the corne?

*Robin.* Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou in-  
counter three?

We are no babes, man, look vpon our limmes. 1090

*Geo.* Sirra,

The biggest lims haue not the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three  
mery men,

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once;

But be ye cowards, fet vpon me all three,

And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

*Scarlet.* Were thou as high in deedes

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king: 1100

But emptie vessels haue the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

*George.* Sirra, dareſt thou trie me?

*Scarlet.* I, firra, that I dare.

[*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

*Much.* / How now? what, art thou downe?—

Come, fir, I am next.

[*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

*Robin Hood.* Come, firra, now to me; ſpare me  
not,

For Ile not ſpare thee. [thee. 1110

*George.* Make no doubt I will be as liberall to  
*They fight; Robin Hood ſtaves.*

*Robin Hood.* Stay, *George*, for here I doo proteſt.  
Thou art the ſtoutest champion that euer I  
Layd handes vpon.

*George.* Soft, you fir! by your leaue, you lye;  
You neuer yet laid hands on me.

*Robin Hood.* *George*, wilt thou<sup>1</sup> forſake Wake-  
And go with me? [field,  
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere, 1120  
And fortie crownes ſhall be thy fee.

*George.* Why, who art thou?

*Robin Hood.* Why, *Robin Hood*:  
I am come hither with my *Marian*  
And theſe my yeomen for to viſit thee.

*George.* *Robin Hood*?  
Next to King *Edward* art thou leefe to me.  
Welcome, ſweet *Robin*, welcome, mayd *Marian*;

<sup>1</sup> See the ballad at the end of this play from Dyce.

And welcome, you my friends. Will you to my  
poore house?

You shall haue wafer cakes your fill, 1130

A peece of beefe hung vp since Martlemas,

Mutton and veale : if this like you not,

Take that you finde, or that you bring, for me.<sup>1</sup>

*Robin Hood.* Godamercies, good George,  
He be thy gheft to day.

*George.* Robin, therein thou honourest me.  
He leade the way. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter King Edward and King Iames [of Scots]  
disguised, with two staues.*

*Edward.* Come on, king Iames : now wee are 1140  
thus disguised,

There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings :

I thinke we are now in Bradford,

Where all the merrie shoemakers dwell.

*Enters a Shoemaker.*

*Shoemaker.* [*coming forward.*] Downe with your  
staues, my friends,  
Downe with them.

*Edward.* Downe with our staues? I pray thee,  
why so?

*Shoemaker.* My friend, I see thou art a stranger  
heere,  
Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. ll. 618-21.



*Edward.* Call you vs, fir ?

*George.* I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare  
Your bats vpon your neckes, but you must traile  
Along the streetes ? [them

*Edward.* Yes fir, we are big inough ; 1180  
But here is a custome kept,  
That none may passe, his staffe vpon his necke,  
Vnlesse he traile it at the weapons point.  
Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe  
In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.

*George.* Base minded pefants, worthlesse to be  
men :

What, haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,  
And be your hearts so faint you cannot fight ?  
Wert not for shame, I would drub<sup>1</sup> your shoulders  
well,

And / teach you manhood against another time. 1190

*Shoom.* Well preacht fir lacke, downe with your  
staffe.

*Edward.* Do you heare my friends? and you be  
wife, keepe downe  
Your staues, for all the towne will rise vpon you.

*George.* Thou speakest like an honest quiet  
fellow ;  
But heare you me ; in spite of all the fwaines  
Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpon your  
necks,

<sup>1</sup> Original ' shrub.'

Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both fo well,  
 You were neuer better basted in your liues.

*Edward.* We will hold vp our staues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoormakers, and* 1200  
*beates them all downe.*

*George.* What, haue you any more ?  
 Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.<sup>1</sup>

*The Shoormakers spy George a Greene.*

*Shoormaker.* What, George a Greene, is it you ?  
 A plague found<sup>2</sup> you !

I thinke you long'd to fwinge me well :  
 Come George, we will crushe a pot before we part.

*George.* A pot, you flaue, we will haue an  
 hundred.—

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial Index, *s.v.*, for a full note. "This expression, it would seem, was originally applied to dogs : 'Yea, euen their verie *dogs*, Rug Rig, and Rifbie, yea, *cut and long-taile*, they shall be welcome.'—Ulpian Fulwell's 'Art of Flattery,' 1576, sig. G 3. In his note on 'call me cut,' *Twelfth Night*, Act II., sc. iii. (Shakespeare ii. 671, ed. 1858,) Mr. Collier writes : "'Cut" (as Steevens suggests) was probably abbreviated from *curtal*, a horse whose tail has been docked ; and hence the frequent opposition, in old comic writers, of *cut* and *long-tail*. The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in a note on "Wit at Several Weapons" (B. & F. iv. 39) says that *cut and longtail* means "dogs of all kinds." What marks of admiration would he not have placed after it, if any other editor had committed such a mistake !' But Mr. Collier's memory must be sadly impaired ; for his note on 'come cut and long-tail,' *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III., sc. iv. (Shakespeare i. 222, ed. 1858), runs thus : 'A phrase expressive of dogs of every kind ; which Slender applies to persons precisely in the same way as by [*sic*] Pompey in Beaumont and Fletcher "Wit at Several Weapons" (edit. Dyce, iv. p. 39), etc.'

<sup>2</sup> = confound.



Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse, fetch me  
 A stand of Ale, and set [it] in the Market place, 1210  
 That all may drinke that are athirst this day;  
 For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood  
 To Bradford towne.

*They bring out the stande of ale, and they fall a  
 drinking.*

Here, Robin, sit thou here;  
 For thou art the best man at / the boord this day.  
 You that are strangers, place yourselues where you  
 Robin, [will.  
 Heer's a carouse to good King Edwards self; 1220  
 And they that loue him not, I would we had  
 The baffing of them a litle.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noblemen,  
 bringing out the Kings garments: then George  
 a Greene and the rest kneele downe to the King.*

*Edward.* Come, masters, all fellowes.—Nay,  
 Robin,

You are the best man at the boord to-day.—  
 Rise vp, George. [were, then :

*George.* Nay, good my Liege, ill nurtur'd we  
 Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of speech, 1230  
 And litle skill'd in court, or such quaint fashions,  
 Yet nature teacheth vs duetie to our king.  
 Therefore I  
 Humbly beseech you pardon George a Green[e].

*Robin.* And, good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,

And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.

*Shoomaker.* I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.

*Edward.* I frankly grant a pardon to you all :  
[*They rise.*]

And, George a Greene,<sup>1</sup> giue me thy hand ;  
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong. 1240  
Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe ;  
And now I see that fame speakes nought but trueth.

*George.* I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.  
That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,  
Twas<sup>2</sup> but a subiects duetie to his Soueraigne,  
And / therefore little merit[s] such good words.

*Edward.* But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good  
Say what King Edward may performe, [deeds :  
And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.

*George.* I haue a louely Lemman,  
As bright of blee as is the filuer moone, 1250  
And olde Grimes her father, will not let her match

<sup>1</sup> "Mr. Collier (*Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poet.* iii. 167) cites this passage with the following regulation :—

'And George-a-Greene, give me thy hand : there is

None in England that shall do thee wrong,'—

observing that 'the word "England" is to be pronounced as a trisyllable.' But though our early poets occasionally use 'England' as a trisyllable, they certainly never intended it to be accented 'Engéland.' "  
—*Dyce.*

<sup>2</sup> Original, "It was."

With me, because I am a Pinner,  
Although I loue her, and she me, dearly.

*Edward.* Where is she?

*George.* At home at my poore house,  
And vowes neuer to marrie vnlesse her father  
Giue consent; which is my great grieve, my Lord.

*Edward.* If this be all, I will dispatch it straight;  
Ile send for Grime, and force him giue his grant: 1260  
He will not denie king Edward such a fute.

*Enter Ienkin, and speakes.*

[*Ienkin.*] Ho, who saw a master of mine? Oh  
he is gotten into company, an a bodie should rake  
hell for companie.

*George.* Peace, ye flaue: see where King Edward  
is.

*Edward.* George, what is he?

*George.* I beseech your grace pardon him, he is  
my man.

*Shoomaker.* Sirra, the king hath bene drinking 1270  
with vs, and did pledge vs too.

*Ienkin.* Hath he so? kneele; I dub you gentlemen.

*Shoomaker.* Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

*Ienkin.* I wil.—I beseech your worship grant  
me one thing.

*Edward.* / What is that?

*Ienkin.* Hearke in your eare.

*He whispers the king in the eare.*

*Edward.* Goe your wayes, and do it. 1280

*Ienkin.* Come, downe on your knees, I haue got it.

*Shoomaker.* Let vs heare what it is first.

*Ienkin.* Mary, because you haue drunke with the king, and the king hath so graciously pledgd you, you shall be no more called Shoomakers; but you and yours, to the worlds ende, shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

*Shoomaker.* I beseech your maiestie reforme this which he hath spoken. 1290

*Ienkin.* I beseech your worship consume this which he hath spoken.

*Edward.* Confirme it, you would say.—  
Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.—  
Come, George, we will goe to Grime, and haue thy loue.

*Ienkin.* I am sure your worship will abide; for yonder is comming olde Musgroue and mad Cuddie his sonne.—Master, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman, and Master Grime will marrie Wilie. Heere they come. 1300

*Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master Grime  
Wilie, Mayd Marian and Bettris.*

*Edward.* Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

*Cuddie.* / This, if it please your maieftie.

[*Mufgroue kneels.*

*Edward.* Ah old Mufgroue, stand<sup>1</sup> vp ;  
It fits not fuch gray haire to kneele.

*Mufgroue.* [*rifing.*] Long liue  
My Soueraigne, long and happie be his dayes :  
Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a fimple gift, 1310  
At Billy Mufgroues hands :  
King Iames at Meddellom caſtle<sup>2</sup> gaue me this ;  
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

[*Gives fword to K. Edward.*

*Edward.* Godamercie, Mufgroue, for this friendly  
gift,  
And for thou feldſt a king with this fame weapon,  
This blade ſhall here dub valiant Mufgroue knight.

*Mufgr.* Alas what hath your highnes done ? I  
am poore. [caſtle,

*Edw.* To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom-  
The hold of both<sup>3</sup> ; and if thou want liuing, com- 1320  
plaine,

Thou ſhalt haue more to maintaine thine eſtate.  
George, which is thy loue ?

<sup>1</sup> Original 'kneele.'

<sup>2</sup> " = Middleham-castle : Grose, in his *Antiq. of England and Wales*, vol. iv., gives two views of this castle, and is at the trouble to inquire what foundation the present play has on history : well might Ritson (*Robin Hood*, vol. i., p. xxix) sneer at 'his very gravely sitting down and debating his opinion in form.'—*Dyce*.

<sup>3</sup> " 'The hold of both,' etc.: corrupted."—*Dyce*. Query 'Take hold of both,' i.e. the sword and the castle ?

*George.* This, if please your maiestie.

*Edward.* Art thou her aged father?

*Grime.* I am, and it like your maiestie.

*Edward.* And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto  
George?

*Grime.* Yes, my lord, if he will let me marrie  
With this louely lasse.

*Edward.* What sayst thou, George? [consent.

*George.* With all my heart, my Lord, I giue 1330

*Grime.* Then do I giue my daughter vnto  
George. [end.

*Wilie.* Then shall the marriage soone be at an  
Witnesse my Lord, if that I be a woman :

[*Throws off his disguise.*

For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,  
Who for my master wrought this subtile shift.

*Edward.* What, is it a boy? what sayst thou to  
this, Grime?

*Grime.* Mary, my Lord, I thinke, this boy hath  
More knauerie than all the world besides.

Yet am I content that George shall both haue 1340  
My daughter and my lands. [worth :

*Edward.* Now George, it rests I gratifie thy  
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,  
In full possession, halfe that Kendal hath ;  
And what as Bradford holds of me in chiefe,  
I giue it frankly vnto thee for euer.  
Kneele downe George.

*George.* What will your maiestie do ?

*Edward.* Dub thee a knight, George.

*George.* I beseech your grace, grant me one 1350  
thing.

*Edward.* What is that ?

*George.* Then let me liue and die a yeoman still :  
So was my father, so must liue his sonne.  
For tis more credite to men of base degree,  
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

*Edward.* Well, be it so George.

*Iames.* I beseech your grace despatch with me,  
And set downe my ransome.

*Edward.* George a Greene, set downe the king  
of Scots

His ransome. 1360

*George.* I beseech your grace pardon me,  
It passeth my skill.

*Edward.* Do it, the honor's thine.

*George.* Then let king Iames make good,  
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the  
borders ;

Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse,  
Whose fathers he caus'd murdered in those warres ;  
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,  
And so returne.

[*Edward.*] King Iames, are you content ? 1370

*Iamie.* I am content, and like your maiestie,  
And will leaue good castles in securitie.

*Edward.* I craue no more.—Now George a  
Greene,

Ile to thy house ; and when I haue supt,  
Ile go to Aske,  
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire  
As good King Iames reports her for to be.  
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile staffe*,  
Keepe it still, clayme priuiledge from me :  
If any aske a reason why ? or how ?  
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

1380

FINIS. /



APPENDIX (*from Dyce*).

“Specimen of *The History of George-a-Greene*, on which the preceding play is founded.

“ ‘Richard having fettled his affairs, he prepar’d for a voyage to the Holy Land, in conjunction with Philip the Second, then king of France. During his absence he constituted the bishop of Ely, then chancellor of England, vicegerent of the kingdom. This bishop being on the one side covetous, and by many unjust impositions oppressing the nation, and the king’s brother ambitious on the other, as presuming much upon his royal birth and his great possessions, some persons fomented great factions and combinations against the tyrannizing prelate ; so that all things grew out of frame and order ; and great distractions ensued ; nay, a third ulcer, worse than the former, broke into open rebellion—namely, an insurrection was raised by the Earl of Kendal, with divers of his adherents, as, the Lord Bouteil, Sir Gilbert Armestrong, and others. These having gather’d an army of some twenty thousand malecontents, made publick proclamation, that they came into the field for no other cause, but to purchase their country-men’s liberty, and to free them from the great and insufferable oppression which they then liv’d under by the prince and prelate. This drew to the earl many followers for the present, so that he seem’d to have got together a very potent army. But the main reason of this rebellion was, that when the earl was but a child, a wizard had prophesy’d of him, That Richard and he should meet in London, and the king should

there vail his bonnet unto him : and this prediction of the footh-fayer prov'd afterwards to be true, but not as he vainly had expounded it. The earl having led his army into the north, struck a great terror into all those honest subiects, that tender'd their allegiance to their absent king and soveraign, and wish'd well to the good of the commonwealth and the safety of the kingdom ; yet many were forced through fear to supply his men with necessary provisions, lest otherwise they should have made spoil and havock of all they had. Now, the earl being for some time destitute of many things that are useful and commodious for an army, and encamping some five miles from the town of Wakefield, the three confederates drew a commission, and, having sign'd it with their own seals, sent it by one Mannering, a servant of the earl's, to the bailiff and towns-men of Wakefield, requiring seemingly, by way of intreaty, to send unto his host such a quantity of provision, of corn and cattle, with other necessaries (of which he was then in great want), and withal, such a sum of money as he demanded for the payment of so many soldiers ; to which this Mannering was to perswade them by all fair means possible ; but, if they should deny his request, he was to threaten them with fire and sword, with all the violence that could be suggested to them. The news of this commission coming to their knowledge, the bailiff sent abroad to the neighbouring iustices, as to Mr. Grymes and others ; so that he and his brethren appointed to give them a meeting in the town-house, where many of the commons were to be present, and, amongst others, George A Green propos'd to be there, to hear what would become of the businefs. The summons being made, the assembly met, and the messenger appear'd, show'd his warrant, and, according to his orders, told them what great conveniences would grow in supplying the

army, and withal entreated from the lords their love and favour. The bailiff and the iustices were loth, it being contrary to their allegiance to grant their request : yet they were fearful withal peremptorily to deny it, and stood wavering long and debating amongst themselves what they had best do for their own safeties ; which Mannering seeing without doing any reverence at all unto the bench, he began to alter his phrases, and changed the copy of his countenance, first taunting and deriding their faint-hearted cowardize, and afterward threatening them, that if they gave not present satisfaction to his demand, the army would instantly remove, make havock and spoil of their goods and chattels, ravish their daughters, and deflower their wives before their faces, and make a bonfire of the town, to the terrifying of others, whose insolence durst oppose the earl his master's commission. At this [these] haughty and insufferable menaces, whilst the bench sat quaking, George preffeth forward in the face of the court, and desireth, by the favour of the bench, to have the liberty, according to his plain and weak understanding, to give the messenger an answer ; which being granted him, he boldly stept up to him, and demanded his name ; who made him answer, that his name was Mannering. Mannering (saith he) ; that name was ill bestow'd on one who can so forget all manners, as to stand cover'd before a bench upon which the maiesty of his soveraign was represented : which manners (saith he) since thou wantest, I will teach thee ; and withal, first snatching his bonnet from his head, trod upon it, then spurn'd it before him. At which the other being enraged, ask'd him, How he durst to offer that violence to one who brought so strong a commission ? Your commission (saith George), I cry your [you] mercy, sir ; and withal, desired the favour of the bench, that he might have the liberty to peruse it ; which

being granted, I, marry, (faith he, having read it,) I cannot chuse but submit myself to this authority; and making an offer as if he meant to kifs it, tore it in pieces. Mannering feeling this, began to stamp, stare, and swear; but George taking him fast by the collar, so shook him as if he had purposed to have made all his bones loose in his skin, and drawing his dagger, and pointing it to his bosom, told him, He had devised physick to purge his cholerick blood; and gathering up the three seals, told him, It was these three pills, which he must instantly take and swallow, and [or] never more expect to return to his master; nor did he leave him, or take the dagger from his breast, till he had seen it down, and afterwards, when he had perceiv'd that they had almost choak'd him, he call'd for a bottle of ale, and said these words: It shall never be said, that a messenger shall be sent by such great persons to the town of Wakefield, and that none would be so kind as to make him drink; therefore here (faith he), Mannering, is a health to the confusion of the traitor thy master, and all his rebellious army; and pledge it me without evasion or delay, or I vow, by the allegiance which I owe to my prince and soveraign, that thou hast drunk thy last already. Mannering, feeling there was no remedy, and feeling the wax still sticking in his throat, drank it off supernaculum; which the other feeling, Now (faith he) commend me to thy master and the rest, and tell them, one George A Green, no better man than the Pindar of the town of Wakefield, who tho' I have torn their commission, yet I have sent them their seals safe back again by their servant. Whatsoever Mannering thought, little was he heard to speak, but went away muttering the devil's Pater Noster, and so left them. Every body commended the resolution of George, and, by his sole encouragement, purposed henceforward to oppose themselves against the

infurrection of the rebels.'—Thoms's *Early Romances*, vol. ii., p. 174, ed. 1858."

"BALLAD—' *The Iolly Pinder of Wakefield, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.*

"From an old black letter copy in A. à Wood's collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung 'To an excellent tune,' which has not been recovered.

"Several lines of this ballad are quoted in the two old plays of the *Downfall* and *Death of Robert earle of Huntington*, 1601, 4to, b. 1, but acted many years before. It is also alluded to in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I., Sc. 1, and again in his *Second Part of King Henry IV.*, Act V., Sc. 3.

'In Wakefield there lives a iolly pindèr,  
In Wakefield all on a green,  
In Wakefield all on a green :  
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,  
Nor baron that is so bold,  
Nor baron that is so bold,  
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,  
But his pledge goes to the pinfeld, etc.

All this be heard three witty young men,  
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Iohn ;  
With that they espy'd the iolly pindèr,  
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,  
For a wrong way you have gone ;  
For you have forsaken the kings highway,  
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said iolly Robin,  
We being three, and thou but one.  
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,  
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
 And his foot against a stone,  
 And there he fought a long summers day,  
 A summers day so long,  
 Till that their fwords on their broad bucklèrs  
 Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And my merry men every one ;  
 For this is one of the best pindèrs,  
 That ever I tryed with fword.

And wilt thou forfake thy pinders craft,  
 And live in the green-wood with me ?  
 At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee ;

Then I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,  
 And plod to the green-wood with thee.  
 Haft thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,  
 For my merry men and me ?

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,  
 And good ale of the best.  
 And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,  
 For such unbidden guefts.<sup>1</sup>

O wilt thou forfake the pinder his craft,  
 And go to the green-wood with me ?  
 Thou shalt have a liuery twice in the year,  
 The one green, the other brown.

If Michaelmas day was come and gone,  
 And my master had paid me my fee,  
 Then would I fet as little by him  
 As my master doth by me.'

Ritson's *Robin Hood*, vol. ii., p. 16.

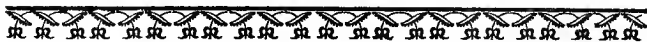
<sup>1</sup> "Qy., rather, ' gueft ' [a plural] —Dyce.



VII.

SELIMUS.

1594.



## NOTE.

For the exemplar of 'Selimus' (1594) I have once more to thank his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. Opposite is the title-page. For our reasons for including 'Selimus' among the productions of Greene, see Storojenko's annotated Biography (in Vol. I.).

G.



# THE First part of the Tra-

gicall raigne of Selimus, sometime Empe-  
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him  
that now raigneth.

Wherein is showne how hee most vnnaturally  
raised warres against his owne father *Baiazet*, and pre-  
uailing therein, in the end caused him to  
be poyoned.

Also with the murthering of his two brethren,  
*Corcut*, and *Acomat*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties  
Players.



LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames  
streete at the signe of the Kathren wheele,  
neare the olde Swanne.

1594.





## Prologue.

*No fained toy nor forged Tragedie,  
Gentles we here present vnto your view,  
But a most lamentable historie  
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.  
Here shall you see the wicked sonne pursue  
His wretched father with remorselesse spight :  
And danted once, his force againe renue,  
Poyson his father, kill his friends in fight.  
You shall behold him character in bloud,  
The image of an vnplacable King,  
And like a sea or high resurging floud,  
All obstant lets, downe with his fury fling.  
Which if with patience of you shalbe heard,  
VVe haue the greatest part of our reward.*

*Exit*

10

16

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.<sup>1</sup>

---

BAIAZET, *Emperour of Turkie.*

SELIMUS (or SELIM), *Emperour of the Turkes (youngest son of Baiazet).*

ACOMAT, }  
CORCUT, } *sons of Baiazet.*

MUSTAFFA, *high official of Baiazet.*

AGA.

CHERSEOLI.

SINAM BASSA.

CALI BASSA.

HALI BASSA.

PRINCE MAHOMET, *son of Baiazet's eldest son, deceased.*

OTTRANTE.

OCCHIALI.

REGAN.

TONOMBAY, *a great warrior.*

VISIR.

*Belierbey of Natolia.*

ALADIN, }  
AMURATH, } *sons of Acomat.*

BULLITHRUMBLE, *a shepherd.*

ABRAHAM, *the Jew.*

*Ianiffaries, Souldiers, Messengers, Page.*

ZONARA, *sister to Mahomet.*

SOLYMA, *sister to Selimus, wife to Mustaffa.*

QUEENE AMASIA, *wife of Acomat.*]

<sup>1</sup> No list of 'characters' in the original : above made out from the Play itself.



THE FIRST PART OF THE  
most tyrannicall Tragedie and raigne of  
Selimus, Emperour of the Turkes, and  
grandfather to him that now raigneth.

*Enter Baiazet Emperour of Turkie, Mustaffa,  
Cherfeoly, and the Iannifaries.*

*Baiazet.*



Eaue me my Lords vntill I call you  
foorth,

For I am heaueie and disconsolate.

*Exeunt all but Baiazet.* 10

So *Baiazet*, now thou remainst  
alone,

Vnrip the thoughts that harbour in thy brest  
And eate thee vp; for arbiter heres none,  
That may discerie the cause of thy vnrest,  
Vnlesse these walles thy secret thoughts declare :

And Princes walles they say, vnfaithful are.  
 Why, thats the profit of great regiment,  
 That all of vs are subiect vnto feares,  
 And this vaine shew and glorious intent,  
 Priuie fuspition on each scruple reares. 20  
 I, though on all the world we make extent,  
 From the South-pole vnto the Northren beares,  
 And stretch our raign from East to Western shore,  
 Yet doubt and care are with vs euermore.  
 Look how the earth clad in her sommers pride,  
 Embroyder[e]th her mantle gorgiously  
 With fragrant hearbes, and flowers gaily dide,  
 Spreading / abroad her spangled Tapistrie :  
 Yet vnder all a loathsome snake doth hide.  
 Such is our life, vnder Crownes, cares do lie, 30  
 And feare, the scepter still attends vpon.  
 Oh who can take delight in kingly throne?  
 Publike disorders ioyn'd with priuate carke,  
 Care of our friends, and of our children deare,  
 Do tosse our liues, as waues a filly barke.  
 Though we be fearelesse, 'tis not without feare,  
 For hidden mischiefe lurketh in the darke :  
 And stormes may fall, be the day nere so cleare.  
 He knowes not what it is to be a King,  
 That thinks a scepter is a pleasant thing. 40  
 Twice fifteene times hath faire *Latonaes* sonne  
 Walked about the world with his great light  
 Since I began,—would I had nere begunne—

To fway this fcepter. Many a carefull night  
 When *Cynthia* in haft to bed did runne,  
 Haue I with watching vext my aged fpright !  
 Since when, what dangers I haue ouer pafte,  
 Would make a heart of adamant agafte.  
 The Perfian *Sophi*, mightie *Ismaell*  
 Tooke the *Leuante* cleane away from mee ; 50  
 And *Caraguis Baffa*, fent his force to quell,  
 Was kild himfelfe, the while his men did flee.  
 Poore *Hali Baffa* hauing once fped well  
 And gaine of him a bloodie victorie,  
 Was at the laft flaine fighting in the field ;  
 Charactering honor in his batt' red fhield.  
*Ramirchan*<sup>1</sup> the Tartarian Emperour,  
 Gathering to him a number numberlefse,  
 Of bigbond Tartars, in a haplefse houre  
 Encountred me ; and there my chiefeft bleffe 60  
 Good *Alemshae*, (ah this remembrance foure)  
 Was flaine, the more t'augment my fad diftreffe.  
 In leefing *Alemshae*,<sup>2</sup> poore I loft more  
 Then / euer I had gained theretofore.  
 Well may thy foule reft in her lateft graue,  
 Sweete *Alemshae*, the comfort of my dayes ;  
 That thou might'ft liue, how often did I craue !  
 How often did I bootlefse praiers raife  
 To that high power that life firft to thee gaue !

<sup>1</sup> = Ramir Chan Kan. See l. 513.

<sup>2</sup> I place comma here, not after 'poore' as in original.

Trustie waſt thou to me at all affaies ; 70  
 And deereſt child, thy father oft hath cride  
 That thou hadſt liu'd, ſo he himſelfe had dide.  
 The Chriſtian Armies, oftentimes defeated  
 By my victorious fathers valiance,  
 Haue all my Captaines famously confronted,  
 And crackt in two our vncontrolled lance.  
 My ſtrongeſt garrifons they haue ſupplanted,  
 And ouerwhelmed me in ſad miſchance ;  
 And my decreaſe ſo long wrought their increaſe,  
 Till I was forc'd conclude a friendly peace. 80  
 Now all theſe are but forraine dammages  
 Taken in warre, whoſe die vncertaine is ;  
 But I ſhall haue more home-borne outrages,  
 Vnleſſe my diuination aimes amiſſe.  
 I haue three ſonnes all of vnequall ages,  
 And all in diuerſe ſtudies ſet their bliſſe.  
*Corcut* my eldeſt, a Philoſopher,  
*Acomat* pompous, *Selim*<sup>1</sup> a warriour.  
*Corcut* in faire *Magneſia* leades his life  
 In learning Arts, and *Mahounds* dreaded lawes : 90  
*Acomat* loues to court it with his wife,  
 And in a pleaſant quiet ioyes<sup>2</sup> to pauſe ;  
 But *Selim* followes warres in diſmall ſtrife,  
 And ſnatcheth at my Crowne with greedy clawes ;  
 But he ſhall miſſe of that he aimeth at,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Selmi.'<sup>2</sup> = enjoys or makes it his joy.



For I referue it for my *Acomat*.

For *Acomat*? Alasse it cannot be !

Stearne *Selimus* hath wonne my peoples hart ;

The Ianissaries loue him more then me.

And / see, here comes a luck[I]esse messenger, 100

To prooue that true, which my mind did foretell.

Does *Selim* make so small account of vs,

That he dare marry<sup>1</sup> without our consent,

And to that diuell too of *Tartaris*?

And could he then vnkind, so soone forget

The iniuries that *Ramir* did to me,

Thus to comfort himselfe with him gainst me?

*Cher[s]e[oli]*. Your maiestie misconsters *Selimus* ;

It cannot be, that he in whose high thoughts

A map of many valures is enshrin'd, 110

Should seeke his fathers ruine and decay.

*Selimus* is a Prince of forward hope,

Whose only name affrights your enemies ;

It cannot be he should prooue false to you.

*Baia*. Can it not be? Oh yes *Cherfeoli* ;

For *Selimus* hands do itch to haue the Crowne ;

And he wil haue it, or else pull me downe.

Is he a Prince? ah no he is a sea,

Into which runne nought but ambitious reaches,

Seditious complots, murther, fraud and hate. 120

Could he not let his father know his mind,

But match himselfe where<sup>2</sup> I least thought on it?

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'matry.'

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'when.'

*Must.* Perhaps my Lord *Selimus* lou'd the dame, ,  
And feard to certifie you of his loue,  
Because her father was youremie.

*Baia.* In loue *Mustaffa* ? *Selimus* in loue ?  
If he be, Lording, tis not Ladies loue  
But loue of rule, and kingly foueraigntie.  
For wherefore should he feare t'aske my consent ?  
Trustie *Mustaffa*, if he had fear'd me, 130  
He neuer would haue lou'd mineemie.  
But this his marriage with the Tartars daughter,  
Is but the prologue to his crueltie,  
And quickly shall we haue the Tragedie.  
Which though he act with meditated brauerie,  
The / world will neuer giue him plauditie.  
What, yet more newes ?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

*Mess.* Dread Emperour, *Selimus* is at hand ;  
Two hundreth thousand strong Tartarians 140  
Armed at all points dooes he lead with him,  
Besides his followers from *Trebisond*.

*Baia.* I thought so much of wicked *Selimus* :  
Oh forlorne hopes and haplesse *Baiazet*.  
Is dutie then exiled from his brest,  
Which nature hath inscrib'd with golden pen,  
Deepe in the hearts of honourable men ?  
Ah *Selim*, *Selim*, wert thou not my sonne,  
But some strange vnacquainted forreiner,  
Whom I should honour as I honour'd thee ; 150

Yet would it greeue me euen vnto the death,  
 If he should deale as thou hast dealt with me.  
 And thou my sonne to whom I freely gaue  
 The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond*,  
 Art too vnnaturall to requite me thus.  
 Good *Alemshae*, hadst thou liud till this day,  
 Thou wouldst haue blushed at thy brothers mind.  
 Come sweete *Mustaffa*, come *Cherseoli*,  
 And with some good aduice recomfort me.

*Exeunt All.* 160

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam Bassa*, *Otrante*, *Occhialie*,  
 and the fouldiers.

*Seli.* Now *Selimus*, consider who thou art ;  
 Long hast thou marched in disguis'd attire,  
 But now vnmaske thy selfe, and play thy part,  
 And manifest the heate of thy desire ;  
 Nourish the coales of thine ambitious fire.  
 And thinke that then thy Empire is most sure,  
 When men for feare thy tyrannie endure.  
 Thinke that to thee there is no vvorfe reproach, 170  
 Then / filiall dutie in so high a place.  
 Thou oughtst to set barrells of blood abroad,  
 And seeke with swoord whole kingdomes to dis-  
 place :  
 Let *Mahounds* lawes be lockt vp in their case,  
 And meaner men and of a baser spirit,  
 In vertuous actions seeke for glorious merit.

I count it sacriledge, for to be holy,  
 Or reuerence this thred-bare name of good ;  
 Leaue to old men and babes that kind of follie,  
 Count it of equall value with the mud : 180  
 Make thou a passage for thy gushing flood,  
 By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can,  
 And scorne religion ; it disgraces man.  
 My father *Baiazet* is weake and old,  
 And hath not much about two yeares to liue ;  
 The Turkish Crowne of Pearle and *Ophir* gold,  
 He meanes to his deare *Acomat* to giue.  
 But ere his ship can to her hauen driue,  
 Ile send abroad my tempests in such sort,  
 That she shall sinke before she get the port. 190  
 Alasse, alasse, his highnesse aged head  
 Is not sufficient to support a Crowne ;  
 Then *Selimus*, take thou it in his steed ;  
 And if at this thy boldnesse he dare frowne,  
 Or but resist thy will, then pull him downe :  
 For since he hath so short a time t'enioy it,  
 Ile make it shorter, or I will destroy it.<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor passe I what our holy votaries  
 Shall here object against my forward minde,  
 I wreake<sup>2</sup> not of their foolish ceremonies, 200  
 But meane to take my fortune as I finde :  
 Wisedome commands to follow tide and winde,  
 And catch the front of swift occasion

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'him.'<sup>2</sup> = reck = reckon.

Before she be too quickly ouergone :  
 Some man will say I am too impious,  
 Thus to laie siege against my fathers life,  
 And / that I ought to follow vertuous  
 And godly sonnes ; that vertue is a glasse  
 Wherein I may my errant life behold,  
 And frame my selfe by it in auncient mould. 210  
 Good sir, your wisedomes ouerflowing wit,  
 Digs deepe with learnings wonder-working spade :  
 Perhaps you thinke that now forsooth you sit  
 With some graue wifard<sup>1</sup> in a pratling shade.  
 Auant such glasses ; let them view in me,  
 The perfect picture of right tyrannie.  
 I like<sup>2</sup> a Lions looke not worth a leeke,  
 When euery dog depriues him of his pray :  
 These honest termes are farre inough to seeke.  
 When angry Fortune menaceth decay,  
 My resolution treads a nearer way. 220  
 Giue me the heart conspiring with the hand,  
 In such a cause my father to withstand.  
 Is he my father ? why, I am his sonne ;  
 I owe no more to him then he to me.  
 If he proceed as he hath now begunne,  
 And passe from me the Turkish Seignorie,  
 To *Acomat*, then *Selimus* is free :  
 And if he iniure me that am his sonne,  
 Faith all the loue twixt him and me is done. 230

<sup>1</sup> = wise man, not a witch.    <sup>2</sup> Query—take = I like . . . [to be].

But for I fee the schoolemen are prepard,  
 To plant gainst me their bookish ordinance,  
 I meane to stand on a sententious gard ;  
 And without any far fetcht circumstance,  
 Quickly vnfold mine owne opinion,  
 To arme my heart with irreligion.  
 When first this circled round, this building faire,  
 Some God tooke out of the confused masse,  
 (What God I do not know, nor greatly care)  
 Then euery man of his owne dition<sup>1</sup> was, 240  
 And euery one his life in peace did passe.  
 Warre was not then, and riches were not knowne,  
 And / no man said, this, or this, is mine owne.  
 The plough-man with a furrow did not marke  
 How farre his great possessions did reach ;  
 The earth knew not the share, nor seas the barke.  
 The souldiers entred not the battred breach,  
 Nor Trumpets the tantara loud did teach.  
 There needed them no iudge, nor yet no law,  
 Nor any King of whom to stand in awe. 250  
 But after *Ninus*, warlike *Belus* sonne,  
 The earth with vnknowne armour did array,<sup>2</sup>  
 Then first the sacred name of King begunne,  
 And things that were as common as the day,  
 Did then to set possessours first obey.  
 Then they establisht lawes and holy rites,  
 To maintaine peace, and gouerne bloodie fights.

<sup>1</sup> *Sic.*<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'warray': but qy. worrie?

Then some sage man, aboue the vulgar wife,  
 Knowing that lawes could not in quiet dwell,  
 Vnlesse they were obserued ; did first deuise 260  
 The names of Gods, religion, heauen, and hell,  
 And gan of paines, and faind rewards, to tell.  
 Paines for those men which did neglect the law,  
 Rewards, for those that liu'd in quiet awe.  
 Whereas indeed they were meere fictions,  
 And if they were not, *Selim* thinks they were ;  
 And these religious obseruations,  
 Onely bug-beares to keepe the world in feare,  
 And make men quietly a yoake to beare.  
 So that religion of it selfe a bable, 270  
 Was onely found to make vs peaceable.  
 Hence in especiall come the foolish names,  
 Of father, mother, brother, and such like :  
 For who so well his cogitation frames,  
 Shall finde they serue but onely for to strike  
 Into our minds a certaine kind of loue.  
 For these names too are but a policie,  
 To keepe the quiet of societie.  
 Indeed / I must confesse they are not bad,  
 Because they keepe the baser sort in feare ; 280  
 But we, whose minde in heauenly thoughts is clad,  
 Whose bodie doth a glorious spirit beare,  
 That hath no bounds, but flieth euery where ;  
 Why should we seeke to make that soule a slaue,  
 To which dame Nature so large freedome gaue ?

Amongst vs men, there is some difference,  
 Of actions, tearmd by vs good or ill :  
 As he that doth his father recompence,  
 Differs from him that doth his father kill.  
 And yet I thinke, thinke other what they will,      290  
 That Parricides, when death hath giuen them  
 Shall haue as good a part as [have] the best ; [rest,  
 And thats iust nothing : for as I suppose  
 In deaths voyd kingdome raignes eternall night ;  
 Secure of euill, and secure of foes,  
 Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,  
 No more then him that dies in doing right.  
 Then since in death nothing shall to vs fall,  
 Here while I liue, Ile haue a snatch at all,  
 And that can neuer, neuer be attaind,      300  
 Vnlesse old *Baiazet* do die the death.  
 For long inough the gray-beard now hath raign'd,  
 And liu'd at ease, while others liu'd vneath ;  
 And now its time he should resigne his breath.  
 T'were good for him if he were pressed out,  
 T'would bring him rest, and rid him of his gout.  
 Resolu'd to do it, cast to compasse it  
 Without delay, or long procraftination ;  
 It argueth an vnmanured wit,  
 When all is readie for so strong inuasion,      310  
 To draw out time ; an vnlookt for mutation  
 May soone preuent vs if we do delay ;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'vnmanured.'



Quick speed is good, vvhere vvifedome leades the  
*Occhiali*? [vvay.

*Occhi.* / My Lord.

*Sel.* Lo flie boy to my father *Baiazet*,  
And tell him *Selim* his obedient sonne,  
Defires to speake with him and kiffe his hands ;  
Tell him I long to see his gracious face,  
And that I come with all my chiuallrie, 320  
To chafe the Christians from his Seignorie :  
In any wise fay I must speake with him.

*Exit Occhiali.*

Now *Sinam* if I speed.

*Sinam.* What then my Lord?

*Sel.* What then? why *Sinam* thou are nothing  
woorth,

I will endeuour to perswade him, man,  
To giue the Empire ouer vnto me ;  
Perhaps I shall attaine it at his hands :  
If I can not, this right hand is resolu'd, 330  
To end the period with a fatall stabbe.

*Sin.* My gracious Lord, giue *Sinam* leaue to  
speake :

If you resolute to worke your fathers death,  
You venture life ; thinke you the Ianissaries  
Will suffer you to kill him in their fight,  
And let you passe free without punishment ?

*Sel.* If I resolute ? as sure as heauen is heauen,  
I meane to see him dead, or my selfe King ;

As for the *Bassas*, they are all my friends,  
 And I am fure would pawne their dearest blood, 340  
 That *Selim* might be Emperour of Turkes,

*Sin.* Yet *Acomat* and *Corcut* both furuiue,  
 To be reuenged for their fathers death.

*Sel.* *Sinam*, if they or twentie such as they,  
 Had twentie feuerall Armies in the field ;  
 If *Selimus* were once your Emperour  
 Ide dart abroad the thunderbolts of warre,  
 And mow their hartlesse squadrons to the ground.

*Sin.* Oh yet my Lord after your highnesse death,  
 There is a hell and a reuenging God. 350

*Sel.* / Tush *Sinam*, these are schoole conditions,  
 To feare the diuell or his curfed damme :  
 Thinkst thou I care for apparitions,  
 Of *Sisphus* and of his backward stone,  
 And poore *Ixions* lamentable mone ?  
 No<sup>1</sup> no, I thinke the caue of damned ghoasts,  
 Is but a tale to terrifie yoong babes :  
 Like diuels faces scor'd on painted poasts,  
 Or fained circles in our astrolabes.  
 Why, theirs<sup>2</sup> no difference when we are dead ; 360  
 And death once come then all alike are sped.  
 Or, if there were, as I can scarce beleue,  
 A heauen of ioy, and hell of endlesse paine ;  
 Yet by my foule it neuer should mee greeue,  
 So I might on the Turkish Empire raigne,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Now.'

<sup>2</sup> = there's.

To enter hell, and leaue<sup>1</sup> faire heauens gaine.  
 An Empire *Sinam*, is so sweete a thing,  
 As I could be a diuell to be a King.  
 But go we Lords, and solace in our campe,  
 Till the returne of yoong *Occhiali* : 370  
 And if his answer be to thy desire,  
*Selim*, thy minde in kingly thoughts attire.

*Exeunt All.*

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cherseoli*, *Occhiali*, and  
 the Ianifferies.

*Baia*. Euen as the great Ægyptian *Crocodile*  
 Wanting his praie, with artificiall teares,  
 And fained plaints, his subtile tongue doth file,  
 T'entrap the filly wandring traueller,  
 And moue him to aduance his footing neare ; 380  
 That when he is in danger of his clawes,  
 He may deuour him with his famished iawes :  
 So plaieth craftie *Selimus* with me.  
 His haughtie thoughts still wait on Diadems,  
 And not a step but treads to maiestie.  
 The / Phoenix gazeth on the Suns bright beames,  
 The Echinæis swimmes against the streames.  
 Nought but the Turkish scepter can him please,  
 And there I know lieth his chiefe diseafe.  
 He sends his messenger to craue acceffe, 390  
 And saies he longs to kisse my aged hands ;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'leane on.'

But howsoeuer he in shew professe,  
 His meaning with his words but weakly stands.  
 And sooner will the *Syrteis* boyling sands,  
 Become a quiet roade for fleeting shippes,  
 Then *Selimus* heart agree with *Selims* lippes.  
 Too well I know the Crocodiles fained teares,  
 Are but [the] nettes wherein to catch his pray ;  
 Which who so mou'd with foolish pitie heares,  
 Will be the authour of his owne decay. 400  
 Then hie thee *Baiazet* from hence away :  
 A fawning monster is false *Selimus*,  
 Whose fairest words are most pernicious.  
 Yoong man, would *Selim* come and speak with vs ?  
 What is his message to vs, canst thou tell ?

*Occhi.* He craues my Lord another feigniorie,  
 Nearer to you and to the Christians,  
 That he may make them know, that *Selimus*  
 Is borne to be a scourge vnto them all.

*Baia.* Hee's born to be a scourge to me & mine. 410  
 He neuer would haue come with such an hoast,  
 Vnlesse he meant my state to vndermine.  
 What though in word he brauely seeme to boast  
 The forraging of all the Christian coast ?  
 Yet we haue cause to feare when burning brands,  
 Are vainly giuen into a mad mans hands.  
 Well, I must seeme to winke at his desire,  
 Although I see it plainer then the light,  
 My lenitie addes fuell to his fire ;

Which now begins to breake in flashing bright. 420  
 Then *Baiazet* chaſtiſe his ſtubborne ſpright,  
 Leaſt / theſe ſmall ſparkles grow to ſuch a flame,  
 As ſhall conſume thee and thy houſes name.  
 Alaffe, I ſpare when all my ſtore is gone,  
 And thruſt my ſickle where the corne is reapt.  
 In vaine I ſend for the piſſition,  
 When on the patient is his graue duſt heapt.  
 In vaine,—now all his veines in venome ſteapt<sup>1</sup>  
 Break out in bliſters that will poyſon vs,—  
 VVe ſeeke to giue him an Antidotus. 430  
 He that will ſtop the brooke, muſt then begin  
 VVhen ſommers heate hath dried vp his ſpring,  
 And when his pittering ſtreames are low & thin;  
 For let the winter aide vnto him bring,  
 He growes to be of watry floods the King.  
 And though you dam him vp with loſtie rankes,  
 Yet will he quickly ouerflow his bankes.  
 Meſſenger, go and tell yoong *Selimus*,  
 We giue to him all great *Samandria*,  
 Bordring on *Bulgrade* of *Hungaria*, 440  
 Where he may plague thoſe Chriſtian runnag[at]es,  
 And ſalue the wounds that they haue giuen our  
 ſtates.  
*Cherſeo[li]*, go and prouide a gift,  
 A royall preſent for my *Selimus*;  
 And tell him, meſſenger, another time

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'ſleep.

He shall haue talke inough with *Baiazet*.

*Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.*

And now what counsell giues *Mustaffa* to vs?

I feare this hastie reckoning will vndo vs.

*Must.* Make haste my Lord from *Andri[a]nople* 450

And let vs flie to faire *Bizantium*; [walles,

Least if your sonne before you take the towne,

He may with little labour winne the crowne.

*Baia.* Then do so good *Mustaffa*; call our gard,

And gather all our warlike Ianissaries;

Our chiefeft aid is swift celeritie:

Then let our winged courfers tread the winde,

And / leaue rebellious *Selimus* behinde.

*Exeunt All.*

*Enter Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante* 460  
and their souldiers.

*Selim.* And is his answere so *Occhiali*?

Is *Selim* such a corfiue to his heart,

That he cannot endure the sight of him?

Forsooth he giues thee all *Samandria*,

From whence our mightie Emperour *Mahomet*,

Was driuen to his country backe with shame.

No doubt thy father loues thee *Selimus*,

To make thee Regent of so great a land;

Which is not yet his owne, or if it were,

What dangers wayt on him that should it stere! 470

Here the *Polonian* he comes hurtling in  
 Vnder the conduct of some forraine prince,  
 To fight in honour of his crucifix !  
 Here the *Hungarian* with his bloodie crosse,  
 Deales blowes about to win *Belgrade* againe.  
 And after all, forfooth *Basilus*  
 The mightie Emperour of *Russia*,  
 Sends in his troupes of slaue-borne *Muscovites* ;  
 And he will share with vs, or else take all. 480  
 In giuing such a land so full of strife,  
 His meaning is to rid me of my life.  
 Now by the dreaded name of *Termagant*,  
 And by the blackest brooke in loathsome hell,  
 Since he is so vnnatural to me,  
 I will prooue as vnnatural as he.  
 Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearle ?  
 Or rustie iades fet from *Barbaria* ?  
 No let his minion, his philosopher,  
*Corcut* and *Acomat*, be enrich'd with them. 490  
 I will not take my rest, till this right hand  
 Hath puld the Crowne from off his cowards head,  
 And / on the ground his bastards gore-blood shed ;  
 Nor shall his flight to old *Bizantium*  
 Dismay my thoughts, which neuer learnd to stoupe.  
 March *Sinam* march in order after him :  
 Were his light steeds as swift as *Pegasus*,  
 And trode the ayrie pauement with their heeles,  
 Yet *Selimus* would ouertake them soone.

And though the heauens do nere so crosly frowne, 500  
In spight of heauen, shall *Selim* weare the crowne.

*Exeunt.*

Alarum within. Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, *Cher-  
seoli* and the Ianissaries, at one doore. *Selimus*,  
*Sinam*, *Ottrante*, *Occhiali*, and their fouldiers  
at another.

*Baia.* Is this thy dutie sonne vnto thy father  
So impiously to leuell at his life?  
Can thy foule wallowing in ambitious mire,  
Seeke for to reauce that brest with bloudie knife, 510  
From whence thou hadst thy being *Selimus*?  
Was this the end for which thou ioyndest thy selfe,  
With that mischieuous traytor *Ramirchan*?<sup>1</sup>  
Was this thy drift to speake with *Baiazet*?  
Well hoped I (but hope I see is vaine)  
Thou wouldst haue bene a comfort to mine age,  
A scourge and terrour to mine enemies;  
That this thy comming with so great an hoast,  
Was for no other purpose and intent,  
Then for to chastise those base Christians 520  
Which spoile my subiects welth with fire & sword:  
Well hoped I the rule of *Trebisond*,  
Would haue increasde the valour of thy minde,  
To turne thy strength vpon the<sup>2</sup> Persians.  
But thou, like to a craftie *Polipus*,

<sup>1</sup> See l. 57.

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'thy.'



Doeſt turne thy hungry iawes vpon thy ſelfe ;  
 For what am I *Selimus* but thy ſelfe ?  
 VVhen / courage firſt crept in thy manly breſt  
 And thou beganſt to rule the martiall ſword,  
 How oft ſaid thou the ſun ſhuld change his courſe, 530  
 VVater ſhould turne to earth, & earth to heauen ;  
 Ere thou wouldſt prooue diſloyall to thy father.  
 O *Titan* turne thy breathleſſe courſers backe,  
 And enterpriſe thy iourney from the Eaſt.  
 Bluſh *Selim*, that the world ſhould ſay of thee  
 That by my death thou gaindeſt the Emperie.

*Seli.* Now let my cauſe be pleaded *Baiazet*,  
 For father I diſdaine to call thee now ;  
 I tooke not Armes to ſeaze vpon thy crowne,  
 For that if once thou hadſt bene layd in graue, 540  
 Should fit vpon the head of *Selimus*  
 In ſpight of *Corcut* and [of] *Acomat*.  
 I tooke not Armes to take away thy life ;  
 The remnant of thy dayes is but a ſpan ;  
 And fooliſh had I bene to enterprize  
 That which the gout and death would do for me.  
 I tooke not armes to ſhed my brothers blood,  
 Becauſe they ſtop my paſſage to the crowne ;  
 For whilſt thou liu'ſt *Selimus* is content  
 That they ſhould liue ; but when thou once art 550  
 dead,

VVhich of them both, dares *Selimus* withſtand ?  
 I ſoone ſhould hew their bodies in peecemeale,

As easie as a man would kill a gnat.  
 But I tooke armes, vnkind, to honour thee,  
 And win againe the fame that thou hast lost.  
 And thou thoughtst scorne *Selim* should speake  
 wit[h thee] ;

But had it bene your darling *Acomat*  
 You would haue met him half the way your selfe.  
 I am a Prince, and though your yoonger sonne,  
 Yet are my merits better then both theirs ; 560  
 But you do seeke to disinherit me,  
 And meane t'inuest *Acomat* with your crowne.  
 So he shall haue a princes due reward,  
 That / cannot shew a scarre receiu'd in field.  
 VVe that haue fought with mighty *Prester Iohn*,  
 And stript th'Ægyptian soldan of his camp,  
 Venturing life and liuing to honour thee ;  
 For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be.  
 Art thou a father? Nay false *Baiazet*  
 Disclaime the title which thou doest not merit. 570  
 A father would not thus flee from his sonne,  
 As thou doest flie from loyall *Selimus*.  
 Then *Baiazet* prepare thee to the fight ;  
*Selimus* once thy sonne, but now thy foe,  
 VVill make his fortunes by the sword [and shield] ;  
 And since thou fear'st as long as I do liue,  
 Ile also feare, as long as thou doest liue.

*Exir Selim* and his company.

*Ba.* My heart is ouerwhelm'd with fear & grief ;

VVhat difmall Comet blazed at my birth, 580  
 VVhose influence makes my ftrong vnbrideled  
 In fteed of loue to render hate to me? [fonne<sup>1</sup>  
 Ah Baffaies if that euer heretofore  
 Your Emperour ought<sup>2</sup> his fafetie vnto you,  
 Defend me now gainft my vnnaturall fonne:  
*Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.*  
 Exit *Baiazet* and his company.

*Alarum*, *Mustaffa* beates *Selimus* in, then *Ottrante*  
 and *Cherfeoli* enter at diuerfe doores.

*Cherfe*. Yield thee *Tartarian*, or thou fhalt die; 590  
 Vpon my fwords fharpe point ftandeth pale death  
 Readie to riue in two thy caitiue brest.

*Ott*. Art thou that knight that like a lion fierce,  
 Tiring his ftomacke on a flocke of lambes,  
 Haft broke our rankes & put them cleane to flight?

*Cherfe*. / I, and vnleffe thou looke vnto thy felfe,  
 This fword here,<sup>3</sup> drunke in the *Tartarian* blood,  
 Shall make thy carkaffe as the outcaft dung.

*Ottran*. Nay, I haue matcht a brauer knight  
 then you,  
 Strong *Alemshae*, thy maifters eldeft fonne; 600  
 Leauing his bodie naked on the plaines:  
 And *Turke*, the felfe fame end for thee remaines.

They fight. He killeth *Cherfeoli*, and flieth.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'fonnes.'

<sup>2</sup> = owed.

<sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'nere.'

Alarum. Enter *Selimus*.

*Selim*. Shall *Selims* hope be buried in the dust?  
 And *Baiazet* triumph ouer his fall?  
 Then oh thou blindfull mistresse of mishap,  
 Chiefe patroneffe of *Rhamus* golden gates,  
 I will aduance my strong reuenging hand,  
 And plucke thee from thy euer turning wheele. 610  
*Mars*, or *Minerua*, *Mahound*, *Termagaunt*,  
 Or who so ere you are that fight gainst me,  
 Come and but shew your selues before my face,  
 And I will rend you all like trembling reedes.  
 Well, *Baiazet*, though Fortune smile on thee,  
 And deck thy camp with glorious victorie,  
 Though *Selimus* now conquered by thee,  
 Is faine to put his safetie in swift flight;  
 Yet so he flies, that like an angry ramme,  
 Heele turne more fiercely then before he came. 620  
*Exit Selimus*.

Enter *Baiazet*, *Mustaffa*, the fouldier with the bodie  
 of *Cherfeoli*, and *Ottrante* prisoner.

*Baia*. Thus haue we gain'd a bloodie victorie,  
 And though we are the maisters of the field,  
 Yet haue we lost more then our enemies:  
 Ah lucklesse fault of my *Cherfeoli*!  
 As dear and dearer wert thou vnto me,  
 Then any of my sonnes, then mine owne selfe.

When I was glad, thy heart was full of ioy ; 630  
And / brauely hast thou died for *Baiazet*.

And though thy bloudlesse bodie here do lie,  
Yet thy sweet soule in heauen for euer blest,  
Among the starres enioyes eternall rest.

What art thou, warlike man of *Tartarie*,  
Whose hap it is to be our prisoner ?

*Ottran*. I am a Prince, *Ottrante* is my name ;  
Chiefe captaine of the *Tartars* mightie hoast.

*Ba*. *Ottrante* ? Wast not thou that slue my son ?

*Ottran*. I, and if fortune had but fauour'd me, 640  
Had sent the fire to keepe him company.

*Baia*. Off with his head and spoyle him of his  
And leaue his bodie for the ayrie birds. [*Armes* ;

*Exit one with Ottrante*.

The vnreuenged ghooft of *Alembae*,  
Shall now no more wander on *Stygian* bankes,  
But rest in quiet in th' *Elysian* fields.

*Mustaffa*, and you worthie men at *Armes*,

That left not *Baiazet* in greateft need,

When we arriue at *Constantines* great Tour,<sup>1</sup> 650

You shalbe honour'd of your Emperour.

*Exeunt All*.

Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan* and a band of  
souldiers.

*Aco*. Perhaps you wonder why prince *Acomat*,

<sup>1</sup> Qy.—towne ?

Delighting heretofore in foolish loue,  
 Hath chang'd his quiet to a souldiers state ;  
 And turnd the dulcet tunes of *Himens* song,  
 Into *Bellonas* horrible outcries ;  
 You thinke it strange, that whereas I haue liu'd, 660  
 Almost a votarie to wantonneffe ;  
 To see me now<sup>1</sup> laie off effeminate robes,  
 And arme my bodie in an iron wall.  
 I haue enioyed quiet long inough,  
 And surfeted with pleasures su[r]quidrie ;  
 A field of dainties I haue passed through,  
 And / bene a champion to faire *Cytheree*.  
 Now, since this idle peace hath weered me,  
 Ile follow *Mars*, and warre another while,  
 And die my shield in dolorous vermeil. 670  
 My brother *Selim* through his manly deeds,  
 Hath lifted vp his fame vnto the skies,  
 While we like earth wormes lurking in the weeds,  
 Do liue inglorious in all mens eyes.  
 What lets me then from this vaine slumber rise,  
 And by strong hand atchieue eternall glorie,  
 That may be talkt of in all memorie ?  
 And see how fortune fauours mine intent :  
 Heard you not Lordings, how prince *Selimus*  
 Against our royall father armed went ? 680  
 And how the Ianissaries made him flee  
 To *Ramir* Emperour of *Tartarie* ?

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'low.'

This his rebellion greatly profits me ;  
 For I shall sooner winne my fathers minde,  
 To yeeld me vp the Turkish Empir[i]e ;  
 Which if I haue, I am sure I shall finde  
 Strong enemies to pull me downe againe,  
 That faine would haue prince *Selimus* to raigne.  
 Then ciuill discord, and contentious warre,  
 Will follow *Acomats* coronation. 690  
*Selim* no doubt will broach feditious iarre,  
 And *Corcut* too will seeke for alteration.  
 Now to preuent all suddaine perturbation,  
 We thought it good to muster vp our power,  
 That danger may not take it vnprouided  
*Visir*. I like your highnesse resolution well ;  
 For these should be the chiefe arts of a king,  
 To punish those that furiously rebell,  
 And honour those that sacred counsell bring ;  
 To make good lawes, ill customes to expell, 700  
 To nourish peace, from whence your riches spring,  
 And when good quarrels call you to the field  
 T'excell / your men in handling speare & shield.  
 Thus shall the glory of your matchlesse name,  
 Be registred vp in immortall lines :  
 Whereas that prince that followes lustfull game,  
 And to fond toyes his captiue minde enclines,  
 Shall neuer passe the temple of true fame ;  
 Whose worth is greater then the *Indian* mines.  
 But is your grace assured certainly 710

That *Baiazet* doth fauour your request?  
 Perhaps you may make him your enemie ;  
 You know how much your father doth detest,  
 Stout [dis]obedience and obstinacie.  
 I speake not this as if I thought it best,  
 Your highnesse should your right in it neglect,  
 But that you might be close and circumspect.

*Aco.* We thank thee *Visir* for thy louing care ;  
 As for my father *Baiazets* affection,  
 Vnlesse his holy vowes forgotten are, 720  
 I shall be fure of it by his election.  
 But<sup>1</sup> after *Acomats* erection

We must forecast what things be necessary,  
 Least that our kingdome be too momentary.

*Reg.* First, let my Lord be seated in his throne,  
 Enthalld by great *Baiazets* consent ;  
 As yet your haruest is not fully growne,  
 But in the greene and vnripe blade is pent ;  
 But when you once haue got the regiment,  
 Then may your Lords more easily prouide 730  
 Against all accidents that may betide.

*Acomat.* Then set we forward to *Bizantium*,  
 That we may know what *Baiazet* intends.  
 Aduise thee *Acomat*, whats best to do ;  
 The Ianissaries fauour *Selimus*,  
 And they are strong vndanted enemies,  
 Which will in Armes gainst thy election rise.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted ' By.



Then will<sup>1</sup> them to thy wil with precious gifts,  
 And / store of gold ; timely largition  
 The stedfast persons from their purpose lifts : 740  
 But then beware least *Baiazets* affection  
 Change into hatred by such premunion.  
 For then he'[ll] thinke that I am factious,  
 And imitate my brother *Selimus*.  
 Besides, a prince his honour doth debase,  
 That begs the common souldiers suffrages ;  
 And if the Bassaes knew I fought their grace,  
 It would the more increase their insolentnesse.  
 To resist them were ouerhardinesse,  
 And worfe it were to leaue my enterprize. 750  
 Well how so ere, resolute to venture it,  
 Fortune doth fauour euery bold assay ;  
 And t'were a trick of an vnsetled wit  
 Because the bees haue stings with them alway,  
 To f[e]are our mouthes in honie to embay.  
 Then resolution for me leades the dance,  
 And thus resolu'd, I meane to trie my chance.

*Exeunt all.*

Enter *Baiazet, Mustaffa, Calibassa, Halibassa,*  
 and the Ianissaries. 760

*Baia.* What prince so ere, trusts to his mightie  
 Ruling the reines of many nations, [pow'r,  
 And feareth not least fickle fortune loure,

<sup>1</sup> = wile, entice.

Or<sup>1</sup> thinkes his kingdome free from alterations ;  
 If he were in the place of *Baiazet*,  
 He would but litle by his scepter set.  
 For what hath rule that makes it acceptable ?  
 Rather what hath it not worthie of hate ?  
 Firſt of all is our ſtate ſtill mutable,  
 And our continuance at the peoples rate ; 770  
 So that it is a ſlender thred, whereon  
 Depends the honour of a princes throne.  
 Then do we feare, more then the child new borne,  
 Our / friends, our Lords, our ſubiects, & our ſonne.<sup>2</sup>  
 Thus is our minde in fundry pieces torne  
 By care, by feare, ſuſpition, and diſtruſt ;  
 In wine, in meate we feare pernicious poyſon ;  
 At home, abroad, we feare ſeditious treaſon.  
 Too true that tyrant *Dionyſus*  
 Did picture out the image of a King, 780  
 When *Damocles*<sup>3</sup> was placed in his throne,  
 And ore his head a threatning ſword did hang,  
 Faſtned vp onely by a horſes haire.  
 Our chiefeſt truſt is ſecretly, diſtruſt ;  
 For whom haue we whom we may ſafely truſt,  
 If our owne ſonnes, neglecting awfull dutie,  
 Riſe vp in Armes againſt their louing father ?<sup>4</sup>  
 Their heart is all of hardeſt marble wrought,  
 That can laie wayt to take away their breath,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Ar.'<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'fonnes.'<sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'Daniocles.'<sup>4</sup> Misprinted 'fathers.'

From whom they first sucked this vitall ayre: 790  
 My heart is heauie, and I needs must sleepe.  
*Bassaes*, withdraw your selues from me awhile,  
 That I may rest my ouerburdned soule.

*They stand aside while the curtins are drawne.*  
 Eunuchs, plaie me some musicke while I sleepe.

Musicke within.

*Must.* Good *Baiazet*, who would not pitie thee,  
 Whom thine owne sonne so vildly persecutes?  
 More mildly do th'vnreasonables[t] beafts  
 Deale with their dammes, then *Selimus* with thee. 800

*Halibas.* *Mustaffa*, we are princes of the land,  
 And loue our Emperour as well as thou;  
 Yet will we not for pitying his estate,  
 Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.  
 If *Selim* haue playd false with *Baiazet*  
 And ouerslipt the dutie of a sonne,  
 Why, he was mou'd by iust occasion.  
 Did he not humbly send his messenger  
 To craue accessse vnto his maiestie?  
 And / yet he could not get permission 810  
 To kisse his hands, and speake his mind to him.  
 Perhaps he thought his aged fathers loue  
 Was cleane estrang'd from him, and *Acomat*  
 Should reape the fruite that he had laboured for.  
 Tis lawfull for the father to take Armes,  
 I and by death chaftize his rebell sonne.

Why should it be vnlawfull for the sonne,  
To leaue Armes gainst his iniurious fire ?

*Must.* You reason *Hali* like a sophister ;  
As if t'were lawfull for a subiect prince 820

To rise in Armes [a]gainst his foueraigne,  
Because he will not let him haue his will :  
Much lesse ist lawfull for a mans owne sonne.

If *Baiazet* had iniur'd *Selimus*,  
Or fought his death, or done him some abuse,  
Then *Selimus* cause had bene more tollerable.

But *Baiazet* did neuer iniure him,  
Nor fought his death, nor once abused him ;  
Vnlesse because he giues him not the crowne,  
Being the yoongest of his highnesse sonnes. 830

Gaue he not him an Empire for his part,  
The mightie Empire of great *Trebisond* ?

So that if all things rightly be obseru'd,  
*Selim* had more then euer he deseru'd :  
I speake not this because I hate the prince,  
For by the heauens I loue yoong *Selimus*,  
Better then either of his brethren.

But for I owe alleagiance to my king,  
And loue him much that fauours me so much.

*Mustaffa*, while old *Baiazet* doth liue,  
Will be as true to him as to himselfe. 840

*Cali.* Why braue *Mustaffa*, *Hali* and my selfe  
Were neuer false vnto his maiestie.  
Our father *Hali* died in the field,

Against the *Sophi*, in his highnesse warres.  
 And / we will neuer be degenerate.  
 Nor do we take part with prince *Selimus*,  
 Because we would depose old *Baiazet*,  
 But for because we would not *Acomat*  
 That leads his life still in lasciuious pompe, 850  
 Nor *Corcut*, though he be a man of woorth,  
 Should be commander of our Empir[i]e.  
 For he that neuer saw his foe mans face,  
 But alwaies slept vpon a Ladies lap,  
 Will scant endure to lead a souldiers life.  
 And he that neuer handled but his penne,  
 Will be vnskilfull at the warlike lance.  
 Indeed his wisedome well may guide the crowne,  
 And keepe that safe his predeceffors got :  
 But being giuen to peace as *Corcut* is, 860  
 He neuer will enlarge the Empir[i]e :  
 So that the rule and power ouer vs,  
 Is onely fit for valiant *Selimus*.

*Must.* Princes, you know how mightie *Baiazet*  
 Hath honoured *Mustaffa* with his loue.  
 He gaue his daughter beautilous *Solima*,  
 To be the soueraigne mistresse of my thoughts.  
 He made me captaine of the Ianissaries,  
 And too vnnaturall should *Mustaffa* be,  
 To rise against him in his dying age.  
 Yet know, you warlike peere[s], *Mustaffa* is 870  
 A loyall friend vnto prince *Selimus* ;

And ere his other brethren get the crowne,  
 For his sake, I my selfe will pull them downe.  
 I loue, I loue them dearly, but the loue  
 Which I do beare vnto my countries good,  
 Makes me a friend to noble *Selimus* ;  
 Onely let *Baiazet* while he doth liue  
 Enioy in peace the Turkish Diademe.  
 When he is dead, and layd in quiet graue, 880  
 Then none but *Selimus* our helpe shall haue.

Sound / within. A Messenger enters, *Baiazet*  
 awaketh.

*Baia.* How now, *Mustaffa*, what newes haue we  
 there ?

Is *Selim* vp in Armes gainst me againe ?  
 Or is the *Sophi* entred our confines ?  
 Hath the Ægyptian snatch'd his crowne againe ?  
 Or haue the vncontrolled Christians  
 Vnsheath'd their swords to make more war on vs ?  
 Such newes, or none will come to *Baiazet*. 890

*Must.* My gracious Lord, heres an Embassador  
 Come from your sonne the Soldan *Acomat*.

*Baia.* From *Acomat* ? oh let him enter in.

*Enter Regan.*

Embassadour, how fares our louing sonne ?

*Reg.* Mightie commander of the warlike Turks,  
*Acomat* Souldane of *Amasia*,

Greeteth your grace by me his messenger.

*He giues him a Letter.*

And gratulates your highnesse good successe, 900  
Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

*Baia. Mustaffa read.*

He giues the letter to *Mustaffa*, and speakes  
the rest to himselfe.

*Acomat* craues thy promise *Baiazet*,  
To giue the Empire vp into his hands,  
And make it sure to him in thy life time.  
And thou shalt haue it louely *Acomat*,  
For I haue bene encombred long inough,  
And vexed with the cares of kingly rule ; 910  
Now let the trouble of the Empirie  
Be buried in the bosome of thy sonne.  
Ah *Acomat*, if thou haue such a raigne  
So full of sorrow as thy fathers was,  
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and houre,  
In which thou was establisth'd Emperour.

Sound. A Messenger from *Corcut*.

Yet / more newes ?

*Mess.* Long liue the mightie Emperor *Baiazet* ;  
*Corcut* the Soldan of *Magnesia*, 920  
Hearing of *Selims* worthie ouerthrow,  
And of the comming of yoong *Acomat* ;  
Doth certifie your maiestie by me,  
How ioyfull he is of your victorie.

And therewithall he humbly doth require  
 Your grace would do him iustice in his cause.  
 His brethren both, vnworthie such a father,  
 Do seeke the Empire while your grace doth liue,  
 And that by vndirect finifter meanes.  
 But *Corcuts* mind free from ambitious thoughts, 930  
 And trusting to the goodnesse of his cause,  
 Ioyned vnto your highnesse tender loue,  
 Onely desires your grace should not inuest  
*Selim* nor *Acomat*, in the Diademe,  
 Which appertaineth vnto him by right ;  
 But keepe it to your selfe the while you liue :  
 And when it shall the great creator please,  
 Who hath the spirits of all men in his hands,  
 Shall call your highnesse to your latest home,  
 Then will he also sue to haue his right. 940

*Baia.* Like to a ship sayling without starres  
 [fight]

Whom waues do tosse one way and winds another,  
 Both without ceasing ; euen<sup>1</sup> so my poore heart  
 Endures a combat between loue and right.  
 The loue I beare to my deare *Acomat*,  
 Commands me giue my suffrage vnto him,  
 But *Corcuts* title, being my eldest sonne,  
 Bids me recall my hand, and giue it him.  
*Acomat*, he would haue it in my life,  
 But gentle *Corcut* like a louing sonne, 950

<sup>1</sup> = e'en.



Desires me liue and die an Emperour,  
 And at my death bequeath my crowne to him.  
 Ah *Corcut* thou I see lou'lt me indeed :  
*Selimus* / fought to thrust me downe by force,  
 And *Acomat* seekes the kingdome in my life ;  
 And both of them are grieu'd thou liu'lt so long.  
 But *Corcut* numb'reth not my dayes as they ;  
 O how much dearer loues he me then they !  
*Bassaes*, how counsell you your Emperour ?

*Must.* My gracious Lord, my self wil speak 960  
 for al ;

For all I know are minded as I am.  
 Your highnesse knowes the Ianissaries loue,  
 How firme they meane to cleaue to your behest,  
 As well you might perceiue in that sad fight,  
 When *Selim* set vpon you in your flight.  
 Then we do all desire you on our knees,  
 To keepe the crowne and scepter to your selfe.  
 How grievous will it be vnto your thoughts  
 If you should giue the crowne to *Acomat*,  
 To see the brethren disinherited, 970  
 To flesh their anger one vpon another,  
 And rend the bowels of this mightie realme.<sup>1</sup>  
 Suppose that *Corcut* would be well content,  
 Yet thinkes your grace if *Acomat* were king  
 That *Selim* ere long would ioine league with him ?  
 Nay he would breake from forth his *Trebisond*,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'raigne.'

And wafte the Empire all with fire and fword.  
 Ah then too weake would be poore *Acomat*,  
 To ftand againft his brothers puiffance,  
 Or faue himfelfe from his enhanced hand. 980  
 While Ifmael and the cruell Perfians,  
 And the great Soldane of th'Egyptians,  
 Would fmile to fee our force difmembred fo ;  
 I, and perchance the neighbour Chriftians  
 Would take occafion to thruft out their heads.  
 All this may be preuented by your grace,  
 If you will yeeld to *Corcuts* iuft request,  
 And keepe the kingdome to you while you liue ;  
 Meanetime we that your graces fubiefts are,  
 May / make vs ftrong, to fortifie the man, 990  
 Whō at your death your grace fhall chufe as  
 king.

*Baia.* O how thou fpeakeft euer like thy felfe,  
 Loyall *Mustaffa* ; well were *Baiazet*  
 If all his fonnes, did beare fuch loue to him.  
 Though loth I am longer to weare the crowne,  
 Yet for I fee it is my fubiefts will,  
 Once more will *Baiazet* be Emperour.  
 But we muft fend to pacifie our fonne,  
 Or he will ftorme, as earft did *Selimus*.  
 Come let vs go vnto our counsell Lords,<sup>1</sup> 1000  
 And there confider what is to be done.

*Exeunt All.*

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Lord.

Enter *Acomat*, *Regan*, *Visir*, and his souldiers.

*Acomat* must read a letter, and then renting it say :

*Aco.* Thus will I rend the crowne from off thy  
Falsè-hearted and iniurious<sup>1</sup> *Baiazet*, [head,  
To mocke thy sonne that loued thee so deare.

What ? for because the head-strong Ianissaries  
Would not consent to honour *Acomat*,

And their base Bassaes vow'd to *Selimus*, 1010

Thought me vnworthie of the Turkish crowne ;  
Should he be rul'd and ouerrul'd by them.

Vnder pretence of keeping it himselfe,  
To wipe me cleane for euer being king ?

Doth he esteeme so much the Bassaes words,  
And prize their fauour at so high a rate,

That for to gratifie their stubborne mindes,  
He casts away all care, and all respects

Of dutie, promise, and religious oathes ?

Now by the holy Prophet *Mahomet* 1020

Chiefe president and patron of the Turkes,

I meane to chalenge now my right by Armes,

And winne by sword that glorious dignitie

Which he iniuriously<sup>2</sup> detaines from me.

Haply / he thinkes because that *Selimus*

Rebutted by his warlike Ianissaries,

Was faine to flie in hast from whence he came ;

<sup>1</sup> Query—vniust ? <sup>2</sup> Query—vniustly ? See context in both cases.  
Cf. l. 1291, where 'iniuriously' occurs.

That *Acomat* by his example mou'd,  
 Will feare to manage Armes againſt his fire.  
 Or that my life forepaſſed in pleaſures court, 1030  
 Promiſes weake reſiſtance in the fight ;  
 But he ſhall know that I can uſe my ſwoord,  
 And like a lyon ſeaze vpon my praie.  
 If euer *Selim* mou'd him heretofore,  
*Acomat* meanes to mooue him ten times more.

*Viſir*. T'were good your grace would to *Amafia*,  
 And there increaſe your camp with freſh ſupply.

*Aco*. *Viſir* I am impatient of delaie ;  
 And ſince my father hath incenſt me thus,  
 Ile quēch thoſe kindled flames with his hart blood. 1040  
 Not like a ſonne, but a moſt cruell foe,  
 Will *Acomat* be henceforth vnto him.  
 March to *Natolia*, there we will begin  
 And make a preface to our maſſacres.  
 My nephew *Mahomet*, ſonne to *Alemſhae*,  
 Departed lately from *Iconium*,  
 Is lodged there ; and he ſhall be the firſt  
 Whom I will ſacrifice vnto my wrath.

*Exeunt All.*

Enter the yoong Prince *Mahomet*, the *Belierbey* of 1050  
*Natolia*, and one or two ſouldiers.

*Naho*. Lord Gouvernour, what thinke you beſt  
 If we receiue the Souldaine *Acomat*, [to doo ?  
 Who knoweth not but his blood-thirſtie ſwoord

Shall be embowell'd in our country-men.  
 You know he is displeasde with *Baiazet*,  
 And will rebell,—as *Selim* did to fore,—  
 And would to God, with *Selims* ouerthrow.  
 You know his angrie heart hath vow'd reuenge  
 On all the subiects of his fathers land. 1060

*Bel.* / Yoong prince, thy vnclē seekes to haue  
                   thy life,  
 Because by right the Turkish crowne is thine ;  
 Saue thou thy selfe by flight or otherwise,  
 And we will make resistance as we can.  
 Like an Armenian tygre, that hath lost  
 Her loued whelpes, so raueth *Acomat* :  
 And we must be subiect [vn]to his rage,  
 But you may liue to venge your citizens :  
 Then flie good prince before your vnclē come.

*Maho.* Nay good my Lord, neuer shall it be said 1070  
 That *Mahomet* the sonne of *Alemshae*,  
 Fled from his citizens for feare of death ;  
 But I will staie, and helpe to fight for you,  
 And if you needs must die, ile die with you.  
 And I among the rest with forward hand,  
 Will helpe to kill a common enemy.

*Exeunt All.*

Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and the souldiers.

*Aco.* Now faire *Natolia*, shall thy statly walles  
 Be ouerthrowne and beaten to the ground ; 1080

My heart within me for reuenge still calles.  
 Why *Baiazet*, thought'st thou that *Acomat*  
 Would put vp such a monstrous iniurie ?  
 Then had I brought my chiuallrie in vaine,  
 And to no purpose drawne my conquering blade ;  
 VVhich now vnſheath'd, ſhall not be ſheath'd againe,  
 Till it a world of bleeding ſoules hath made.  
 Poore *Mahomet*, thou thoughtſt thy ſelfe too ſure,  
 In thy ſtrong citie of *Iconium*,  
 To plant thy Forces in *Natolia*, 1090  
 VVeakned ſo much before by *Selims* ſwoord.  
 Summon a parley to the citizens,  
 That they may heare the dreadfull words I ſpeak,  
 And die in thought before they come to blowes.

All. A parley. *Mahomet*, *Belierbey*, and ſouldiers  
 on the walles.

*Maho.* / What craues our vncle *Acomat* with vs ?

*Aco.* That thou & all the citie yeeld themſelues ;  
 Or by the holie rites of *Mahomet*  
 His wondrous tomb, and ſacred *Alcoran*  
 You all ſhall die ; and not a common death, 1100  
 But euen as monstrous as I can deuife.

*Maho.* Vncle, if I may call you by that name,  
 Which cruelly hunt for your nephewes blood ;  
 You do vs wrong thus to beſiege our towne,  
 That nere deſeru'd ſuch hatred at your hands,  
 Being your friends and kinſmen as we are.

*Aco.* In that thou wrongst me that thou art my  
kinsman.

*Maho.* Why, for I am thy nephew dost thou  
frowne?

*Aco.* I, that thou art so neare vnto the crowne.

*Maho.* Why vncke I resigne my right to thee, 1110  
And all my title were it nere so good.

*Aco.* Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me,  
Ile seale the resignation with thy blood;  
Though *Alemshae* thy father lou'd me well.  
Yet *Mahomet*, his<sup>1</sup> sonne shall downe to hell.

*Mah.* Why vncke doth my life put you in feare?

*Aco.* It shall not nephew, since I haue you here.

*Maho.* VVhen I am dead, more<sup>2</sup> hindrers shalt  
thou finde.

*Acon.* VVhen ones cut off, the fewer are behinde.

*Maho.* Yet thinke the gods do beare an equall 1120  
eye.

*Aco.* Faith if they all were squint-ey'd, what  
care I?

*Maho.* Then *Acomat*<sup>3</sup> know we will rather die,  
Then yeeld vs vp into a tyrants hand.

*Aco.* Beshrew me but you be the wiser *Mahomet*;  
For if I do but catch you boy aliue,  
Twere better for you runne through Phlegiton.  
Sirs scale the walles, and pull the caitiues downe,  
I giue to you the spoyle of all the towne.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'thy.' <sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'mote.' <sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'Mahomet.'

Alarum. Scale the walles. Enter *Acomat*, *Visir*,  
and *Regan*, with *Mahomet*. 1130

*Acom*. Now yoongfter, you that brau'dst vs on  
the walles,  
And / shook your plumed creft against our shield,  
VVhat wouldst thou giue, or what wouldst thou  
not giue,

That thou wert far inough from *Acomat* ?  
How like the villaine is to *Baiazet* ! [Aside.  
VVel nephew, for thy father lou'd me well,  
I will not deale extreemly with his sonne :  
Then heare a brieft compendium of thy death.

*Regan* go cause a groue of steelehead speares,  
Be pitched thicke vnder the castle wall, 1140  
And on them let this youthful captiue fall.

*Ma*. Thou shalt not fear me *Acomat* with death,  
Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.  
But as thou giu'st me such a monstrous death,  
So do I freely leaue to thee my curse :

*Exit Regan with Mahomet.*

*Aco*. O, that wil serue to fil my fathers purse !

Alarum. Enter a fouldier with *Zonara*, sister to  
*Mahomet*.

*Zon*. Ah pardon me deare vnkle, pardon me. 1150

*Aco*. No minion, you are too neare a kin to me.

*Zon*. If euer pitie entered thy brest,



Or euer thou wast touch'd with womans loue,  
 Sweete vncke spare wretched *Zonaras* life.  
 Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,  
 Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lambe ;  
 Ah do not proue a lyon vnto me !

*Aco.* VVhy would'st thou liue, when *Mahomet*  
 is dead ?

*Zon.* Ah who flew *Mahomet* ? Vncke did you ?

*Aco.* He thats prepar'd to do as much for you. 1160

*Zon.* Doeſt thou not pitie *Alemſhae* in me ?

*Aco.* Yes that he wants ſo long thy companie.

*Zon.* Thou art not, falſe groome, ſon to *Baiazet* ;  
 He would relent to heare a woman weepe,  
 But thou waſt borne in defart *Caucaſus*,  
 And the *Hircanian* tygres gaue thee ſucke ;  
 Knowing thou wert a monſter like themſelues.

*Aco.* / Let you her thus to rate vs ? Strangle her.

*They ſtrangle her.*

Now ſcoure the ſtreets, and leaue not one aliue 1170  
 To carry theſe ſad newes to *Baiazet*.  
 That all the citizens may dearly ſay,  
 This day was fatall to *Natolia*.

*Exeunt All.*

*Enter Baiazet, Muſtaffa, and the Ianiffaries.*

*Ba.* *Muſtaffa* if my minde deceiue me not,  
 Some ſtrange miſfortune is not farre from me.

I was not wont to tremble in this fort ;  
 Me thinkes I feele a cold run through my bones,  
 As if it haftned to surprize my heart ; 1180  
 Me thinkes some voice still whispereth in my eares  
 And bids me to take heed of *Acomat*.

*Must.* Tis but your highnesse ouercharged mind  
 VVhich feareth most the things it least desires.

*Enter two souldiers with the Belierbey of Natolia  
 in a chaire, and the bodie[s] of Mahomet and  
 Zonara in two coffins.*

*Ba.* Ah sweet *Mustaffa*, thou art much deceiu'd ;  
 My minde prefages me some future harme ;  
 And loe, what dolefull exequie is here. 1190  
 Our chiefe commander of *Natolia* ?  
 VVhat caitiue hand is it hath wounded thee ?  
 And who are these couered in tomb-[b]lack hearfe ?

*Bel.* These are thy nephewes mightie *Baiazet*,  
 The sonne and daughter of good *Alemshae* ;  
 VVhom cruell *Acomat* hath murdred thus.  
 These eyes beheld, when from an ayrie toure,  
 They hurld the bodie of yong *Mahomet*,  
 VVhereas a band of armed souldiers,  
 Receiued him falling on their speares sharp points. 1200  
 His sifter, poore *Zonara*, [lucklesse maid]  
 Entreating life and not obtaining it,  
 VVas strangled by his barbarous souldiers.

*Baiazet falls in a swoond and being recovered say.*<sup>1</sup>

*Baia.* / Oh you dispencers of our haplesse breath,  
 Why do ye glut your eyes, and take delight  
 To see sad pageants of mens miseries ?  
 Wherefore haue you prolong'd my wretched life,  
 To see my sonne my dearest *Acomat*,  
 To lift his hands against his fathers life ? 1210  
 Ah, *Selimus*, now do I pardon thee,  
 For thou didst set upon me manfully,  
 And mou'd by an occasion, though vniust.  
 But *Acomat*, iniurious *Acomat*,  
 Is ten times more vnnaturall to me.  
 Haplesse *Zonara*, haplesse *Mahomet*,  
 The poore remainder of my *Alemshae* ;  
 Which of you both shall *Baiazet* most waile ?  
 Ah both of you are worthie to be wailde.  
 Happily dealt the froward fates with thee 1220  
 Good *Alemshae*, for thou didst die in field  
 And so preuentedst this sad spectacle ;  
 Pitifull spectacle of sad dreeriment,  
 Pitifull spectacle of dismall death.  
 But I haue liu'd to see thee *Alemshae*,  
 By *Tartar* Pirates all in peeces torne.  
 To see yoong *Selims* disobedience,  
 To see the death of *Alemshaes* poore feed.

<sup>1</sup> At first I was disposed to read 'says'; but in his other Plays, *e.g.*,  
 'James IV.' Greene gives thus the stage directions.

And laft of all to fee my *Acomat*

Prooue a rebellious enimie to me. 1230

*Beli.* Ah ceafe your teares, vnhappy Emperour,  
And fhead not all for your poore nephews death.

Six thoufand of true hearted citizens

In faire *Natolia*, *Acomat* hath flaine :

The channels run like riuerets of blood,

And I efcap'd with this poore companie,

Bemangled and difmembred as you fee ;

To be the meffenger of thefe sad newes.

And now mine eyes faft fwimming in pale death,

Bids me refigne my breath vnto the heauens ; 1240

Death / ftands before readie for to ftrike.

Farewell deare Emperour and reuenge our loffe,

As euer thou doeft hope for happineffe. *He dies.*

*Baia.* *Auernus* iawes and loathfome *Tænarus*,  
From whence the damned ghofts do often creep  
Back to the world, to punifh wicked men.

Black *Demogorgon*, grandfather of night,

Send out thy furies from thy fire hall ;

The pitileffe *Erynns*<sup>1</sup> arm'd with whippes

And all the damned monfters of black hell ; 1250

To powre their plagues on curfed *Acomat*.

How fhall I mourne, or which way fhall I turne

To powre my teares vpon my deareft friends ?

Couldft thou endu[r]e false-hearted *Acomat*

To kill thy nephew and his<sup>2</sup> fifters thus,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Erymnies.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'thy.'

And wound to death so valiant a Lord ?  
And will you not you all beholding heauens,  
Dart down on him your piercing lightning  
brand,

Enrold in sulphur, and consuming flames ?  
Ah do not *Ioue*, *Acomat* is my sonne, 1260  
And may perhaps by counsell be reclaim'd,  
And brought to filiall obedience.  
*Aga* thou art a man of peirfant wit ;  
Go thou and talke with my sonne *Acomat*,  
And see if he will any way relent ;  
Speake him faire *Aga*, leaft he kill thee too.  
And we my Lords will in, and mourne a while,  
Ouer these princes lamentable tombs.

*Exeunt* all.

*Enter Acomat, Vifir, Regan, and their souldiers.* 1270

*Aco.* As *Tityus* in the countrie of the dead,  
With restlessse cries doth call vpon high *Ioue*,  
The while the vulture tireth on his heart ;  
So *Acomat*, reuenge still gnawes thy soule.  
I thinke my souldiers hands haue bene too slow,  
In / sheading blood, and murthring innocents.  
I thinke my wrath hath bene too patient,  
Since ciuill blood quencheth not out the flames  
Which *Baiazet* hath kindled in my heart.

*Vifir.* My gracious Lord, here is a messenger 1280  
Sent from your father the Emperour.

*Enter Aga and one with him.*

*Aco.* Let him come in : *Aga* what newes with you ?

*Aga.* Great Prince, thy father mightie *Baiazet*,  
Wonders your grace whom he did loue so much,  
And thought to leaue possessor of the crowne,  
Would thus requite his loue with mortall hate,  
To kill thy nephewes with reuenging sword,  
And massacre his subiects in such sort.

*Aco.* *Aga*, my father traitrous *Baiazet*, 129c  
Detaines the crowne iniuriously from me ;  
Which I will haue if all the world say nay.  
I am not like the vnmanured land,  
Which answeres not his earers<sup>1</sup> greedie mind ;  
I sow not seeds vpon the barren sand ;  
A thousand wayes can *Acomat* soon finde,  
To gaine my will ; which if I cannot gaine,  
Then purple blood my angry hands shall staine.

*Aga.* [Ah] *Acomat*, yet learne by *Selimus* 130c  
That hastie purposes haue hated endes.

*Aco.* Tush *Aga*, *Selim* was not wise inough,  
To set vpon the head at the first brunt ;  
He should haue done as I do meane to do ;  
Fill all the confines, with fire, sword, and blood,  
Burne vp the fields, and ouerthrow whole townes ;  
And when he had endammaged that way,

<sup>1</sup> = tillers—misprinted 'honours.'

Thē teare the old man peecemeal with my teeth,  
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.<sup>1</sup>

*Aga.* O see my Lord, how fell ambition  
Deceiues your fences and bewitcyes you ; 1310  
Could you vnkind performe so foule a deed,  
As / kill the man, that first gaue life to you ?  
Do you not feare the peoples aduerse fame ?

*Acco.* It is the greatest glorie of a king  
When, though his subiects hate his wicked deeds,  
Yet are they forst to beare them all with praise.

*Aga.* Whom feare constraines to praise their  
princes deeds,

That feare, eternall hatred in them feeds. [mace,

*Acco.* He knowes not how to sway the kingly  
That loues to be great in his peoples grace : 1320  
The surest ground for kings to build vpon,  
Is to be fear'd and curst of euery one.

What, though the world of nations me hate ?  
Hate is peculiar to a princes state.

*Aga.* Where ther's no shame, no care of holy  
No faith, no iustice, no integritie, [law,  
That state is full of mutabilitie.

*Acco.* Bare faith, pure vertue, poore integritie,  
Are ornaments fit for a priuate man ;  
Beseemes a prince for to do all he can. 1330

*Aga.* Yet know it is a sacrilegious will,  
To slaie thy father, were he nere so ill.

<sup>1</sup> As usual with Greene, the grammar somewhat mixed here.

*Aco.* Tis lawfull gray-beard for to do to him,  
 What ought not to be done vnto a father.  
 Hath he not wip't me from the Turkish crowne?  
 Preferr'd he not the stubborne Ianizaries,  
 And heard the Bassaes stout petitions,  
 Before he would giue eare to my request?  
 As sure as day, mine eyes shall nere tast sleepe,  
 Before my sword haue riuen his periur'd brest. 1340

*Aga.* Ah let me neuer liue to see that day.

*Aco.* Yes thou shalt liue, but neuer see that  
 day;

Wanting the tapers that should giue thee light:

*Puls out his eyes.*

Thou shalt not see so great felicitie,  
 When I shall rend out *Baiazets* dimme eyes,  
 And by his death install my selfe a king.

*Aga.* / Ah cruell tyrant and vnmercifull,  
 More bloodie then the *Anthropophagi*,  
 That fill their hungry stomachs with mans flesh. 1350  
 Thou shouldst haue slaine me barbarous *Acomat*,  
 Not leaue me in so comfortlesse a life;  
 To liue on earth, and neuer see the funne.

*Aco.* Nay let him die that liueth at his ease,  
 Death would a wretched caitiue greatly please.

*Aga.* And thinkst thou then to scape vn-  
 pu[n]ished?

No *Acomat*, though both mine eyes be gone,  
 Yet are my hands left on to murder thee.



*Aco.* T'was wel remembred: *Regan* cut them off.

*They cut off his hands and giue them Acomat.* 1360  
Now in that sort go tell thy Emperour  
That if himselfe had but bene in thy place,  
I would haue vs'd him crueller then thee :  
Here take thy hands, I know thou lou'ft them wel.

*Opens his bosome, and puts them in.*

Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?

*Aga.* I know not which it is, but tis my hand.  
But oh thou supreme architect of all,  
First mouer of those tenfold christall orbes,  
Where all those mouing and vnmouing eyes 1370  
Behold thy goodnesse euerlastingly ;  
See, vnto thee I lift these bloudie armes :  
For hands I haue not for to lift to thee ;  
And in thy iustice, dart thy smouldring flame  
Vpon the head of curfed *Acomat*.  
Oh cruell heauens and iniurious fates !  
Euen the last refuge of a wretched man,  
Is tooke from me : for how can *Aga* weepe?  
Or runne<sup>1</sup> a brinish show'r<sup>2</sup> of pearled teares,  
Wanting the watry cesterne of his eyes ? 1380  
Come lead me backe againe to *Baiazet*,  
The wofullest, and sadd'ft Embassadour  
That euer was dispatch'd to any King.

*Aco.* / Why so, this musicke pleases *Acomat*.  
And would I had my doating father here,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'ruine.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'shewes.'

I would rip vp his breast and rend his heart ;  
 Into his bowels thrust my angry hands,  
 As willingly, and with as good a mind,  
 As I could be the Turkish Emperour.  
 And by the cleare declining vault of heauen, 1390  
 Whither the soules of dying men do flee,  
 Either I meane to dye the death my selfe,  
 Or make that old false faitour bleed his last.  
 For death, no sorrow could vnto me bring,  
 So *Acomat* might die the Turkish king.

*Exeunt All.*

*Enter Baiazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Hali, and Aga led  
 by a souldier : who [hewn] k[n]eeling before  
 Baiazet, and holding his legs, shall say :*

*Aga.* Is this the bodie of my soueraigne ? 1400  
 Are these the sacred pillars that support  
 The image of true magnanimitie ?  
 Ah *Baiazet*, thy sonne false *Acomat*  
 Is full resolued to take thy life from thee ;  
 Tis true, tis true, witnesse these handlelesse armes,  
 VVitnesse these emptie lodges of mine eyes,  
 VVitnesse the gods that from the highest heauen  
 Beheld the tyrant with remorselesse heart,  
 Pull<sup>1</sup> out mine eyes, and cut off my weake hands. 1410  
 VVitnesse that sun whose golden coloured beames

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Puld.'

Your eyes do see, but mine can nere behold ;  
 VVitnesse the earth, that sucked vp my blood,  
 Streaming in riuers from my tronked armes.  
 VVitnesse the present that he sends to thee,  
 Open my bosome, there you shall it see.

*Mustaffa opens his bosome and takes out his hands.*

Those are the hands, which *Aga* once did vse,  
 To tosse the speare, and in a warlike gyre  
 To / hurtle my sharpe sword about my head ;  
 These sends he to the wofull Emperour, 1420  
 With purpose so [to] cut thy hands from thee.  
 Why is my foueraigne silent all this while ?

*Ba.* Ah *Aga*, *Baiazet* faine would speake to thee,  
 But sodaine sorrow eateth vp my words.  
*Baiazet Aga*, faine would weepe for thee,  
 But cruell sorrow drieth vp my teares.  
*Baiazet Aga*, faine would die for thee,  
 But grieffe hath weakned my poore aged hands.  
 How can he speak, whose tongue sorrow hath tide ?  
 How can he mourne, that cannot shead a teare ? 1430  
 How shall he liue, that full of miserie  
 Calleth for death, which will not let him die ?

*Must.* Let women weep, let children powre  
 foorth teares,  
 And cowards spend the time in bootlesse mone.  
 Wee'l load the earth with such a mightie hoast  
 Of Ianizaries, sterne-borne sonnes of *Mars*,

That *Phæb* shall flie and hide him in the cloudes  
 For feare our iauelins thrust him from his waine.  
 Old *Aga* was a Prince among your Lords,  
 His Councels alwaies were true oracles ; 1440  
 And shall he thus vnmanly be misus'd,  
 And he vnpunished that did the deed ?  
 Shall *Mahomet* and poore *Zonaras* ghoasts  
 And the good gouernour of *Natolia*  
 Wander in *Stygian* meadowes vnreueng'd ?  
 Good Emperour stir vp thy manly heart,  
 And send forth all thy warlike Ianizaries  
 To chastise that rebellious *Acomat*.  
 Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,  
 And he must be one of the royall blood, 1450  
 Sprung from the loines of mightie *Ottoman* ;  
 And who remaines now, but yoong *Selimus* ?  
 So please your grace to pardon his offence,  
 And make him captaine of th'imperiall hoast.  
*Baia.* / I, good *Mustaffa*, send for *Selimus*,  
 So I may be reueng'd I care not how ;  
 The worst that can befall me is but death ;  
 [Tis] that would end my wofull miserie.  
*Selimus* he must work me this good turne ;  
 I can not kill my selfe, hee'l do't for me. 1460  
 Come *Aga*, thou and I will weepe the while :  
 Thou for thy eyes and losse of both thy hands,  
 I for th'vnkindnesse of my *Acomat*.

*Exeunt All.*

Enter *Selimus*, and a messenger with a letter  
from *Baiazet*.

*Selim*. Will fortune fauour me yet once againe?  
And will she thrust the cards into my hands?  
VVell if I chance but once to get the decke,  
To deale about and shuffle as I would ; 1470  
Let *Selim* neuer see the daylight spring,  
Vnlesse I shuffle out my selfe a king.  
Friend, let me see thy letter once againe,  
That I may read these reconciling lines.

*Reades the letter.*

Thou hast a pardon *Selim* granted thee.  
*Mustaffa* and the forward *Ianizaries*  
Haue sued to thy father *Baiazet*,  
That thou maist be their captaine generall  
Against th'attempts of *Souldane Acomat*. 1480  
VVhy, thats the thing that I requested most,  
That I might once th'imperiall armie leade ;  
And since its offred me so willingly,  
Besheew me but ile take their curtesie.  
Soft, let me see is there no policie  
T'entrap poore *Selimus* in this deuice?  
It may be that my father feares me yet,  
Least I should once againe rise vp in armes,  
And like *Antæus* queld by *Hercules*,  
Gather new forces by my ouerthrow : 1490  
And / therefore sends for me vnder pretence

Of this, and that : but when he hath me there,  
 Hee'll make me fure for putting him in feare.  
 Distrust is good when theirs<sup>1</sup> cause of distrust.  
 Read it againe, perchance thou doest mistake.

(*Reade.*)

O, heer's *Mustaffas* signet fet thereto :  
 Then *Selim* cast all foolish feare aside,  
 For hee's a Prince that fauours thy estate,  
 And hateth treason worse then death it selfe. 1500  
 And hardly can I thinke he could be brought  
 If there were treason, to subscribe his name.  
 Come friend, the cause requires we should be gone :  
 Now once againe haue at the Turkish throne.

*Exeunt Both.*

Enter *Baiazet* leading *Aga*, *Mustaffa*, *Hali*, *Cali*,  
*Selimus*, the *Ianizaries*.

*Baia.* Come mournfull *Aga*, come and sit by me,  
 Thou hast bene forely grieu'd for *Baiazet* ;  
 Good reason then that he should griue for thee. 1510  
 Giue me thy arm ; though thou hastlost thy hands,  
 And liu'ft as a poore exile in this light,  
 Yet hast thou wonne the heart of *Baiazet*.

*Aga.* Your graces words are verie comfortable,  
 And well can *Aga* beare his grievous losse,  
 Since it was for so good a Princes sake.

<sup>1</sup> = there's.

*Seli.* Father,—if I may call thee by that name,  
 Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword,—  
 In all humilitie thy reformed sonne,  
 Offers himselfe into your graces hands, 1520  
 And at your feete laieth his bloodie sword,  
 Which he aduanc'd against your maiestie.  
 If my offence do seeme so odious  
 That I deserue not longer time to liue,  
 Behold I open vnto you my brest,  
 Readie prepar'd to die at your command.  
 But / if repentance in vnfeined heart,  
 And sorrow for my grievous crime forepast,  
 May merit pardon at your princely hands ;  
 Behold where poore inglorious *Selimus*, 1530  
 Vpon his knees begs pardon of your grace.

*Baia.* Stand vp my son, I ioy to heare thee speak ;  
 But more, to heare thou art so well reclaim'd.  
 Thy crime was nere so odious vnto me,  
 But thy reformed life and humble thoughts  
 Are thrice as pleasing to my aged spirit.  
*Selim* we here pronounce thee by our will,  
 Chiefe generall of the warlike Ianizaries.  
 Go lead them out against false *Acomat*,  
 Which hath so grievously rebell'd gainst me. 1540  
 Spare him not *Selim* ; though he be my sonne  
 Yet do I now cleane disinherit him,  
 As common enemy to me and mine.

*Seli.* May *Selim* liue to shew how dutifull

And louing he will be to *Baiazet*.  
 So now doth fortune smile on me againe, [*Aside*]  
 And in regard of former iniuries,  
 Offers me millions of Diadems :  
 I smile to see how that the good old man,  
 Thinks *Selims* thoughts are broght to such an ebbe 1550  
 As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.  
 But soone shall that opinion be remou'd ;  
 For if I once get mongst the *Ianizars*,  
 Then on my head the golden crowne shall fit.  
 Well *Baiazet*, I feare me thou wilt greeue.  
 That ere thou didst thy faining sonne beleue.

*Exit Selim, with all the rest, saue Baiazet  
 and Aga.*

*Ba.* Now *Aga*, all the thoughts that troubled me,  
 Do rest within the center of my heart ; 1560  
 And thou shalt shortly ioy as much with me ;  
 Then *Acomat* by *Selims* consuming sword, [*fight.*  
 Shall / leese that ghaost, which made thee loose thy

*Aga.* Ah *Baiazet*, *Aga* looks not for reuenge,  
 But will powre out his praiers to the heauens,  
 That *Acomat* may learne by *Selimus*,  
 To yeele himselfe vp to his fathers grace.

*Sound within, long liue Selimus Emperour of  
 Turkes.*

*Baia.* How now, what sodaine triumph haue 1570  
 we here ?



*Muft.* Ah gracious Lord, the captaines of the  
hoſte,  
With one aſſent haue crown'd Prince *Selimus* ;  
And here he comes with all the *Ianizaries*,  
To craue his confirmation at thy hands.

*Enter Cali Baſſa, Selimus, Hali Baſſa, Sinam,  
and the Ianizaries.*

*Sinam.* *Baiazet*, we the captaines of thy hoſt,  
Knowing thy weake and too vnwildie age,  
Vnable is longer to gouerne vs ;  
Haue choſen *Selimus* thy yoonger ſonne 1580  
That he may be our leader and our guide,  
Againſt the *Sophi* and his Perſians ;  
Gainſt the victorious Soldane *Tonumbey*.  
There wants but thy conſent, which we will haue,  
Or hew thy bodie peece-meale with our ſwords.

*Baia.* Needs muſt I giue, what is alreadie gone.  
*He takes off his crowne.*

Here *Selimus*, thy father *Baiazet*  
Weeried with cares that wayt vpon a king,  
Reſignes the crowne as willingly to thee, 1590  
As ere my father gaue it vnto me.

*Sets it on his head.*

*All.* Long liue *Selimus* Emperour of Turkes.

*Baia.* Liue thou a long and a victorious raigne,  
And be triumphher of thine enemies.

*Aga* and I will to *Dimoticum*,  
And liue in peace the remnant of our dayes.

*Exit Baiazet and Aga.*

*Seli.* / Now fit I like the arme-strong son of *Ioue*,  
When after he had all his monst'ers quell'd, 1600  
He was receiu'd in heauen mongst the gods,  
And had faire *Hebe* for his louely bride.  
As many labours *Selimus* hath had,  
And now at length attained to the crowne ;  
This is my *Hebe*, and this is my heauen.

*Baiazet* goeth to *Dimeticum*,  
And there he purpofes to liue at ease ;  
But *Selimus*, as long as he is on earth,  
Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broyle ;  
For *Baiazet* is vnconstant as the winde : 1610  
To make that sure I haue a platforme laid.

*Baiazet* hath with him a cunning Iew,  
Professing physicke,<sup>1</sup> ; and so skill'd therein,  
As if he had pow'r ouer life and death.  
Withall, a man so stout and resolute,  
That he will venture any thing for gold.  
This Iew with some intoxicated drinke,  
Shall poyson *Baiazet* and that blind Lord ;  
Then one of *Hydraes* heads is cleane cut off.  
Go some and fetch [here] *Abraham* the Iew. 1620

*Exit one for Abraham.*

*Corcut*, thy pageant next is to be plaied ;

<sup>1</sup> Query a sub-reference to Queen Elizabeth's Jew-physician ?

For though he be a graue Philosopher,  
 Giuen to read *Mahomets* dread lawes,  
 And *Razins* toyes, and *Auicennaes*<sup>1</sup> drugges ;  
 Yet he may haue a longing for the crowne.  
 Besides, he may by diuellish Negromancie  
 Procure my death, or worke my ouerthrow :  
 The diuell still is readie to do harme.

*Hali*, you and your brother presently 1630  
 Shall with an armie to *Magnesia* ;  
 There you shall find the scholler at his booke ;  
 And hear'ft thou *Hali* ? strangle him.

*Exeunt Hali, and Cali.*

*Corcut* / once dead, then *Acomat* remaines,  
 Whose death wil make me certaine of the crowne.  
 These heads of *Hydra* are the principall ;  
 When these are off, some other will arise,  
 As *Amurath* and *Aladin*, sonnes to *Acomat* ;  
 My sifter *Solyra*, *Mustaffaes* wife ; 1640  
 All these shall suffer shipwrack on a shelve,  
 Rather then *Selim* will be drown'd himselfe.

*Enter Abraham the Iew.*

Iew, thou art welcome vnto *Selimus* ;  
 I haue a piece of seruice for you sir,  
 But on your life be secret in the deed.  
 Get a strong poyson, whose enuennom'd taste

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'm' for 'nn' ; and so in l. 1647.

May take away the life of *Baiazet*,  
Before he passe forth of *Bizantium*.

*Abra.* I warrant you my gracious foueraigne, 165c  
He shall be quickly sent vnto his graue ;  
For I haue potions of so strong a force,  
That whofoeuer touches them shall die.

*Speakes aside.*

And wold your grace would once but tast of them,  
I could as willingly affoord them you,  
As your aged father *Baiazet*.  
My Lord, I am resolu'd to do the deed.

*Exit Abraham.*

*Seli.* So this is well : for I am none of those 1660  
That make a conscience for to kill a man.  
For nothing is more hurtfull to a Prince,  
Then to be scrupulous and religious.  
I like *Lyfanders* counsell passing well ;  
'If that I cannot speed with lyons force,  
To cloath my complots in a foxes skin.'  
For th'onely things that wrought our Empirie,  
Were open wrongs, and hidden trecherie.  
Oh, th'are two wings wherewith I vse to flie,  
And soare aboute the common fort. 1670  
If / any seeke our wrongs to remedie,  
With these I take his meditation short ;  
And one of these shall stil maintaine my cause,  
Or foxes skin, or lions rending pawes.

*Exeunt All*

Enter *Baiazet*, *Aga*, in mourning clokes, *Abraham*  
the Jew with a cup.

*Baia*. Come *Aga* let vs fit and mourne a while,  
For fortune neuer shew'd her selfe so crosse  
To any Prince as to poore *Baiazet*. 1680  
That wofull Emperour first of my name,  
Whom the Tartarians locked in a cage,  
To be a spectacle to all the world,  
Was ten times happier then I am.  
For *Tamberlaine* the scourge of nations,  
Was he that puld him from his kingdome so ;  
But mine owne sonnes, expell me from the throne.  
Ah where shall I begin to make my mone ?  
Or what shall I first reckon in my plaint ?  
From my youth vp I haue bene drown'd in woe, 1690  
And to my latest houre I shall be so.  
You swelling seas of neuer ceasing care,  
Whose waues my weather-beaten ship do tosse :  
Your boystrous billowes too vnruely are,  
And threaten still my ruine and my losse ;  
Like hugie mountaines do your waters reare,  
Their loftie toppes, and my weake vessell crosse.  
Alas at length allaie your stormie strife ;  
And cruell wrath within me raging<sup>1</sup> rife.  
Or else my feeble barke cannot endure, 1700  
Your flashing<sup>2</sup> buffets and outrageous blowes ;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'rages.'

<sup>2</sup> Qy. flashing ?

But while thy foamie floud doth it immure,  
 Shall soone be wrackt vpon the sandie shallowes.  
 Griefe, my leaud<sup>1</sup> boat-swaine, stirreth nothing fure,  
 But without stars gainst tide and wind he rowes,  
 And cares not though vpon some rock we split :  
 A restlesse pilot for the charge vnfit.  
 But out alas, the god that rules<sup>2</sup> the seas,<sup>3</sup>  
 And can alone this raging tempest stent,  
 Will neuer blow a gentle gale of ease, 1710  
 But suffer my poore vessell to be rent.  
 Then ô thou blind procurer of mischance,  
 That staist thy selfe vpon a turning wheele,  
 Thy cruell hand euen when thou wilt, enhance,  
 And pierce my poore hart with thy thrillant<sup>4</sup> Steele.

*Aga.* Cease *Baiazet*, now it is *Agas* turne ;  
 Rest thou awhile and gather vp more teares,  
 The while poore *Aga* tell[s] his Tragedie.  
 When first my mother brought me to the world,  
 Some blazing Comet ruled in the skie, 1720  
 Portending miserable chance to me.  
 My parents were but men of poore estate ;  
 And happie yet had wretched *Aga* bene,  
 If *Baiazet* had not exalted him.  
 Poore *Aga*, had it not bene much more faire,  
 T'haue died among the cruell Persians,  
 Then thus at home by barbarous tyrannie

<sup>1</sup> = lewd.<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'vales.'<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'sea.'<sup>4</sup> Misprinted 'chillant.' See Glossarial-Index, s.v.

To liue and neuer see the cheerfull day,  
And to want hands wherewith to feele the way.

*Ba.* Leaue weeping *Aga*, we haue wept inough ; 1730  
Now *Baiazet* will ban another while,  
And vtter curfes to the concaue skie,  
Which may infect the regions of the ayre,  
And bring a generall plague on all the world.  
Night thou moft antient grand-mother of all,  
Firft made by *Ioue*, for reft and quiet sleepe,  
When cheerful day is gon from th'earths wide  
hall.

Henceforth thy mantle in blak *Lethe* fteepe,  
And cloath the world in darkneffe infernall.  
Suffer not once the ioyfull dailight peepe, 1740  
But let thy pitchie fteeds aye draw thy waine,  
And coaleblack filence in the world ftill raigne.  
Curfe / on my parents that firft brought me vp,  
And on the cradle wherein I was rockt ;  
Curfe on the day when firft I was created  
The chiefe commander of all *Afia* ;  
Curfe on my fonnes that driue me to this griefe,  
Curfe on my felfe that can finde no reliefe ;  
And curfe on him, an euerlafting curfe,  
That quench'd thofe lampes of euer burning light, 1750  
And tooke away my *Agas* warlike hands ;  
And curfe on all things vnder the wide skie ;  
Ah *Aga*, I haue curft my ftomacke drie.

*Abra.* I haue a drinke my Lords of noble worth,

Which foone will calme your stormie passions,  
And glad your heart<sup>1</sup> if so you please to taste it.

*Baia.* And<sup>2</sup> who art thou that thus doest pitie vs?

*Abra.* Your highnesse humble seruant *Abrahā*.

*Baia.* *Abraham* sit downe and drink to *Baiazet*.

*Abra.* Faith I am old as well as *Baiazet*, 1760  
And haue not many months to liue on earth,  
I care not much to end my life with him.  
Heer's to you Lordings with a full caroufe.

*He drinkes.*

*Baia.* Here *Aga*, wofull *Baiazet* drinkes to thee:  
*Abraham*, hold the cup to him while he drinkes.

*Abra.* Now know old Lords, that you haue  
drank your last ;  
This was a potion which I did prepare  
To poyson you, by *Selimus* instigation,  
And now it is disperfed through my bones, 1770  
And glad I am that fuch companions  
Shall go with me downe to *Proserpina*.

*He dies.*

*Baia.* Ah wicked Iew, ah curfed *Selimus*,  
How haue the destins dealt with *Baiazet*,  
That none shuld cause my death but mine own fon !  
Had *Ifmael* and his warlike Persians  
Pierced my bodie with their iron speares,  
Or / had the strong vnconquer'd *Tonumbey*  
With his Ægyptians tooke me prifoner, 1780

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'hearts.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'For.'



And sent me with his valiant Mammalukes,  
To be praie vnto the *Crocodilus* ;  
It neuer would haue grieu'd me halfe so much,  
But welcome death, into whose calmie port,  
My sorrow-beaten foule ioyes to ariue.  
And now farewell my disobedient sonnes ;  
Vnnaturall sonnes, vnworthie of that name.  
Farewell sweete life, and *Aga* now farewell,  
Till we shall meete in the Elysian fields.

*He dies.* 1790

*Aga.* What greater grieve had mournful *Priamus*  
Then that he liu'd to see his *Hector* die,  
His citie burnt downe by reuenging flames,  
And poore *Polites* flaine before his face ?  
*Aga*, thy grieve is matchable to his,  
For I haue liu'd to see my foueraignes death ;  
Yet glad that I must breath my last with him.  
And now farewell sweet light, which my poore eyes  
These twice six moneths neuer did behold :  
*Aga* will follow noble *Baiazet*,  
And beg a boone of louely *Proserpine*,  
That he and I may in the mournfull fields,  
Still weepe and waile our strange calamities.

1800

*He dies.*

Enter *Bullithrumble*, the shepherd running in hast,  
and laughing to himselfe.

*Bulli.* Ha, ha, ha, married quoth you ? Marry

and *Bullithrumble* were to begin the world againe,  
 I would set a tap abroad, and not liue in daily  
 feare of the breach of my wiues ten-commande- 1810  
 mens. Ile tell you what, I thought my selfe as  
 proper a fellow at wasters, as any in all our village,  
 and yet when my wife begins to plaie clubbes  
 trumpe with me, I am faine to sing :

What hap had I to marry a shrew,<sup>1</sup>  
 For she hath giuen me many a blow,  
 And / how to please her alas I do not know.  
 From morne to euen her toong ne'r lies,  
 Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries ;  
 And I can scarce keep her talēts fro my eies. 1820  
 When from abroad I do come in,  
 Sir knaue she cries, where haue you bin ?  
 Thus please, or displease, she laies it on my skin.  
 Then do I crouch, then do I kneele,  
 And with my cap were furr'd with steele,  
 To beare the blows that my poore head doth  
 But our sir *Iohn* beshrew thy hart, [feelee.  
 For thou hast ioynd vs, we cannot part,  
 And I poore foole, must euer beare the smart.

Ile tell you what, this morning while I was making 1830  
 me readie, she came with a holly wand, and so  
 blest my shouldiers that I was faine to runne through  
 a whole Alphabet of faces : now at the last seeing

<sup>1</sup> = shrow.

she was so cramuk<sup>1</sup> with me, I began to sweare  
all the crisse crosse row ouer, beginning at great A,  
little a, til I cam to w, x, y. And snatching vp  
my sheephooke, & my bottle and my bag, like a  
desperate fellow ranne away, and here now ile sit  
downe and eate my meate.

*While he is eating, Enter Corcut and his Page,* 1840  
disguised like mourners.

*Cor.* O hatefull hellish snake of *Tartary*,  
That feedest on the soule of noblest men,  
Damned ambition, cause of all miserie ;  
Why doest thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,  
And with thy poyson animatest friends,  
And gape and long one for the others ends ?  
*Selimus*, could'st thou not content thy mind,  
With the possession of the sacred throne,  
Which thou didst get by fathers death vnkind,  
Whose poyson'd ghost before high God doth grone ? 1850  
But thou must seeke poore *Corcuts* ouerthrow,  
That neuer iniured thee, so, nor so ?  
Old / *Halies* sonnes with two great companie[s]  
Of barded horse, were sent from *Selimus*,  
To take me prisoner in *Magnesia* ;  
And death I am sure should haue befell to me,  
If they had once but set their eyes on me.  
So thus disguised, my poore Page and I,  
Fled fast to *Smirna* ; where in a darke caue 1860

<sup>1</sup> Qy. cranky ?

We meant t'await th'arriual of some ship  
 That might transfreit vs safely vnto *Rhodes*.  
 But see how fortune crost my enterprife.  
*Bostangi Bassa*, *Selims* sonne in law,  
 Kept all the sea coasts with his *Brigandines*,  
 That if we had but ventured on the sea,  
 I presently had bene his prisoner.  
 These two dayes haue we kept vs in the caue,  
 Eating such hearbes as the ground did affoord ;  
 And now through hunger are we both constrain'd 1870  
 Like fearefull snakes to creep out step by step,  
 And see if we may get vs any food.  
 And in good time, see yonder sits a man,  
 Spreading a hungry dinner on the grasse.

*Bullithrumble spies them, and puts vp his meate.*

*Bull.* These are some felonians, that seeke to  
 rob me ; well, ile make my selfe a good deale  
 valianter then I am indeed, and if they will needes  
 creep into kindred with me, ile betake me to my  
 old occupation, and runne away. 1880

*Corcut.* Haile groome.

*Bull.* Good Lord sir, you are deceiued, my  
 names master *Bullithrumble* : this is some cousoning  
 conicatching crofbiter, that would faine perswade  
 me he knowes me, and so vnder a tence of fami-  
 liaritie and acquaintance, vncle me of victuals.

*Corcut.* Then *Bullithrumble*, if that be thy  
 name :—

*Bull.* My name fir ô Lord yes, and if you wil not beleeeue me, I wil bring my godfathers and 1890 godmothers, and they shal fwear it vpon the fontstone, and vpon the church booke too, where it is written.—*Masse*, I thinke he be some Iustice of peace, *ad quorum*, and *omnium populorum*, how he famines me<sup>1</sup>: a christian, yes marrie am I fir, yes verely and do beleeeue: and it please you ile goe forward in my catechisme.

*Corcut.* Then *Bullithrumble*, by that blessed And by the tombe where he was buried, [Christ, By soueraigne hope which thou conceiu'ft in him, 1900 Whom dead, as euerliuing thou adorest.

*Bull.* O Lorde helpe me, I shall be torne in peeces with diuels and goblins.

*Corcut.* By all the ioyes thou hop'ft to haue in heauen,  
Giue some meate to poore hunger-starued men.

*Bulli.* Oh, these are as a man should say beggars: Now will I be as stately to them as if I were maister *Pigwiggen* our constable: well firs come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would 1910 you not steale?

*Page.* If we did meane so fir, we would not make your worship acquainted with it.

*Bulli.* A good well nutrimented lad: well if

<sup>1</sup> Some speech supposed of 'Corcut.' 'Bull' is placed a second time before 'Masse' inadvertently.

you will keepe my sheepe truly and honestly,  
keeping your hands from lying and flandering,  
and your tongues from picking and stealing, you  
shall be maister *Bullithrumbles* seruitures.

*Corcut.* With all our hearts.

*Bulli.* Then come on and follow me, we will  
haue a hogges cheek, and a dish of tripes, and  
a societie of puddings, & to field: a societie of  
puddings, did you marke that well vsed metaphor?  
Another would haue said, a company of puddings:  
if you dwel with me long firs, I shall make you as  
eloquent as our parson himselfe.

*Exeunt Corcut, and Bullithrubble.*

*Page.* Now is the time when I may be enrich'd:  
The brethren that were sent by *Selimus*  
To take my Lord, Prince *Corcut* prisoner, 1930  
Finding him fled, proposed large rewards  
To them that could declare where he remains:  
Faith ile to them and get the portagues,  
Though / by the bargain *Corcut* loose his head.

*Exit Page.*

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam-Bassa*, the courtes of *Baiazet*<sup>1</sup>  
and *Aga* with funerall pompe, *Mustaffa*, and  
the *Ianizaries*.

*Seli.* Why, thus must *Selim* blind his subiects eies,  
And straine his owne to weep for *Baiazet*. 1940

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Mustaffa.'

They will not dreame [that] I made him away  
When thus they see me with religious pompe,  
To celebrate his tomb-blacke mort[u]arie.

*To himselfe.*

And though my heart cast in an iron mould,  
Cannot admit the smallest dramme of griefe,  
Yet that I may be thought to loue him well,  
Ile mourne in shew, though I reioyce indeed.

*To the courses.*

Thus after he has fūe long ages liu'd, 1950  
The sacred *Phænix* of *Arabia*,  
Loadeth his wings with pretious perfumes,  
And on the altar of the golden funne,  
Offers himselfe a gratefull sacrifice.  
Long didst thou liue triumphant *Baiazet*,  
A feare vnto thy greatest enemies ;  
And now that death the conquerour of Kings,  
Dislodged hath thy neuer dying soule,  
To flee vnto the heauens from whence she came,  
And leaue her fraile, earth[y] pavilion ; 1960  
Thy bodie, in this auntient monument,  
Where our great predeceffours sleep in rest ;

*Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.*

Thy woful sonne *Selimus* thus doth place.  
Thou wert the *Phænix* of this age of ours,  
And diedst wrapped in the sweete perfumes  
Of thy magnifick deeds ; whose lasting praise  
Mounteth to higheft heauen with golden wings.

Princes come beare your Emperour companie  
 In, till the dayes of mourning be ore past, 1970  
 And then we meane to rouze false *Acomat*,  
 And / cast him foorth of *Macedonia*.

*Exeunt All.*

*Enter Hali, Cali, Corcuts Page, and one or  
 two souldiers.*

*Page.* My Lords, if I bring you not where  
*Corcut* is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliuer  
 him vp into your hands, then let me haue the  
 reward due to so good a deed.

*Hali.* Page, if thou shew vs where thy maister is, 1980  
 Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed,  
 And high exalted aboue other men.

*Enter Corcut and Bullithrumble.*

*Page.* That fame is he, that in disguised robes,  
 Accompanies yon shepheard to the fields.

*Corcut.* The sweet content that country life  
 affords,  
 Passeth the royall pleasures of a King ;  
 For there our ioyes are interlaced with feares,  
 But here no feare nor care is harboured,  
 But a sweete calme of a most quiet state. 1990  
 Ah *Corcut*, would thy brother *Selimus*  
 But let thee liue, here should'st thou spend thy life ;



Feeding thy sheep among these grassie lands :—  
But sure I wonder where my Page is gone.

*Hali. Corcut.*

*Corcut.* Ay-me, who nameth me ?

*Hali. Hali*, the gouernour of *Magnesia*.

Poore prince, thou thogh[t]st in these disguised  
weeds,

To maske vnseene ; and happily thou might'st,  
But that thy Page betraid thee to vs.

1200

And be not wrath with vs unhappie prince,  
If we do what our foueraigne commands :  
Tis for thy death that *Selim* sends for thee.

*Cor.* Thus I like poore *Amph[i]araus*, fought  
By hiding my estate in shepheards coate  
T'escape the angry wrath of *Selimus*.

But as his wife false *Eriphyle* did  
Betray his safetie for a chaine of gold ;  
So / my false Page hath vilely dealt with me ;  
Pray God that thou maist prosper so as she.

1210

*Hali*, I know thou sorrowest for my case,  
But it is bootlesse ; come and let vs go,  
*Corcut* is readie, since it must be so.

*Cali.* Sheheard.

*Bulli.* Thats my profession sir.

*Cali.* Come, you must go with vs.

*Bulli.* Who I ? Alasse sir, I haue a wife and  
seuenteene cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two  
barnes filling, and a great heard of beasts feeding

and you should vtterly vndo me to take me to 122  
such a great charge.

*Cali.* Well there is no remedie.

*Exeunt all, but Bullithrumbles stealing  
from them closely<sup>1</sup> away.*

*Bulli.* The mores the pitie. Go with you quoth  
he, marrie that had bene the way to preferment,  
downe *Holborne* vp *Tiburne* : well ile keepe my  
best ioynt from the strappado as well as I can  
hereafter, Ile haue no more seruants.

*Exit running away.* 123

*Enter Selimus, Sinam-Bassa, Mustaffa, and the  
Ianizaries.*

*Seli.* *Sinam*, we heare our brother *Acomat*  
Is fled away from *Macedonia*,  
To aske for aide of *Perfian Ismael*,  
And the *Ægyptian Soldane* our chiefe foes.

*Sinam.* Herein my Lord I like his enterprife,  
For if they giue him aide as fure they will,  
Being your highnesse vowed enemies,  
You shall haue iust cause for to warre on them, 124  
For giuing succour gainst you, to your foe.  
You know they are two mightie Potentates,  
And may be hurtfull neighbours to your grace ;  
And to enrich the Turkish Diademe,

<sup>1</sup> = secretly.

With / two so worthie kingdomes as they are ;  
Would be eternall glorie to your name.

*Seli.* By heauens *Sinam*, th'art a warriour,  
And worthie counseller vnto a King.

*Sound within.* Enter *Cali* and *Hali*, with *Corcut*  
and his Page.

1250

How now what newes ?

*Cali.* My gracious Lord, we here present to you  
Your brother *Corcut* ; whom in *Smirna* coasts  
Feeding a flocke of sheepe vpon a downe,  
His traitrous Page betraied to our hands.

*Seli.* Thanks, ye bold brethren ; but for that  
fals part,  
Let the vile Page be famished to death.

*Corcut.* *Selim*, in this I see thou art a Prince,  
To punish treason with condigne reward.

*Seli.* O fir, I loue the fruite that treason brings,  
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.

1260

But *Corcut*, could not your Philosophie  
Keepe you safe from my Ianizaries hands.  
We thought you had old *Gyges* wondrous ring,  
That so you were inuisible to vs.

*Cor.* *Selim* thou dealst vnkindly with thy brother,  
To seeke my death, and make a iest of me.  
Vpbraidst thou me with my philosophie ?  
Why this I learn'd by studying learned arts,  
That I can beare my fortune as it falles,

And that I feare no whit thy crueltie ; ( 12  
 Since thou wilt deale no otherwise with me,  
 Then thou hast dealt with aged *Baiazet*.

*Seli*. By heauens *Corcut*, thou shalt surely die,  
 For slandering *Selim* with my fathers death.

*Cor*. Thē let me freely speak my mind this once,  
 For thou shalt neuer heare me speake againe.

*Sel*. Nay we can giue such loosers leaue to speak.

*Cor*. Then *Selim*, heare thy brothers dying words,  
 And marke them well, for ere thou die thy selfe,  
 Thou / shalt perceiue all things will come to passe, 12  
 That *Corcut* doth diuine before his death.

Since my vaine flight from faire *Magnesia*,

*Selim*, I haue conuerst with Christians,

And learn'd of them the way to saue my foule,

And please the anger of the highest God.

Tis he that made this pure Christalline vault

Which hangeth ouer our vnhappie heads ;

From thence he doth behold each sinners fault ;

And though our sinnes vnder our feete he treads,

And for a while seeme for to winke at vs, 12

It<sup>1</sup> is to recall vs from our [ill] wayes.

But if we do like head-strong sonnes, neglect

To hearken to our louing fathers voyce ;

Then in his anger will he vs reiect,

And giue vs ouer to our wicked choyce.

*Selim*, before his dreadfull maiestie,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'But' in original.

There lies a booke written with bloudie lines,  
 Where our offences all are registred.  
 Which if we do not hastily repent,  
 We are referu'd to lasting punishment. 1300  
 Thou wretched *Selimus* hast greatest need  
 To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts ;  
 If thou consider what strange massacres  
 And cruell murders thou hast cau'd be done.  
 Thinke on the death of wofull *Baiazet* :  
 Doth not his ghaast stil haunt thee for reuenge ?  
*Selim* in *Chiurlu* didst thou set vpon  
 Our aged father in his sodaine flight ;  
 In *Chiurlu* shalt thou die a greuous death.  
 And if thou wilt not change thy greedie mind, 1310  
 Thy soule shall be tormented in darke hell ;  
 Where woe, and woe, and neuer ceasing woe,  
 Shall sound about thy euer-damned soule.  
 Now *Selim* I haue spoken, let me die :  
 I neuer will intreate thee for my life.  
*Selim* / farewell: thou God of Christians,  
 Receiue my dying soule into thy hands.

*Strangles him.*

*Seli.* What, is he dead ? then *Selimus* is safe  
 And hath no more corriuals in the crowne. 1320  
 For as for *Acomat* he soone shall see  
 His Persian aide cannot saue him from me.  
 Now *Sinam*<sup>1</sup> march to faire *Amassa* walles,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Sinem.'

—Where *Acomats* stout Queene immures her selfe,—  
 And girt the citie with a warlike sieg ;  
 For since her husband is my enemy,  
 I see no cause why she should be my friend.  
 They say yoong *Amurath* and *Aladin*,  
 Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.  
 But ile preuent this their officiousnesse, 133  
 And send their foule downe to their grandfather.  
*Mustaffa* you shall keepe *Bizantium*,  
 While I and *Sinam* girt *Amasia*.

*Exit Selimus, Sinam, Ianizaries all saue one.*

*Must.* It grieues my foule that *Baiazets* faire line,  
 Should be eclipsed thus by *Selimus* ;  
 Whose cruell foule will neuer be at rest  
 Till none remaine of *Ottomans* faire race  
 But he himselfe ; yet for old *Baiazet*  
 Loued *Mustaffa* deare vnto his death, 134  
 I will shew mercy to his familie.  
 Go firra, poast to *Acomats* yoong sonnes,  
 And bid them as they meane to saue their liues,  
 To flie in haste from faire *Amasia*,  
 Least cruell *Selim* put them to the sword.

*Exit one to Amurath and Aladin.*

And now *Mustaffa*, prepare thou thy necke  
 For thou art next to die by *Selims* hands.  
*Stearne Sinam Bassa* grudgeth still at thee, 135

And crabbed *Hali* stormeth at thy life;  
 All repine that thou art honour'd so,  
 To be the brother of their Emperour.

*Enter / Solyma.*

But wherefore comes my louely *Solyma*?

*Soly.* *Mustaffa* I am come to seeke thee out;  
 If euer thy distressed *Solyma*  
 Found grace and fauour in thy manly heart,  
 Flie hence with me vnto some desert land;  
 For if we tarry here we are but dead. 1360  
 This night when faire *Lucinaes* shining waine,  
 Was past the chaire of bright *Cassiopey*,  
 A fearefull vision appear'd to me.  
 Me thought *Mustaffa*, I behelde thy necke  
 So often folded in my louing armes,  
 In foule disgrace of *Bassaes* faire degree,  
 With a vile haltar basely compassed.  
 And while I powr'd my teares on thy dead corpes,  
 A greedie lyon with wide gaping throate,  
 Seaz'd on my trembling bodie with his feete, 1370  
 And in a moment rent me all to nought:  
 Flie sweet *Mustaffa*, or we be but dead.

*Must.* Why should we flie beauteous *Solyma*,  
 Mou'd by a vaine and a fantastique dreame?  
 Or if we did flie, whither should we flie?  
 If to the farthest part of *Asia*,  
 Know'st thou not *Solyma*, kings haue long hands?

Come, come, my ioy, returne againe with me,  
And banish hence thefe melancholy thoughts.

*Exeunt.* 138

*Enter Aladin, [A]murath, the messenger.*

*Aladin.* Messenger, is it true that *Selimus*  
Is not far hence encamped with his hoste?  
And meanes he to disioyne the haplesse sonnes  
From helping our distressed mothers towne?

*Mess.* Tis true my Lord, and if you loue your  
liues

Flie from the bounds of his dominions;  
For he you know is most vnmercifull.

*Amu.* Here messenger take this for thy reward.

*Exit mess.* 139

But we sweete *Aladin*, let vs depart,  
Now in the quiet silence of the night;  
That / ere the windowes of the morne be ope,  
We may be far inough from *Selimus*.  
Ile to *Aegyptus*.

*Aladin.*<sup>1</sup> I to *Persia*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries.*

*Seli.* But is it certaine *Hali* they are gone?  
And that *Mustaffa* moued them to flie?

*Hali.* Certaine my Lord; I met the messenger 140  
As he returned from yong *Aladin*;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Alinda : and so a little onward.



And learned of them, *Mustaffa* was the man  
That certified the Princes of your will.

*Seli.* It is inough : *Mustaffa* shall abie  
At a deare price his pitifull intent.

*Hali* go fetch *Mustaffa* and his wife ; *Exit Hali.*

For though she be sifter to *Selimus*,  
Yet loues she him better then *Selimus*.

So that if he do die at our command,  
And she should liue, soone wold she worke a mean 1410  
To worke reuenge for her *Mustaffas* death.

Enter *Hali*, *Mustaffa*, and *Solima*.

False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,  
Did we so highly alway honour thee,  
And doest thou thus requite our loue with treason?  
For why should'st thou send to yoong *Aladin*,  
And *Amurath*, the sonnes of *Acomat*,  
To giue them notice of our secrecies,  
Knowing they were my vowed enemies?

*Must.* I do not seeke to lesse my offence 1420  
Great *Selimus*, but truly do protest  
I did it not for hatred of your grace,  
So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.  
But for I grieu'd to see the famous stocke  
Of worthie *Baiazet* fall to decay ;  
Therefore I sent the Princes both away.  
Your highnesse knowes *Mustaffa* was the man  
That sau'd you in the battell of *Churlu*,

When / I and all the warlike Ianizaries  
 Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring. 1430  
 Yet I tooke pitie on your daunger there,  
 And made a way for you to scape by flight.  
 But those your Bassaes haue incensed you,  
 Repining at *Mustaffas* dignitie.  
 Stearne *Sinam* grindes his angry teeth at me,  
 Old *Halies* sonnes do bend their browes at me,  
 And are agrieued that *Mustaffa* hath  
 Shewed himselfe a better man then they.  
 And yet the Ianizar[ie]s mourne for me ;  
 They know *Mustaffa* neuer proued false : 1440  
 I, I haue bene as true to *Selimus*  
 As euer subiect to his soueraigne ;  
 So helpe me God and holy *Mahomet*.

*Seli*. You did it not because you hated vs,  
 But for you lou'd the sonnes of *Acomat*.  
*Sinam*, I charge thee quickly strangle him,  
 He loues not me that loues mine enemies.  
 As for your holy protestation,  
 It cannot enter into *Selims* eares :  
 For why *Mustaffa* ? euery marchant man 1450  
 Will praise his owne ware be it ne'r so bad.

*Solima*. For *Solimas* fake mightie *Selimus*,  
 Spare my *Mustaffas* life, and let me die ;  
 Or if thou wilt not be so gracious,  
 Yet let me die before I see his death.

*Seli*. Nay *Solima* your selfe shall also die,

Because you may be in the selfesame fault.  
Why stai'st thou *Sinam*? strangle him I say.

*Sinam strangles him.*

*Soli.* Ah *Selimus*, he made thee Emperour, 1460  
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?  
Thou art a cruell tygre and no man,  
That coul[d]st endure to see before thy face,  
So braue a man as my *Mustaffa* was,  
Cruelly / strangled for so small a fault.

*Seli.* Thou shalt not liue after<sup>1</sup> him, *Solima*.  
Twere pitie thou shouldst want the company  
Of thy deare husband : *Sinam* strangle her.  
And now to faire *Amasia* let vs march.

*Acomats* wife, and her vnmanly hoast, 1470  
Will not be able to endure our fight,  
Much lesse make strong resistance in hard fight.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Acomat*, *Tonombeius*, *Visir*, *Regan*, and their  
*souldiers*.

*Aco.* Welcome my Lords into my natiue foyle ;  
The crowne whereof by right is due to me,  
Though *Selim* by the Ianizaries choyce,  
Through vsurpation keep the same from me.  
You know contrary to my fathers mind, 1480  
He was enthronized by the Bassaes will,  
And after his enstalling, wickedly

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'after liue.'

By poyson made good *Baiazet* to die.  
 And strangled *Corcut*, and exiled me.  
 These iniuries we come for to reuenge,  
 And raise his sieg from faire *Amasia* walles.

*Tonom.* Prince of *Amasia*, and the rightful heire  
 Vnto the mightie Turkish Diadem ;  
 With willing heart great *Tonombey* hath left  
 Ægyptian *Nilus* and my fathers court, 145  
 To aide thee in thy vndertaken warre ;  
 And by the great *Vsan-cassanos* ghoast,  
 Companion vnto mightie *Tamberlaine*,  
 From whom my father lineally descends ;  
 Fortune shall shew her selfe too crosse to me,  
 But we will thrust *Selimus* from his throne,  
 And reueft *Acomat* in the Empirie.

*Aco.* Thanks to the[e] vncontrolled *Tonombey* !  
 But let vs haste vs to *Amasia*,  
 To succour my besieged citizens. 150  
 None / but my Queene is ouerfeer there,  
 And too too weake is all her pollicie,  
 Against so great a foe as *Selimus*.

*Exeunt All.*

Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Hali*, *Cali*, and the  
*Ianizaries*.

*Seli.* Summon a parley firs, that we may know  
 Whether these Mushrooms here will yeeld or no.

*A parley : Queene of Amasia, and her souldiers on  
the walles.* 1510

*Queen.* What crauest thou bloud-thirstie parri-  
Ist not inough that thou hast foulely slaine, [cide?  
Thy louing father noble *Baiazet* ?  
And strangled *Corcut* thine vnhappie brother ?  
Slaine braue *Mustaffa* ? and faire *Solima* ?  
Because they fauoured my vnhappie sonnes,  
But thou must yet seeke for more massacres ?  
Go, wash thy guiltie hands in luke-warme blood ;  
Enrich thy souldiers with robberies ;  
Yet do the heauens still beare an equall eye, 1520  
And vengeance followes thee euen at the heeles.

*Seli.* Queene of *Amasia*, wilt thou yeeld thy  
selfe ?

*Queen.* First shall the ouer-flowing *Euripus*  
Of swift *Eubæa* stop his restlesse course,  
And *Phæbs* bright globe bring the day frõ the west,  
And quench his hot flames in the Esterne sea.  
Thy bloudie sword vngratious *Selimus*  
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friend :  
Thy wicked gard which still attends on thee,  
Fleashing themselues in murther, lust, and rape ; 1530  
What hope of fauour ? what securitie ?  
Rather what death do they not promise me ?  
Then thinke not *Selimus* that we will yeeld,  
But looke for strong resistance at our hands.

*Seli.* Why then you neuer danted Ianizaries,  
 Aduance your shields and vncontrolled speares ;  
 Your / conquering hands in foe-mens blood embay,  
 For *Selimus* himfelfe will lead the way.

*Allarum, beats them off the walles. Allarum.*

Enter *Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries* with 1540  
*Acomats Queene prisoner.*

*Se.* Now sturdie dame, where are your men of  
 war

To gard your perfon from my angry sword ?  
 What? though [you] brau'd vs on your citie walles,  
 Like to that *Amazonian*<sup>1</sup> *Menalip*,  
 Leauing the bankes of fwift-ftream'd *Thermodon*  
 To challenge combat with great *Hercules* ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Yet *Selimus* hath pluckt your haughtie plumes ;  
 Nor can your spoufe rebellious *Acomat*,  
 Nor *Aladin*, [n]or *Amurath* your sonnes, 1550  
 Deliuer you from our victorious hands.

*Queen. Selim*, I fcorne thy threatnings as thy  
 felfe ;

And though ill hap hath giuen me to thy hands,  
 Yet will I neuer beg my life of thee.  
 Fortune may chance to frowne as much on thee ;  
 And *Acomat* whom thou doest fcorne fo much,  
 May take thy bafe *Tartarian* concubine,

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Amanenian.'

<sup>2</sup> She didn't.

As well as thou hast tooke his loyall Queene.  
 Thou hast not fortune tied in a chaine,  
 Nor doest thou like a warie pilot fit, 1560  
 And wisely stir this all conteining barge.  
 Thou art a man as those whom thou hast slaine,  
 And some of them were better far then thou.

*Seli.* Strangle her *Hali*, let her scold no more.  
 Now let vs march to meet with *Acomat* ;  
 He brings with him that great Ægyptian bug,  
 Strong *Tonombey*, *Vsan-Cassanos* sonne.  
 But we shall soone with our fine tempered swords,  
 Engrauce our prowesse on their bu[r]ganets ;  
 Were they as mightie and as fell of force, 1570  
 As those old earth-bred brethren, which once  
 Heap[t]e / hill on hill to scale the starrie skie,  
 When *Briareus*, arm'd with a hundreth hands,  
 Flung foorth a hundreth mountaines at great *Ioue* ;  
 And when the monstrous giant *Monichus*  
 Hurl'd mount *Olimpus* at great *Mars*, his targe,  
 And darted cedars at *Mineruas* shield.

*Exeunt All.*

Allarum Enter *Selimus*, *Sinam*, *Cali*, *Hali*, and  
 the *Ianizaries*, at one doore, and *Acomat*, 1580  
*Tonombey*, *Regan*, *Visir*, and their souldiers  
 at another.

*Seli.* What are the vrchins crept out of their dens,  
 Vnder the conduct of this porcupine ?

Doeſt thou not tremble *Acomat* at vs,  
 To ſee how courage maſketh in our lookes,  
 And white-wing'd victorie ſits on our ſwordes?  
 Captaine of *Ægypt*, thou that vant'ſt thy ſelfe  
 Sprung from great *Tamberlaine* the *Scythia* theefe;  
 Who bad the[e] enterpriſe this bold attempt, 15  
 To ſet thy feete within the Turkiſh confines,  
 Or liſt thy hands againſt our maieſtie?

*Aco.* Brother of *Trebifond*, your ſquared words  
 And broad-mouth'd tearmes, can neuer conquer vs.  
 We come reſolu'd to pull the Turkiſh crowne,  
 Which thou doeſt wrongfully detaine from me,  
 By conquering ſword from of thy coward creſt.

*Seli.* *Acomat*, ſith the quarrell toucheth none  
 But thee and me, I dare, and challenge thee.

*Tonum.* Should he accept the combat of a 16  
 boy?

Whoſe vnripe yeares and farre vnriper wit  
 Like to the bold foole-hardie *Phæton*  
 That ſought to rule the chariot of the ſunne,  
 Hath mou'd thee t'vndertake an Empirie.

*Seli.* Thou that reſolueſt in peremptorie tearmes,  
 To call him boy that ſcornes to cope with thee;  
 But thou canſt better uſe thy bragging blade,  
 Then thou canſt rule thy ouerflowing tongue;  
 Soone ſhalt thou know that *Selims* mightie arme  
 Is / able to ouerthrow poore *Tonombey*. 17



Allarum. *Tonombey beates Hali and Cali in.*  
*Selim beates Tonombey in. Allarum. Enter<sup>1</sup>*  
*Tonombey.*

*Tonom.* The field is loft, and *Acomat* is taken :  
 Ah *Tonombey*, how canst thou shew thy face  
 To thy victorious fire, thus conquered ?  
 A matchlesse knight is warlike *Selimus*,  
 And like a shepheard mongst a swarme of gnats,  
 Dings downe the flying Persians with their swords.  
 Twice I encountred with him hand to hand, 1620  
 And twice returned foyled and asham'd.  
 For neuer yet since I could manage Armes  
 Could any match with mightie *Tonombey*,  
 But this heroicke Emperour *Selimus*.  
 Why stand I still, and rather do not flie  
 The great occision which the victors make.

*Exit Tonombey.*

Allarum. Enter *Selimus, Sinam Bassa with Acomat*  
*prisoner, Hali, Cali, Ianizaries.*

*Seli.* Thus when the coward Greeks fled to their 1630  
 The noble *Hector* all besmear'd in blood, [ships,  
 Return'd in triumph to the walles of *Troy*.  
 A gallant trophee, Bassaes haue we wonne,  
 Beating the neuer-foyled *Tonombey*,  
 And hewing passage through the Persians.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Exit.'

As when a lyon rau[n]ing for his praie,  
 Falleth vpon a droaue of horned bulles,<sup>1</sup>  
 And rends them strongly in his kingly pawes,  
 Or *Mars* arm'd in his adamantine coate,  
 Mounted vpon his fire-shining waine, 1640  
 Scatters the troupes of warlike Thracians,  
 And warmes cold *Hebrus*<sup>2</sup> with hot streams of  
 blood.

Braue *Sinam*, for thy noble prisoner,  
 Thou shalt be generall of my Ianizaries ;  
 And / *Belierbey* of faire *Natolia*.<sup>3</sup>  
 Now *Acomat*, thou monster of the world,  
 Why stoup'st thou not with reuerence to thy king?

*Aco. Selim* if thou haue gotten victorie,  
 Then vse it to thy contentation.  
 If I had conquer'd, know assuredly 1650  
 I would haue said as much and more to thee.  
 Know I disdaine them as I do thy selfe,  
 And scorne to stoupe or bend my Lordly knee,  
 To such a tyrant as is *Selimus*.

Thou slew'st my Queene without regard or care,  
 Of loue or dutie, or thine owne good name.  
 Then *Selim* take that which thy hap doth giue ;  
 Disgra'ft, displai'ft, I longer loath to liue.

*Seli.* Then *Sinam* strangle him : now he is dead,  
 Who doth remaine to trouble *Selimus*? 1660

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'balles.'<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'Hebras.'<sup>3</sup> Misprinted 'Natalia.'

Now am I King alone, and none but I ;  
 For since my fathers death vntill this time,  
 I neuer wanted some competitors.  
 Now as the weerie wandring traueeller  
 That hath his steppes guided through many  
     lands,  
 Through boiling foile of *Affrica* and *Ind*,  
 When he returnes vnto his natieue home,  
 Sits downe among his friends, and with delight  
 Declares the trauels he hath ouerpast.  
 So maist thou *Selimus*, for thou hast trode                      1670  
 The monster-garden<sup>1</sup> paths, that lead to crownes.  
 Ha, ha, I smile to thinke how *Selimus*  
 Like the Ægyptian *Ibis* hath expelled  
 Those swarming armies of swift-winged snakes,  
 That fought to ouerrun my territories.  
 When foultring heat the earths green childrē  
     spoiles ;  
 From foorth the fennes of venemous *Affrica*,  
 The generation of those flying snakes  
 Do band them selues in troupes, and take their  
     way  
 To *Nilus* bounds: but those industrious birds,                      1680  
 Those / *Ibides*<sup>2</sup> meete them in set array,  
 And eate them vp like to a swarme of gnats ;  
 Preuenting such a mischiefe from the land.  
 But see, how vnkind nature deales with them ;

<sup>1</sup> Qy. 'garded.'

<sup>2</sup> Qy. 'Ibifes.'

From out their egges rifes the basiliske,  
 Whose onely fight killes millions of men.  
 When *Acomat* lifted his vngratious hands  
 Against my aged father *Baiazet*,  
 They sent for me, and I like Ægypt's bird  
 Haue rid that monster, and his fellow mates. 1690  
 But as from *Ibis* springs the *Bafilisk*,  
 Whose onely touch burneth vp stones and trees ;  
 So *Selimus* hath prou'd a Cocatrice,  
 And cleane consumed all the familie  
 Of noble *Ottoman*, except himselfe.  
 And now to you my neighbour Emperours,  
 That durst lend ayd to *Selims* enemies,  
*Sinam* those Soldanes of the Orient,  
*Aegipt* and *Persia* *Selimus* will quell,  
 Or he himselfe will sincke to lowest hell. 1700  
 This winter will we rest and breath our selues,  
 But soone as *Zephyrus* sweete smelling blast  
 Shall gently<sup>1</sup> creep ouer the flourie meades,  
 Wee'll haue a fling at the Ægyptian crowne,  
 And ioyne it vnto ours, or loose our owne.

*Exeunt.*

*Conclusion.*

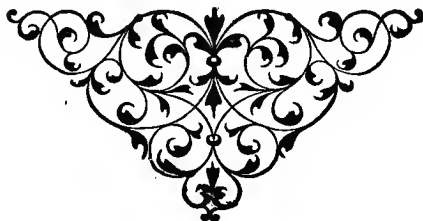
Thus haue we brought victorious *Selimus*,  
 Vnto the Crowne of great Arabia ;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'greatly.'

Next shall you see him with triumphant sword, 1710  
Diuiding kingdomes into equall shares,  
And giue them to his<sup>1</sup> warlike followers.  
If this first part Gentles, do like you well,  
The second part, shall greater murthers tell.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'their.

FINIS.







VIII.

A MAIDEN'S DREAME.

1591.



#### NOTE.

For the title-page of the only exemplar known (at Lambeth Palace Library) see opposite. Our collation corrects numerous misprints, etc., etc., of Dyce. It is to be noted that though on the title the name is spelled 'Green,' it has the usual 'e' at end of Epistle-dedicatory. On this poem and related matters, cf. Storojenko's annotated Biography (in Vol. I.)

G.



A  
M A I D E N S  
D R E A M E .

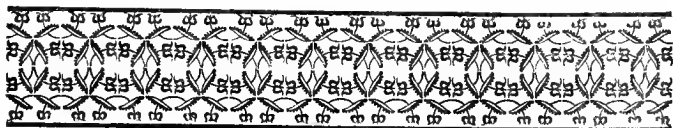
VPON THE DEATH OF THE  
right Honorable Sir *Christopher Hatton*, Knight, late  
*Lord Chancellor* of ENGLAND.

*By Robert Green Master of Arts.*



*Imprinted at London by Thomas Scarlet for*  
Thomas Nelfon. 1591.





To the Right VVorshipfvll, Bovntifvll,  
and Vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Elizabeth  
Hatton, wife to the Right Worship-  
full *Sir William Hatton, Knight,*  
*Increase of all Honorable*  
*Vertues.*<sup>1</sup>

**M**OURNING as well as many, (right  
worshipfull ladie,) for the late losse  
of the right honorable your deceased  
vnckle, whose death being the common io  
prejudice of the<sup>2</sup> present age, was lamented of

<sup>1</sup> "*Wife to the right worshipful Sir William Hatton.*—'Sir Christopher Hatton [who died Nov. 20th, 1591] did not leave a Will. He had settled his estates upon his nephew Sir William Newport, *alias* Hatton, and the heirs male of his body; failing which, on his god-son and collateral heir-male Sir Christopher Hatton. Sir William succeeded accordingly to Holdenby and Kirby, and all the Chancellor's other property. He married first, in June 1589, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Gawdy, Justice of the King's Bench,' etc. Sir H. Nicolas's *Memoirs of Sir C. Hatton*, p. 502."—*Dyce*.

<sup>2</sup> Misprinted 'a.'

most (if not all), and I among the rest sorrowing that my Countrie was depriued of him that liued not for himselfe but for his Countrie, I began to call to mind what a subiect was ministred to the excellent wits of both Vniuersities to work vpon, when so worthie a knight and so vertuous a Iusticiarie had by his death left many memorable actions performed in his life, deseruing highly by some rare pen<sup>1</sup> to be 20 registred. Passing ouer many daies in this muse, at last I perceiued mens humors slept, that loue of many friends followed<sup>2</sup> no farther then their graues, that Art was growen idle, and either choice schollers feared to write of so high a subiect as his vertues, or else they dated their deuotions no further then his life. While thus I debated with myselfe, I might see (to the great disgrace of the Poets of our time) some Mycanicall wits blow vp mountaines, and bring 30 forth mife, who with their follies did rather disparage his Honors than decypher his vertues: beside, as *Virtutis comes est inuidia*, so base report who hath her tong blistered by slanderous enuie began as farre as she durst, now after his death, to murmure, who in his lifetime durst not once mutter: whervpon, touched with a Zealous

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'men.'

<sup>2</sup> Dyce changes wrongly to 'followed friends.'

iealousie ouer his wonderfull vertues, I could not, whatsoeuer discredit I reapt by my presumption, although I did *Tenui Auena meditari*, but discouer 40 the honorable qualities of so worthie a Counsellor, not for anie priuat benefit I euer had of him, which should induce me fauorably to flatter his worthie partes, but onely that I shame[d] to let slip with silence the vertues and honors of so worthie a knight, whose deserts had bin so many and so great towards al. Therefore (right worshipful Ladie) I drewe a fictiō called *A Maidens Dreame*, which as it is *Enigmatical*, so it is not without some speciall and considerate reasons. 50 Whose slender *Muse* I present vnto your Ladiship, induced therunto, first, that I know you are partaker of your husbands sorrowes, for the death of his honourable Vncle, and desire to heare his honors put in memorie after his death, as you wished his aduancement in vertues to be great in his life: as also that I am your Ladiships poore Countrimā, and haue long time desired to gratifie your right worshipfull father with something worthie of himselfe. Which because I could not 60 to my content performe, I haue now taken opportunitie to shew my dutie to him in his daughter, although the gift be farre too meane for so worshipfull and vertuous a Lady. Yet hoping your Ladishippe will with courtesie fauour my presuming

follies, and in gracious acceptance vouch of my  
well-meant labours,

I humbly take my leaue.

Your Ladiships humbly at commaund,

R. GREENE, *Nordouicensis*. 70



## A MAIDENS DREAME.



ETHOUGHT in slumber as I lay  
and dreamt,  
I sawe a silent spring railed in  
with leat,  
From sunny shade or murmur  
quite exempt.

The glide whereof gainst weeping flints did beat,  
And round about were leauelesse beeches set ;  
So darke, it seemed nights mantle for to borrow,  
And well to be the gloomie den of sorrow.

About this spring, in mourning robes of blacke,  
Were sundrie Nymphs or Goddeses, me thought,  
That seemly fate in ranks, iust backe to backe,  
On Mossie benches Nature there had wrought :  
And cause the wind & spring no murmure brought,  
They fild the aire with such laments and groanes,  
That Eccho fighd out their heart-breaking mones.

Elbow on knee, and head vpon their hand,  
 As mourners fit, so fat these Ladies all :  
 Garlands of Eben-bowes, whereon did stand,  
 A golden crowne ; their mantles were of pall ;  
 And from their waterie eies warme teares did fall : 20  
 With wringing hands they sat and sighd, like those,  
 That had more grieve then well they could disclose.

I lookt about and by the fount I spied,  
 A Knight lie dead, yet all in armour clad,  
 Booted and spurd ; a faulchion by his side,  
 A Crowne of Oliues on his helme he had,  
 As if in peace and war he were adrad :  
 A golden hind was placed at his feet,  
 Whose valed ears bewraid her inward greet.

She seemed wounded by her panting breath ;                    30  
 Her beating breast with sighs did fall and rise ;  
 Wounds was there none, it was her masters death,  
 That drew Electrum from her weeping eies :  
 Like scalding smoake her braying throbs out-flies,  
 As Deere do mourn when arrow hath them galled  
 So was this Hinde with Hart-sicke pains enthralled.

Iust at his head there fate a sumptuous Queene :  
 I gest her so, for why, she wore a crowne.  
 Yet were her garments parted white and greene,  
 Tird like vnto the picture of Renowne



Vpon her lap ſhe laid his head adowne :  
 Vnlike to all ſhe ſmiled on his face,  
 Which made me long to know this dead mans caſe.

As thus I lookt gan *Iuſtice* to ariſe ;  
 I knew the Goddeſſe by her equall beame :  
 And dewing on his face balme from her eies  
 She wet his viſage with a yearnfull ſtreame ;  
 Sad mournfull lookes did from her arches gleame,  
 And like to one, whom ſorrow deep attaints,  
 With heaued hands ſhe poureth forth theſe plaints. 50

*The Complaint of Iuſtice.*

Vntoward Twins that temper humane fate,  
 Who from your diſtaffe draws the life of man  
*Parce*, impartiall to the higheſt ſtate,  
 Too ſoone you cut what *Clotho* earſt began :  
 Your fatall doomes this preſent age may ban,  
 For you haue robd the world of ſuch a knight,  
 As beſt could ſkil to ballance Iuſtice right.

His eies were ſeates for mercy and for law,  
 Fauour in one, and Iuſtice in the other : 60  
 The poor he ſmothd, the proud he kept in aw,  
 As iuſt to ſtrangers as vnto his brother ;  
 Bribes could not make him any wrong to ſmother.

For to a Lord, or to the lowest groome :  
Stil conscience and the cawse fet down the doome.

Delaying law that picks the clients purse  
Ne could this Knight abide to heare debated  
From day to day (that claimes the poore mans  
curse)

Nor might the pleas be ouer-long dilated ;  
Much shifts of law there was by him abated. 70  
With conscience carefully he heard the cause :  
Then gaue his doome with short despatch of lawes.

The poore mans crie, he thought a holy knell :  
No sooner gan their suites to pearce his eares  
But faire-eyed pitie in his heart did dwell.  
And like a father that affection beares  
So tendred he the poore with inward teares.  
And did redresse their wrongs when they did call :  
But poore or rich he still was iust to all.

Oh wo is me (faith Iustice) he is dead, 80  
The knight is dead that was so iust a man :  
And in *Astreas* lap low lies his head,  
Who whilom wonders in the world did scan.  
Iustice hath lost her chiefeft lim, what than.  
At this her sighes and sorowes were so fore :  
And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*The complaint of Prudence.*

A Wreath of Serpents bout her lilly wrift,  
 Did seemly *Prudence* wear: who<sup>1</sup> then arose.  
 A filuer Doue, satt mourning on her fist, 90  
 Teares on her cheeks like dew vpon a rose:  
 And thus began the Goddesse grefe-ful glose.  
 Let England mourn, for why? his daies are don  
 Whom *Prudence* nurced like her dearest sonne.

*Hatton*,—at that I started in my dreame,  
 But not awooke: *Hatton* is dead, quoth she.  
 Oh, could I pour out teares like to a streame,  
 A sea of them would not sufficient be,  
 For why our age had few more wise then he.  
 Like oracles, as were *Apollos* sawes: 100  
 So were his words accordant to the lawes.

Wisdom fate watching in his wary eyes,  
 His insight subtil, if vnto a foe;  
 He could with counsels *commonwelths* comprise;  
 No forraine wit could *Hattons* ouergoe;  
 Yet to a frend, wise, simple, and no mo.  
 His ciuill policie vnto the state  
 Scarce left behind him now a second mate.

For countries weale his counsel did exceede,  
 And Eagle-eyed he was to spie a fault: 110

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'she.'

For warres or peace right wisely could he  
reed :

Twas hard for trechors fore his lookes to hault.  
The smooth-fac'd traitor could not him assault.  
As by his Countries loue his grees did rise :  
So to his Countrey was he simple-wife.

This graue aduifer of the Commonweale,  
This prudent Councillor vnto his Prince ;  
Whose wit was busied with his Mistres heale,  
Secret conspiracies could wel conuince ;  
Whose insight perced the sharp-eyed *Linx* ; 120  
He is dead,—at this her forowes were so fore :  
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

*The complaint of Fortitude.*

Next *Fortitude* arose vnto this Knight,  
And by his side fate down with stedfast eye[s] :  
A broken columb twixt her arms was pight :  
She could not weep nor pour out yernful cries.  
From Fortitude such base affects nil rise.  
Brafs-renting Goddesse, she cannot lament,  
Yet thus her plaints with breathing sighs were spent. 130

Within the Maidens Court, place of all places,  
I did aduance a man of high desert<sup>1</sup> :  
Whom Nature had made proud with all her graces ;

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'degree.'

Inferting courage in his noble heart,  
 No perils drad could euer make him start ;  
 But like to *Scæuola*, for countries good,  
 He did not value for to spend his blood.

His lookes were sterne, though in a life of peace ;  
 Though not in warres, yet war hung in his browes :  
 His honor did by martiall thoughts increafe ; 140  
 To martiall men liuing this Knight allowes,  
 And by his sword he solemnly auowes.<sup>1</sup>  
 Thogh not in war, yet if that war were here,  
 As warriors do to value honor deere.

Captens he kept and fostered them with fee,  
 Soldiers were seruants to this martiall Knight ;  
 Men might his stable full of Coursers see,  
 Trotters, whose manag'd lookes would som afright.  
 His armourie was rich and warlike dight ;  
 And he himfelfe, if any need had craued, 150  
 Would as stout *Hector* haue himfelfe behaued.

I lost a frend when as I lost his life :  
 Thus playned *Fortitude*, and frownd withall.  
 Curfed be *Atropos*, and curst her knife,  
 That made the Capten of my gard to fall ;  
 Whose vertues did his honors high install.  
 At this she stormd, and wrong out fighes so fore,  
 That what for grief, her tongue could speak no more.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'auowed.'

*The complaint of Temperance.*

Then *Temperance*, with bridle in her hand, 160  
 Did mildly look vpon this liuelesse Lord,<sup>1</sup>  
 And like to weeping *Niobe* did stand;  
 Her forrowes and her teares did wel accord;  
 Their Diapason was in selfe-same Cord.<sup>2</sup>  
 Here lies the man (quoth she) that breathd out this,—  
 To shun fond pleasures is the sweetest blisse.

No choice delight could draw his eyes awry,  
 He was not bent to pleasures fond conceits,  
 Inueigling pride, nor worlds sweet vanitie;  
 Loues luring follies with their strange deceits; 170  
 Could wrap this Lord within their baleful sleights.  
 But he despising all, said man was grasse:  
 His date a span, *et omnia vanitas*.

Temperate he was, and tempered al his deedes;  
 He brideled those affects that might offend;  
 He gaue his wil no more the raines then needs;  
 He measured pleasures euer by the end:  
 His thoughts on vertue's censures did depend.  
 What booteth pleasures that so quickly passe:  
 When such delights are brickle<sup>3</sup> like to glasse? 180

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Cord.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 'Lord'—transposition in each case.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* 'fickle'—though it yield a sense.

First pride of life, that subtil branch of sinne,  
 And then the lusting humor of the eyes,  
 And bafe concupifcence, which plies her gin;  
 Thefe Sirens, that doe worldlings ftill intife,  
 Could not allure his mind to think of vice.  
 For he faid ftill Pleafures delight it is,  
 That holdeth man from heauens deliteful bliffe.

Temperat he was in euery deep extreame,  
 And could wel bridle his affects with reafon:  
 What I haue loft in loofing him then deeme; 190  
 Bafe death, that tooke away a man fo geafon,  
 That meafur'd euery thought by tyme and feafon.  
 At this her fighes and forowes were fo fore,  
 And fo fhe wept that fhe could fpeake no more.

*The complaint of Bountie.*

With open hands, and mourning lockes<sup>1</sup> dependant,  
*Bounty* ftept foorth to waile the dead man's loffe;  
 On her were loue and plenty both attendant.  
 Teares in her eyes, armes folded quite acroffe,  
 Sitting by him vpon a turfe of moffe, 200  
 She fighd and faid, here lies the knight deceafed,  
 Whofe bountie Bounties glorie much increafed.

His lookes were liberall, and in his face  
 Sat frank Magnificence with armes displaid:

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'lookes.'

His open hands discourst his inward grace :  
 The poore were neuer at their need denaid :  
 His careles scorn of gold his deedes bewraid.  
 And this he craud, no longer for to liue  
 Then he had power, and mind, and wil to giue.

No man went emptie from his frank dispose, 210  
 He was a purse bearer vnto the poore :  
 He wel obserud the meaning of this glose,  
 None lose reward that geueth of their store :  
 To all his bounty past. Ay me therfore  
 That he should die : with that she sighd so fore,  
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*The complaint of Hospitality.*

Lame of a leg, as she had lost a lim  
 Start vp kind *Hospitalitie* and wept ;  
 She silent sate awhile and sighd by him. 220  
 As one half-maymed, to this knight she crept,  
 At last about his neck, this Nimph, she lept,  
 And with her *Cornucopia* in her fist ;  
 For very loue his chilly lips she kist.

Ay me, quoth she, my loue is lorn by death,  
 My chiefeſt ſtay is crackt and I am lame :  
 He that his almes<sup>1</sup> franckly did bequeath,

<sup>1</sup> "Is here, as in the sixth line of this stanza, a dissyllable ;—the spelling of the old copy being 'almes' and 'almes dede.'"—*Dyce*.



And fed the poore with store of food : the fame  
Euen he is dead, and vanisht is his name.  
Whose gates were open, and whose almes-deede 230  
Supplied the fatherlesse and widowes need.

He kept no Christmas-house for once a yeere,  
Each day his boards were fild with Lordly fare :  
He fed a rout of yeomen with his cheare,  
Nor was his bread and beefe kept in with care ;  
His wine and beere to strangers were not spare.  
And yet beside to al that hunger greued,  
His gates were ope, and they were there releued.

Wel could the poore tel where to fetch their bread,  
As *Bausis* and *Philemon* were i-blest : 240  
For feasting *Iupiter* in strangers stead,  
So happy be his high immortal rest,  
That was to hospitalitie addrest.  
For few such liue, and then she sighd so sore,  
And so she wept that she could speake no more.

Then Courtesie whose face was full of smiles  
And frendship, with her hand vpon her hart,  
And tender Charitie that loues no wiles,  
And Clemencie, ther<sup>1</sup> passions did impart ;  
A thousand vertues there did straight vp-start, 250

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'her' ; yet each taken separately would justify 'her' by Elizabethan verse. But it is 'ther' = 'their,' onward a little.

And with ther teares and fighes they did disclose :  
For *Hattons* death their harts were ful of woes.

*The complaint of Religion.*

Next from the farthest nooke of all the place,  
Weeping full fore, there rose a nimph in black ;  
Seemelie and sober with an Angels face,  
And fighd as if her heart-strings straight should crak.  
Hir outward woes bewraid her inward wracke.  
A golden booke she caried in her hand,  
It was *Religion* that thus meeke did stand. 260

God wot her garments were full loofelie tucked,  
As one that carelesse was in some despaire ;  
To tatters were her roabes and vestures pluckt,  
Her naked lims were open to the aire ;  
Yet for all this her lookes were blith and faire :  
And wondring how Religion grew forlorne,  
I spied her roabes by Heresie was torne.

This holy creature fate her by this knight,  
And fighd out this, Oh here he lies (quoth she)  
Liueless, that did religions lampe still light ; 270  
Deuout without dissembling, meeke and free  
To such whose words and liuings did agree ;  
Lip-holy Clergie men <sup>1</sup> he could not brooke,  
Ne such as counted gold aboue their booke.

<sup>1</sup> Misprinted 'Lip holiness in clergymen'—Dyce's reading accepted.

Vpright he liud as holy writ him lead ;  
His faith was not in ceremonies old,  
Nor had he new-found toies within his head,  
Ne was he luke-warme, neither hot nor colde :  
But in religion he was constant bold,  
And still 'a sworne professed fo to all, 280  
Whose lookes were smooth, harts pharefaicall.

The brainficke and illiterate furnisfers,  
That like to Saints would holy be in lookes,  
Of fond religions fabulous deuifers  
Who scornd the Académies and their bookes,  
And yet could sin as others in close nookes.  
To such wild-headed mates he was a foe :  
That rent her robes and wrongd Religion fo.

Ne was his faith in mens traditions,  
He hated Antichrist and all his traff ; 290  
He was not led away by superstitions,  
Nor was he in religion ouer-rash ;  
His hands from heresie he loud to wash.  
Then base report, ware what thy tongue doth spred,  
Tis sin and shame for to bely the dead.

Hart-holy men he still kept at his table,  
Doctors that wel could doom of holie writ ;  
By them he knew to feuer faith from fable,

And how the text with iudgement for to hit :  
 For Pharisees in Moses chaire did fit. 300  
 At this *Religion* fightd, and greeu[d] so fore :  
 And so she wept that she could speak no more.

*Primate[s].*

Next might I see a rowt of Noble-men,  
 Earles, Barons, Lords, in mourning weedes attir'd :  
 I cannot paint their passions with my pen,  
 Nor write so queintly as their woes requir'd :  
 Their teares and sighs some *Homer's* quill desir'd.  
 But this I know their grief was for his death :  
 That there had yeelded nature, life and breath : 310

*Milites.*

Then came by Souldiers trailing of their pikes,  
 Like men dismaid their beuers were adown,  
 Their warlike hearts his death with sorrow strikes,  
 Yea War himfelfe was in a fable gowne ;  
 For grieve you might perceiue his visage frowne.  
 And Scholers came by, with lamenting cries :  
 Wetting their bookes with teares fel from their eies.

*Plebs.*

The common people they did throng in flocks, 320  
 Dewing their bosomes with their yernfull tears ;  
 Their sighs were such as would haue rent the rocks,

Their faces ful of grieve, difmay and feares ;  
 Their cries froke pittie in my liftning eares.  
 For why ? the groanes are leffe at hels black gate,  
 Then Eccho there did then reuerberate.

Some came with fcrolls and papers in their hand,  
 I gheft them fuctors that did rue his losse :  
 Some with their children in their hand did ftand,  
 Some poore and hungrie with their hands acroffe : 330  
 A thoufand there fate wayling on the moffe.  
*O pater Patriæ !* ftill they crièd thus :  
*Hatton* is dead, what fhall become of vs ?

At all thefe cries my heart was fore amoued,  
 Which made me long to fee the dead man's face :  
 What he fhould be that was fo deare beloued.  
 Whofe worth fo deepe had won the people's grace.  
 As I came preffing neere vnto the place,  
 I lookt, and though his face were pale and wan,  
 Yet by his viſage I did know the man. 340

No tooner did I caft mine eie on him  
 But in his face there flaht a ruddie hue ;  
 And though before his lookes by death were grim,  
 Yet feemd he fmiling to my gazing view :  
 (As if, though dead, my prefence ftill he knew :)  
 Seeing this change within a dead mans face,  
 I could not ftop my tears, but wept apace.

I cald to mind how that it was a knight,  
 That whilome liu'd in England's happie foile ;  
 I thought vpon his care and deepe insight, 350  
 For Countries weale, his labour and his toile  
 He tooke, leaft that the Englifh ftate might foile ;  
 And how his watchfull thought from firft had been  
 Vowed to the honor of the maiden Queene.

I cald to minde againe he was my friend,  
 And held my quiet as his hearts content ;  
 What was fo deare, for me he would not fpend,  
 Then thoght I ftraight, fuch friends are feldom hent.  
 Thus ftill from loue to loue my humor went  
 That pondering of his loyaltie fo free, 360  
 I wept him dead that liuing honord me.

At this *Afræa* feeling me fo fad  
 Gan blithly comfort me with this replie :  
 Virgin (quoth fhe) no boote by teares is had,  
 Nor doth laments ought pleafure them that die,  
 Soules muft haue change from this mortalitie ;  
 For liuing long finne hath the larger fpace,  
 And dying well they find the greater grace.

And fith thy teares bewraies thy loue (quoth fhe)  
 His foule with me fhall wend vnto the fkies ; 370  
 His liueleffe bodie I will leaue to thee,  
 Let that be earthed and tombed in gorgeous wife ;

I place his ghoſt among the Hierarchies :  
 For as one ſtarre another far exceeds,  
 So foules in heauen are placed by their deeds.

With that methought within her golden lap,  
 (This fun-bright Goddeſſe ſmiling with her eie,)  
 The ſoule of *Hatton* curiouſly did wrap,  
 And in a cloud was taken vp on hie.  
 Vaine Dreames are fond, but thus as then dreamt I, 380  
 And more, methought I heard the Angels ſing<sup>1</sup>  
 An Alleluia for to welcome him.

As thus attendant<sup>2</sup> fair *Aſtræa* flew,  
 The Nobles, Commons, yea and euerie wight,  
 That liuing in his life-time *Hatton* knew,  
 Did deepe lament the loſſe of that good Knight :  
 But when *Aſtræa* was quite out of fight,  
 For griefe the people ſhouted ſuch a ſcreame :  
 That I awooke and ſtart out of my dreame.

<sup>1</sup> Dyce ſuggeſts 'hymn.'

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* prints 'aſcendant.'

FINIS.

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END OF VOL. XIV.

#### ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

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- Page 11, l. 104, 'either'—qy. 'eather' = more easily?  
,, 20, l. 318, reference to note, for <sup>2</sup> read <sup>1</sup>, and l. 325  
for <sup>3</sup> read <sup>2</sup>.  
,, 34, last l., 'goods'—qy. 'gods'?  
,, 54, l. 1174, read 'shepherd's.'  
,, 93, l. 2136, 'bombafted' = bumbasted = beaten.













